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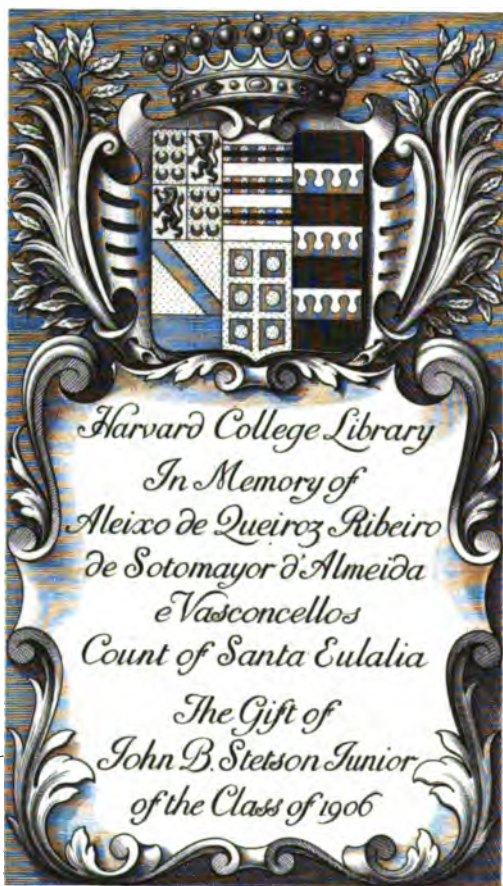
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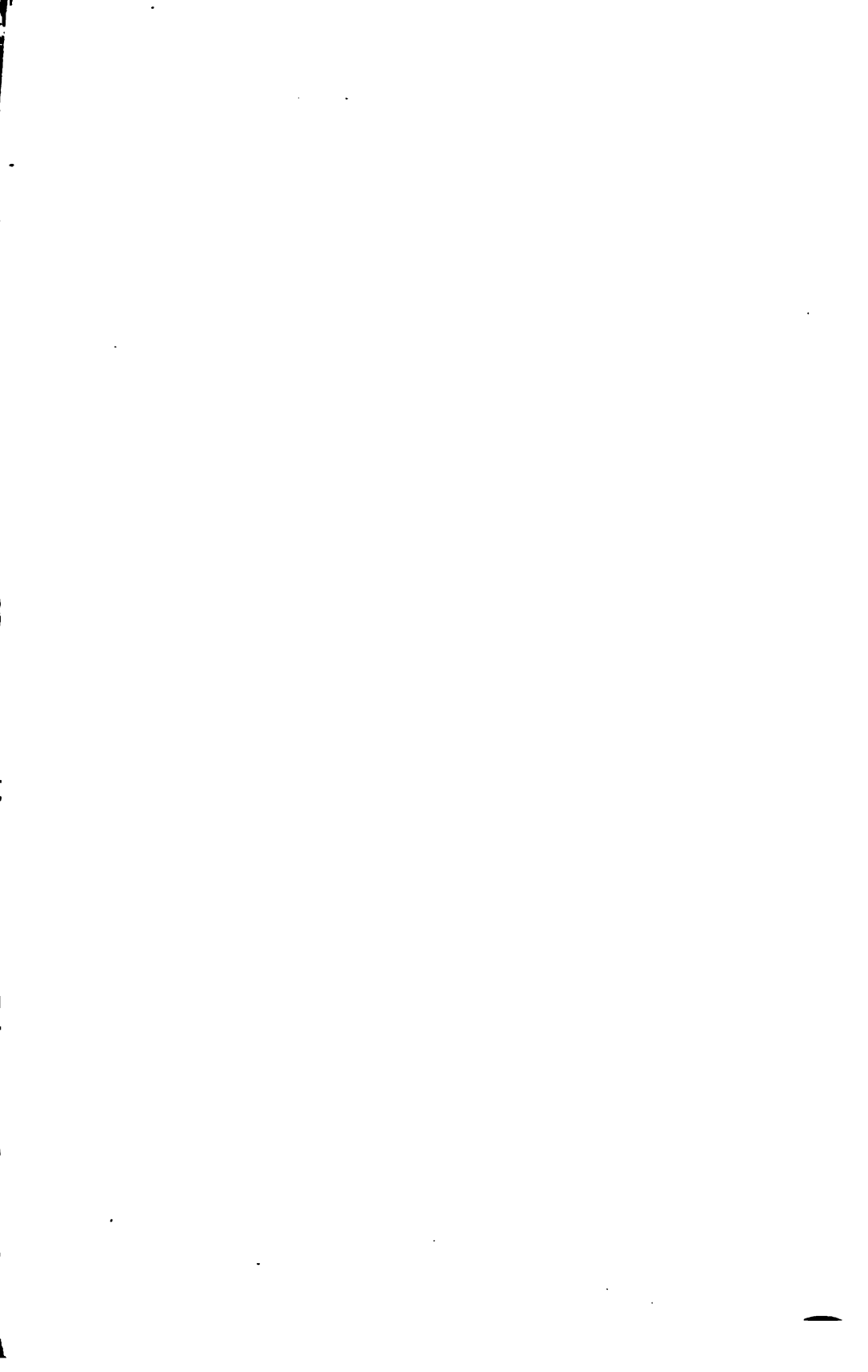






THE
LUSIAD OF CAMOENS

National Printing Office.





LUIZ DE CAMÕES

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THE
LUSIAD OF CAMOENS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH SPENSERIAN VERSE

BY

ROBERT FFRENCH DUFF

Knight Commander
of the Portuguese Royal Order
of Christ.



LISBON

MESS. CHATTO & WINDUS, LONDON, MESS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & C.^o, PHILADELPHIA,
MR. MATTHEW LEWTAS, LISBON.

1880

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TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING
DON FERDINAND II.

THIS TRANSLATION
OF THE LUSIAD INTO ENGLISH SPENSERIAN VERSE
IS BY
HIS MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION
DEDICATED
BY HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HUMBLE
AND DEVOTED SERVANT

THE TRANSLATOR



PREFACE.

This translation was commenced about three years ago without the least intention of publishing it. When it was completed, it was submitted to a person well qualified to pass judgment on it, and his, perhaps too partial, verdict, induced the author to venture on presenting it to the public.

It has now been for nine months in the hands of the printers of the National Press, which will not be very surprising to those who can appreciate the difficulty of bringing out a long poem into a foreign language. This we must also plead in excuse for any errors, which may be found in the work.

This delay, however, by a fortunate coincidence, will make the publication appear at the moment when the whole Portuguese nation is preparing to

celebrate the third centenary anniversary of the death of the immortal poet, and may be considered as a very humble tribute of admiration on the part of the translator, on that glorious occasion.

The question has been asked why the Spenserian stanza was selected. For this, two reasons will suffice. The first is, the admiration of the translator for the *Childe Harold* and other poems of Lord Byron, which he read with pleasure when they were first published, and an impression that the metre was peculiarly adapted for epic, narrative, and descriptive compositions; the other reason is, that the length of the stanza affords ample scope to embody the full meaning of the original which cannot be easily done in translating verse for verse.

It is to be feared that some persons may consider a great part of the appendix superfluous and unnecessary.

The translator, however, thinks that a tolerable acquaintance with the History of Portugal, and of the affairs of India during the period in which the Portuguese were the only foreigners who possessed any territory in that region, is almost absolutely necessary for the comprehension of the poem. But he was also actuated by another motive, which was that Camoens, who has presented to us all the poetry in the history of his country, would also be

gratified by seeing his great poem associated with all the real and important facts and events connected with his native land. Moreover according to the maxim, "*quod abundat non nocet*", the superabundance will not injure the reader, who may easily put it aside.

The table of contents and the argument prefixed to each canto, will afford great facility to the readers who may wish to peruse any particular passage.

The translator would be indeed most ungrateful, if he did not acknowledge the very great assistance which he has derived from Mr. Lewis as well as Mr. Butler. They have not only revised the proofs, a task for which his failing sight entirely incapacitated him, but have also made many valuable suggestions to him.

The elegant penmanship of Mr. Anahory who transcribed the original manuscript, has much facilitated the labours of the compositors.

Notwithstanding all the care in revising and correcting the proof sheets, it is to be regretted that some errors have crept into the text, and the kind readers are requested to examine the errata at the end of the volume before they pass judgment on any passage, which may seem faulty or ambiguous.

In pursuance of an ancient custom, although

it is now not much in vogue, a list of the subscribers to this work will be found in this volume, and the translator trusts that they will accept this as a tribute of gratitude, on his part, for their kindness and generosity.

The translator avails himself of this opportunity, to express his grateful acknowledgment of the very generous and liberal contribution of Colonel Astley Campbell of Abelheira to promote the success of this undertaking.

Lisbon, November 1879.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

LUIZ DE CAMOENS.

A succinct account of the life of the illustrious Portuguese bard will perhaps be acceptable to the reader of his great poem.

This renowned poet, the glory of his country, has, he himself declares, left scattered fragments of his life about the world, and has partly traced some portions of them in his various poems, more or less obscurely, and has thus bequeathed to posterity a series of doubtful, and contradictory points extremely difficult to reconcile. His various biographers have been compelled to struggle with these partial revelations of the history of this distinguished man, who, as Schlegel says, embraces the whole literature of his native country. Such has been the arduous task imposed upon those who have attempted to elucidate the facts and events of the life of Camoens. In the absence of authentic documents, and for want of information from his contemporaries who might have possessed the necessary knowledge of the real truth, they were absolutely forced to plunge into a sea of conjectures, and suppositions, recurring to inductions more or less well founded, to clear up matters of time and place, or to throw light upon events frequently involved in mysterious darkness. We must, however confess that, notwithstanding all the efforts and diligence of many writers (especially in modern times) to

elucidate the truth, there are still numberless circumstances, and some of no little importance, about which it is impossible to form a clear and decisive opinion. It would be easy for us to prove this assertion by entering into a discussion from which we should not shrink; but the nature of the task which has been imposed upon us, and, even more, the very small space allowed us for this purpose prevent us from attempting anything of the kind.

For these reasons we shall limit ourselves to a brief and succinct account, and chronology of the life and various adventures of the poet. We shall rely, for this purpose, upon the most prevalent opinions, but more especially on the compilation of Viscount of Juromenha, in which that erudite, and laborious investigator has successfully corrected some errors and misconceptions of his predecessors. Descended from a noble family, originally settled in Galicia of which the first who was established in Portugal was Vasco Pires de Camoens who came to this realm in the time of Ferdinand the First, Luiz de Camoens was born, in all probability in the city of Lisbon. Notwithstanding this, claims have been put in ancient as well as modern times, for Coimbra, Santarem, and Alemquer, as the birth-place of the great poet, and special reasons are alleged for attributing this distinction to each of them; thus all of them dispute the glory, which Lisbon is in reality entitled to, of having been the cradle of this, her most illustrious son.

His parents were Simon Vas de Camoens and Anna de Sá, who is also by some called Macedo.

If we may believe implicitly the assertion of Manoel de Faria e Souza, or more properly speaking, the entry which he says he found in the register of the Indian Department, the poet was twenty five years of age in 1550, and was consequently born towards the close of 1524, or in the beginning of 1525. But we have no means of as-

certaining how the above-mentioned author obtained the knowledge of that entry, or what became of it subsequently, while in contradiction, his earliest biographers state that he was born in 1517.

As we do not attach any weight to what has been recently asserted to the contrary, we still continue to believe that he acquired the first rudiments of learning in the city of Lisbon, and that he afterwards pursued his studies in Coimbra, under the direction of his uncle D. Bento de Camoens, who was elected general of the Order of the Holy Cross, in 1539, and was soon afterwards nominated chancellor of the university. Of his residence in that city we find mention in his lyric poems, in which there is more than one allusion to the fact. His works afford ample and exuberant proofs of his progress and improvement in learning. Nevertheless, there is no record or vestige of proof that any of those honours which are conferred upon distinguished members of a university and stamped as it were, the seal upon the reputation of the student, at the close of his academical career, were ever bestowed upon him.

It was during the latter period of his residence in Coimbra, (at all events, this is the opinion of the Viscount Juromenha) that he first began to entertain that amorous passion, which was destined to exercise so great an influence over the whole course of his life. The person of whom the poet became enamoured, and whom he subsequently met on his coming to Lisbon in 1542 or 1545 was D. Catharina de Athaide¹, the daughter of D. Antonio

¹ The court of Portugal has always maintained the strictest rules of decorum on this point. A memorable instance of this occurred in the early part of the present century, when a lady of the highest rank was seriously compromised. The late King, John the Sixth, whose natural goodness of heart and benignity were unquestionable, promulgated a decree of the greatest severity against the unfortunate lady, who was a maid of honour to the Queen. Although she succeeded in effecting her escape into Spain, the King prevailed upon the Spanish government to deliver her into his hands,

de Lima, and maid of honour to Queen Catherine. Her father was the Lord Steward in the household of the Infant D. Duarte. The first years he passed at the court seem to have been the happy period of his life in which, he says, he was in full enjoyment of the friendship of many individuals, and the smiles of the lovely dames in whose society he lived. His talent and natural advantages not only acquired for him the esteem and regard of the most distinguished personages, but also obtained for him a welcome admission into the court of his sovereign. It was in the palace that his familiar intercourse with the object of his love, and the frequent opportunities which he thus obtained, gradually led him on to the indulgence of his passions without due respect to the long established rules of decorum which were always maintained within the precincts of the royal residence. This was divulged, either through want of caution, or by the envy of his rivals, and probably excited the anger and indignation of D. Catharine's relatives who were of the highest nobility, and he thus incurred the penalty which the law

and she was incarcerated in a convent during the remainder of her life. Notwithstanding this extreme harshness, an opinion is prevalent that the monarch himself was at least as much to blame as the unhappy person on whom he so cruelly wreaked his vengeance. For obvious reasons, we refrain from the mention of any names, although the circumstances are generally known. It must be remembered, however, that there was not the slightest stain on the reputation of D. Catharina de Athaide and that the only objection on the part of her parents was the poverty and inferiority of rank of the poet. Although they had no title, the Coutinhos and the Athaides ranked with the highest nobles. In point of fact nobility in Portugal did not depend upon a title, and many of its most illustrious warriors and statesmen such as D. João de Castro, D. Francisco de Almeida and Affonso de Albuquerque were members of the very highest families, but never obtained a title. To judge from the eagerness with which the title of Baron or Vicount is solicited now-a-days by persons whose only claim, in many instances, is their acquisition of wealth in the slave trade or by contracting usurious loans, it may be concluded that they are not aware that it is only

inflicted for such offences. To this unfortunate circumstance tradition attributes, and with very great probability, his banishment to some place on the banks of the river Tagus which is supposed by Viscount Juromenha, to have been the little town of Punhete, or as it is now called Constancia, the beautiful place which is seen from the railway bridge at the confluence of the river Zezere with the Tagus. This punishment, in consequence as it is supposed of a repetition of the offence, was subsequently still further aggravated by transportation to the coast of Africa.

He resided for some time in the fortified city of Ceuta, and was there engaged in the military operations of that period against the Moors. He is supposed to have lost his right eye in one of these encounters. Some authors however, assert that this occurred in a naval engagement in the straits of Gibraltar, on board of the transport which conveyed him to this place of exile in Africa.

It would seem that in the year 1549, when D. Affonso de Noronha was called to the court of his sovereign in order to succeed D. João de Castro in the viceroyalty

by what is called, (*foro de fidalgo*) a patent of nobility that it is really conferred.

It is not improbable that this slight rankled in the proud spirit of Camoens, and embittered his feelings against the nobles and courtiers.

This aversion is displayed in many passages of his poems. It was this also, in all likelihood, that made him prefer John the Second, a monarch certainly of great energy and ability, to his more illustrious ancestor, John the First, the founder of the house of Aviz, to which Portugal is indebted for its ancient grandeur and prosperity. The chief merit of John the Second was perhaps, in the eyes of the poet, the fatal blow which he aimed at the feudal rights and privileges of the grandees by the assassination of the Duke of Vizeu with his own hand, and the execution of the Duke of Bragança on the scaffold in the city of Evora. This latter is generally considered to have been a judicial murder, and the unfortunate Duke was long venerated as a martyr by the inhabitants of Alemtejo. No such blot rests upon the glorious escutcheon of John the First, certainly the greatest and most noble-minded of Portuguese monarchs.

of India, the poet accompanied him to Lisbon, with the intention of proceeding with him to the country which he had been appointed to govern. It was for this purpose that he volunteered his services in 1550, as we learn from the entry in the official register, which was discovered by Faria e Souza. Nevertheless, it is well ascertained, that he did not take his departure in that year, but only embarked in 1553 on board of the fleet commanded by Ferdinand Alvares Cabral, which sailed from that port on the 24th March of that year. It was during this interval of his stay in that city that, in consequence of some unfortunate mischance, he was incarcerated for some months in the common prison of the capital.

Luiz de Camoens was naturally of a turbulent and daring spirit. He himself tells us, in some parts of his works, that his adversaries never saw the soles of his feet. By some accident, or other, it happened that during the feasts and rejoicings with which it was customary at that period to celebrate the festival of Corpus Christi, a quarrel arose between two persons, who wore masks, and Gonçalo Borges, a servant of the King. The poet, who witnessed this conflict, immediately rushed forward in defence of the individuals with masks, whom he recognized as his friends, and, in doing so, unfortunately wounded Gonçalo Borges with his sword. He was arrested on the spot by the police, and subsequently condemned to expiate his crime in a prison, called the Tronco, from which he only obtained his release in virtue of a royal pardon, which was granted on the ground, that he had been forgiven by the offended party, and in consideration of his being so young and poor, as well as because he was ready to volunteer his services for India. This royal pardon bears date the 13th March 1553. He accordingly sailed from Lisbon shortly afterwards, and in such an unhappy hour did he quit his native land, that he might have justly applied to himself

the words of Scipio Africanus; "*Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea.*"

After a dangerous and toilsome voyage of six months, the man-of-war, called S. Bento, arrived at Goa, and was the only one of the four ships which reached that port in that year. On his arrival, he found the viceroy, D. Alphonso de Noronha, under whose orders Camoens had served at Ceuta, occupied in preparing a great expedition, which was intended to go and succour our friends, the Kings of Cochim and Poreá, against whom a war was threatened by the King of Pimenta, or as he is styled by some authors, the King of Chambay. The poet did not neglect such a favourable opportunity for commencing his career, and accordingly engaged in that expedition, the result of which he commemorates in the elegy, commencing with these words, "*the poet Simonides*", etc.; in which he also relates the incidents of his voyage from Lisbon to the East Indies, as well as the terrible storm which he encountered when they doubled the Cape of Good-Hope. After this, he took part in other military enterprises, although neither the requirements of active service nor the various labours and trouble which he had to undergo in the intervals, diverted his attention from the cultivation of the Muses, to whom he was most constantly devoted, having lived sixteen years in Asia, as he himself tells us, "*with a sword in one hand, whilst the other held a pen.*"

It was thus that he ranged over the various parts of India; he penetrated into the Red Sea as well as into the Persian gulf; he resided in Malacca, in the Moluccas and in Macau: he visited Sumatra, the Maldives, and the Island of Ceylon; and, like an intelligent and curious observer, he skillfully and truthfully delineated all those different places and scenes in his immortal epic poem, and also in some of his other poetical compositions, which he has bequeathed to us for our perusal.

After the lapse of a few years subsequently to his arrival in India, he began to experience new troubles and misfortunes. Pedro de Mascarenhas was succeeded in the government of those states by Francisco Barreto, whose character has been variously appreciated by the different biographers of the Lusian bard. On the occasion of his investiture, there were games, banquets, and (what were very unusual at that period) theatrical performances. For these last mentioned amusements Camoens contributed a drama called *Félo demo*. But at the same time, he composed some virulent satires, and acrimonious censures on the dissolute manners, licentiousness, vices, and corruption, which were far too prevalent amongst persons of high rank, and distinction in Goa. The vicious and depraved personages whom he satirized were highly offended, and had sufficient influence to obtain his removal to China, where he was appointed administrator of the property of deceased persons, and absentees. Some writers look upon this as promotion, inasmuch as it was an appointment of some emolument, and which afforded an opportunity of acquiring wealth; but others, on the contrary, believe that this was merely a specious disguise to conceal what was really intended as a punishment, and banishment. It seems that his departure for that distant country took place in march 1556 in the very same year in which it is conjectured that D. Catharina de Athaide died in Lisbon.

The poet resided in Macau about two years, and it was during this interval, according to a tradition which is generally believed, that he composed a very considerable part of the *Lusiad*. In 1558 Francisco Barreto the Vice-Roy of India, ordered him to be brought back to Goa, under arrest, in consequence, as it is said, of the intrigues and accusations of his rivals, who charged him with malversation and peculation in the exercise of the office with which he had been entrusted. The man-of-war, on board

of which he embarked, was wrecked on the coast of Camboja, in Cochinchina. On this occasion he lost all the store of wealth and property, which he had acquired, and only saved his life by swimming, whilst he carried in one hand the manuscript of the poem, which was destined to immortalize his name.

It is he himself who informs us of this melancholy incident, when he mentions the river Mecon in the *Lusiad*, Stanza CXXVIII. Canto X. The following version will give the reader some faint idea of the touching expressions of the original.

By one of the boldest figures of speech Camoens in this fine Stanza personifies himself, as Poetry or Song, and whilst he pathetically bewails his sad fortunes, he expresses his conviction, with all the confidence of a great genius, that he will acquire immortal fame. This prophetic announcement has been fully verified by the verdict of posterity.

We give the translation of this Stanza by sir Richard Fanshawe:

“Upon his soft and charitable brim,
The wet and ship-wreckt Song received shall be
Which in a lamentable plight shall swim
From shoals and Quicksands of tempestuous Sea,
The dire effect of Exile when on him
Is executed the unjust Decree:
When repercussive Lyre shall have the Fate
To be *renowned* more than *fortunate*.

We subjoin the version of the same Stanza by Mr. Aubertin:

“And Mecon shall the drowning poetry
Receive upon its breast, benign and bland,
Coming from shipwreck in sad misery,
Escaping from the stormy deeps to land,
From famines, dangers great, when there shall be
Enforced with harshness the unjust command
On him, for whom his loved harmonious lyre
Shall more of fame than happiness acquire.”

On his return to Goa, towards the close of the viceroyalty of Francisco Barreto, he was incarcerated in the public prison, in order that some species of trial might be commenced, or continued. It was in this place of confinement that he composed, according to the supposition of Viscount Juromenha whom we take for our guide with respect to the chronological course of events, the beautiful and sprightly sonnet which begins: "*Alma minha gentil que te partiste*", in which he seems to allude to the death of his beloved Natercia. .

We subjoin a translation of this sonnet by the late Viscount Strangford, the well known, and accomplished diplomatist.

On the arrival of D. Constantine de Braganza, the successor of Barreto in the government of India, and who landed at Goa in setember 1558, the unfortunate bard obtained his release from his imprisonment, and was restored to freedom. Having been thus set at liberty by the new Viceroy, and having found favour in his sight, it may be presumed that he continued to serve in various military expeditions. Nevertheless, it has been asserted that, on the expiration of the period of three years during which the Viceroy held the reins of government, the poet was again lodged in prison. It is not clearly ascertained whether this punishment was brought upon his head by some fresh misdemeanour, or if it was occasioned by some new accusations against him on account of his proceedings in the discharge of his office at Macau. In the midst of all these troubles and vexations, it is said, that when he was on the point of obtaining his release, he was detained in prison, at the suit of Miguel Rodrigues Coutinho, who bore the nickname of *Fios Seccos* or *dry threads*, a man of a most ungenerous disposition, although he was of noble birth, and had displayed great valour in the wars, to whom the poet was indebted for a

sum of money which he had borrowed under the pressure of urgent want. It was in this dilemma that he had recourse to the patronage of the new Viceroy, Don Francisco Coutinho, Conde de Redondo, and appealed to him for protection, in that elegant and spirited petition which will hand down to the remotest posterity the vile and ignoble conduct of the man, who persecuted him so shamefully.

After his restoration to liberty, he seems to have enjoyed the esteem of the new Viceroys to whom the government of India was successively entrusted. In a dispatch addressed by the Conde de Redondo to the Home-Government, although it was not sent directly to the King of Portugal, Don John the Third, (as was recently invented, with inconsiderate disregard of truth, by a biographer too prone to seek for novelties, inasmuch as that monarch had ceased to exist on the 11 July 1557, and the dispatch is most undoubtedly of a much later date in this dispatch, which was written between 1561 and 1564), it is mentioned that he had been compelled to avail himself of the services of the Superintendent of the property of deceased persons, in order to expedite the legal proceedings, which were submitted to him. But it appears to us, however, a very doubtful point, whether this superintendent of the property of deceased persons in Goa, was Luiz de Camoens, who had long before ceased to hold that office in Macau, or if this was some other individual. We are forced to confess that it is not in our power to elucidate this matter, or to give any positive opinion on the subject.

The favour and consideration which he had obtained in the eyes of Don Francisco de Coutinho, the Conde de Redondo did not suffer any diminution on the demise of that nobleman in 1564. His successor, Don Antão de Noronha, highly appreciated the merits of the poet with whom he had served in the army at Ceuta, and continued to display the same kindness, and good will towards him.

as his predecessor had done. During the interval which elapsed between 1562 and 1567, Camoens was occasionally employed in the Portuguese Naval Service on board of the fleets of his country. It is at this period that his biographers, supplementing the want of authentic documents by inductions more or less well founded, or by probable conjectures, have placed his military digressions to Malacca, and thence to the Moluccas Islands, from the latter of which he brought, on his return to Goa, that faithful slave John, who was destined to be so useful and serviceable to him at the close of his eventful life. It may be considered to be a well ascertained fact, inasmuch as a written corroboration has been transmitted to us that Don Antão de Noronha remunerated these many and valuable services of the poet, by granting him the survivorship of the office of factor in Chaul. To this employment, in addition to the fixed annual salary of one hundred mil réis, equivalent to six hundred mil réis, or nearly £ 134 at the present time, (if we consider the very great difference in the value of money) were annexed some other places of honour and emolument, such as that of *Alcaide Mór*, Chief Magistrate, superintendent of the property of deceased persons, as well as controller of public works. A vehement desire of once more returning to his native land, not unmingled with regret for such a long absence from it, or, perhaps, the force of destiny, which recalled him home in order that he might obtain the transcendent glory and immortality which were reserved for him, induced him not to wait for the vacancy which would have secured for him the enjoyment of the appointment, which had been conferred upon him. Having determined to return to Portugal, he availed himself of the opportunity which Pedro Barreto afforded him. This personage offered to convey him on board of his vessel to Mozambique, of the Government of which he was about

to take possession, and where the poet would have greater facilities for finding a ship to take him to Lisbon. But fate, which seemed absolutely bent upon persecuting him, prepared fresh reverses and sorrows for him in that province. In consequence of some quarrel or misunderstanding with Pedro Barreto, for some cause of which we are quite ignorant, he was plunged into the depths of misery, and was reduced to the melancholy necessity of living upon his friends, according to the expressive words of Diogo de Couto, who, as he himself tells us, found him in that wretched condition, on his arrival at Mozambique in a vessel of war, on board of which there were fortunately some friends and admirers of the poet. These kind friends raised a subscription amongst themselves, not only to provide the unfortunate man with all the necessities of life, but also to reimburse Pedro Barreto the sum of two hundred crowns, which he alleged were due to him for expenses incurred on his account, and for which he laid an embargo on him to prevent him from leaving the port, until he had discharged the debt. For this vile price the person of Luiz de Camoens was ransomed, and the honour of Pedro Barreto was sold.

In 1569 he sailed from Mozambique on his homeward voyage to Portugal, together with the rest of the fleet, on board the ship of war, called by some the *Santa Clara*, and by others the *Santa Fé*. It was in company of this fleet that Luiz de Camoens sailed to return to his native land, after sixteen years spent amidst the din of wars, and exposed to toils, hardships and dangers of every kind, bringing with him, as his sole recompense, the poem which was already finished. This great work of genius, however, he continued to correct, and improve during the whole course of his voyage. Another misfortune awaited him before he entered the Tagus: this was the loss of his intimate friend and fellow voyager Heitor da Silveira, who

was, like himself, a poet and equally persecuted by misfortune. In April, 1570, he at last arrived at Lisbon, which was at that time desolated by the horrors of the plague, denominated the great pestilence.

His first and greatest anxiety, as we have every reason to believe, was directed, after his return to his native land, towards the immediate publication of his great poem. For this purpose, he obtained the royal permission by a decree, dated the fourth of september in the following year, and in the early part of 1572 the first edition issued from the printing-press of Antonio Gonçalves, and immediately after this, another edition followed bearing the same date, unless it be, as some suppose, a mere counterfeit of the genuine edition. What occurred in this short interval of the life of the poet is just as doubtful and uncertain as most of the other incidents and events of his career. Nevertheless, it would seem, from some documents which are supposed to be well authenticated, and which afford sufficient grounds for us to conjecture, his friend and protector Don Manuel de Portugal, a member of the noble family of the Condes de Vimioso (from whose palace was furnished, at a latter period, the deceased poet's winding-sheet) exerted his influence in the royal court on his behalf, and contributed most efficaciously to obtain for him that species of honour or guerdon, more or less valuable, which was bestowed upon him.

At all events, it is certain that the King Don Sebastian, by a royal decree dated the 28 July 1572, in consideration of his services during many years, in various parts of India, as well as of those which he might still be able to render, and likewise taking into consideration the ability which he had displayed in the composition of the book relating to the affairs of that country, bestowed upon Luiz de Camoens an annual pension of fifteen mil réis (about £ 3.8.0 sterling) payable to him for a period of three years,

on the express condition that he was to reside in the capital.

This pension was successively renewed by fresh grants at the expiration of every three years, until the demise of the poet, and was afterwards in the reign of Philip the Second of Spain, who had obtained possession of the crown of Portugal, transferred to his mother, who survived him, and who at first received a pension of six mil réis, in consideration of her extreme poverty and old age, and eventually got the full amount of the original pension of fifteen mil réis.

This remuneration has been justly deemed very trifling and insignificant, if we take into consideration the merit and services of the person upon whom it was bestowed.

It is certain, however, that the pension was duly and regularly paid, although considerable doubts were entertained on this point until a recent period. Fifteen mil réis at that time would be equivalent to ninety mil réis or £ 20.0.0 at the present day, owing to the very great depreciation in the relative value of money. This pittance was not sufficient to deliver this illustrious man from the most abject misery, and the horrors of the poverty; as we learn by tradition, that Anthony, (that is to say his slave John, whom he had brought from India) went out at night to beg from door to door for bread to sustain his master on the following day, and even this wretched resource at last failed him in consequence of the premature death of his faithful and devoted slave.

Quite weary of struggling against so many and such terrible misfortunes, and having entirely lost all hopes of any amelioration in the future, he passed the remainder of his days in continual sadness. He avoided the company and society of his fellow-creatures, and his only diversion or recreation was an occasional visit to the convent of Saint Dominic, to which he sometimes went to hear lectu-

res on moral theology, as well as to seek in the conversation of some of his friends amongst the religious men of that order, the patience and resignation which he so much required in his afflictions.

An obstinate infirmity, probably protracted and aggravated by the want of necessaries of life, and of pecuniary resources, very much increased his sufferings and misery. He was lying prostrate on the bed of sickness when the terrible news was received of the death of the young King Don Sebastian and the total destruction of the Portuguese army in the disastrous battle of Alcacerquivir, on the 4th August 1578.

It is easy to imagine what a terrible effect this fatal event and the unhappy consequences which it presaged must have produced upon the mind of a person who was so profoundly devoted to his country and inspired with such patriotic sentiments, as Luiz de Camoens most undoubtedly always showed himself to be. If he did not succumb immediately on hearing of this dreadful catastrophe, as some of his biographers have asserted, we may be quite sure that the brief period during which his wretched life was prolonged, must have been a grievous and incessant martyrdom, in which the miserable spectacle of his country in its last stage of agony constantly presented itself before his sight. He must have been constantly haunted by the fear, that his native land would inevitably fall a prey to Castile.

As to the date of his decease, an erroneous opinion prevailed, as all his biographers copying one another, grounding their statement on a sepulchral inscription, affirmed that 1579 was the year of his death. This error has, however, been clearly refuted by an indisputable document, the discovery of which is due to the investigation of the Visconde de Juromenha. This point admits of no further doubt, for the great poet really died on the tenth

of July 1580, that is, precisely at the time when Philip the Second of Spain was preparing to take forcible possession of Portugal, and had for that purpose assembled an army of eighty thousand men, under the command of the redoubtable Duke of Alba.

With respect to the exact locality in which he expired, there has always existed a great difference of opinions, and very great difficulty has been experienced in ascertaining the truth. Don Fernando Alvia de Castro, a contemporary of Camoens, writing in 1621, that is about forty years after the demise of the poet, states that he died in great misery and destitution in an hospital of the city of Lisbon. This opinion has been accepted by many persons, and is corroborated by the testimony of a missionary priest, who affirms that he was actually present on that occasion, in a note appended to the celebrated copy of the *Lusiad*, which was in the possession of the late Lord Holland. Notwithstanding this, others have maintained with the late friar, José Agostinho de Macedo, that Camoens died in his own domicile, in the house which, according to the description which they have given, corresponds to numbers 52 and 54 of the present numeration in the Street of Santa Anna, and where a stone, with an inscription, to commemorate the event, was placed a few years ago. For our own part, we must confess, that, in the midst of these conflicting and contradictory assertions, we are quite unable, in our humble capacity, to form any positive conclusion on the point.

What seems to be placed beyond a doubt, is, that after his decease, his corpse was conveyed to the church of the convent of Santa Anna, a nunnery still in existence, which was then the church of that parish, and that it was interred there, without any mark of distinction or epitaph. In this place the remains of the illustrious bard reposed until 1596, when Don Gonçalo Coutinho had them remo-

ved to another vault, and caused a slab to be placed over them with the following inscription in Portuguese:

HERE LIES LUIZ DE CAMÕES
THE PRINCE
OF THE POETS OF HIS TIME
HE DIED IN THE YEAR 1579.

This slab was ordered to be placed over his remains by Don Gonçalo de Coutinho with an injunction that no other person should be buried in the same place.

Let us remember that as the true date of his death was lost at that period, the following clauses in addition to the modest epitaph above mentioned appeared in some of his biographies. "*He lived in poverty and misery and so he died.*" But these words were never actually inscribed on his monumental slab, as is positively and expressly stated by the chronicler of the Seraphic Order, Friar Fernando da Soledade.

Since the nature of his sketch does not permit us to launch out into further observations or investigations, we are compelled to omit entirely or to touch very lightly upon many incidents and circumstances of his life, which would require a more critical and minute examination and investigation. We shall therefore conclude with the following lines to serve as a kind of epilogue, and which we find at the termination of a work of greater length and more elaborately written. "This man, whom his contemporaries allowed to expire in the extremity of misery amidst the tribulations of poverty, has bequeathed to his native land, nevertheless, not only a splendid heritage of glory, but also a certain patriotic feeling and spirit so enthusiastic, that every Portuguese heart beats with it, and inspired it with the heroic courage and determination which will be for ever the surest defence and prop of our na-

tional independence. The conqueror, who shall ever attempt to subjugate our beloved country, must previously tear in pieces every page of the immortal poem of the *Lusiad*."

All those who read the life of this extraordinary man, most unquestionably one of the greatest of modern poets, will regret that his days were spent in discontent, and terminated in misery. It is certainly true that he was not one of those who, like Virgil and Horace in ancient times, or like Pope, Byron and Scott in modern days, not only acquired immortal fame, but also enjoyed wealth, prosperity and honour during their own life time.

It is extremely doubtful, however, whether his misfortunes were not, in a great measure, occasioned by his own improvidence, and indomitable spirit. His works themselves read like the satires of Juvenal, and must have been very galling to the descendants and relatives of the persons whom he so severely censured.

In addition to this, we must bear in mind that books circulated very slowly at that period, and that his great epic poem was only published a few years before his death. The readers would be chiefly the clergy and nobility, whom he so much censured, and stigmatized with such virulence and asperity.

To compensate for this neglect on the part of his contemporaries, of which he complains so bitterly, his name has been extolled, and elevated to the highest pinnacle of glory by his admiring countrymen during three centuries. Every one, who has the least tincture of literature in Portugal, is well acquainted with the *Lusiad*, and is able to quote long passages from it.

Nor have foreigners shown themselves less willing to pay homage to his transcendent genius. The *Lusiad* has been translated into no fewer than fourteen languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, Dutch, German, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Polish and English.

In the last named idiom there are no less than six complete translations. Two eminent English diplomatists, Sir Richard Fanshaw and Viscount Strangford, have thought it worth their while to translate the poem of the illustrious bard. We do not believe that such a tribute of honour and admiration has been paid to any modern poet.

On the 9th of October 1867 a noble statue of the great poet was inaugurated in a conspicuous part of the city of Lisbon.

Around this statue eight of the most distinguished predecessors and contemporary authors of Camoens are grouped, as it were to pay him homage. Their names are Fernão Lopes, Azurara, João de Barros, Francisco de Sá Miranda, Pedro Nunes, Fernão Lopes Castanhede, Corte Real and Quevedo.

From this lofty pedestal the poet looks down upon one of the principal streets of the capital, which may be called its Regent Street, in which stand three of the finest churches and several handsome private mansions.

Formerly, the beautiful little church of the Oratorians stood at the extremity of the street, but this has been demolished by the hand of rapine, and has been substituted by a large hotel.

It is intended to celebrate a solemn national festival in honour of the illustrious bard on the tenth July 1880, the third centenary anniversary of his death; but his real commemoration and highest honour exist in the universal love and admiration of his countrymen.

THIRD ELEGY.

In this Elegy, which, I believe has never been translated into English, not being included in Lord Strangford's very meagre collection of the minor poems of Camoens, an account is given of various incidents and misfortunes in the life of the poet.

Simonides, the poet, who conversed one day
With great Themistocles, the captain wise and bold,
Whilst various scientific subjects they survey,
Promised he would a secret wonderful unfold:
This novel art, which he was going to contrive,
Would all his acts in his remembrance firmly set,
That no vicissitude nor chance could e'er arrive,
To make him any fact or circumstance forget.
No doubt the man would great reward and praise deserve,
And would acquire a bright renown and highest glory,
Who should invent some easy method to preserve
From dire forgetfulness the truths of history;
But the renowned Athenian captain, whose great mind
By persecution and misfortunes much oppressed,
More to forget than to remember was inclined,
And would oblivion seek, the poet thus addressed:
"Illustrious Simonides! dost thou confide
So much in thy great Genius, and inventive art,
That thou canst thus a certain remedy provide,
That no event should from our memory depart?

But how far better would it be, couldst thou invent

Some way to teach me how I might forget the past
In all my future days, and o'er each sad event
And sorrow of my life, a veil for ever cast."

If this most excellent remark were duly weighed

By one condemned long years in banishment to spend
In strange and distant lands, he surely would have said:

"Simonides, do not the past and present blend?"

Unhappy man! who is compelled in various lands,

To seek for weary life, that honoured, calm repose,
Which, through this world of ours, with hard and equal hands

Blind Fortune, most unjust, upon mankind bestows;
And if our fate, however hard, we must endure,

With manly courage and with constant cheerfulness,
What boots it to remember ills, we cannot cure,

When memory can only aggravate distress?
If into other bodies parts the soul of man,

Not after death, as erst Pythagoras maintained,
But by sweet Love's absorption, during life's brief span;

And if such Love's enchanting power on earth remained,
So that one much loved object, beautiful and fair,

A soul-less body might in life and strength preserve,
And should that dearest object be no longer there,

Its cruel loss our life and being would unnerve:
Thus I am called to dire Alecto's gloomy cell.

Why then did not my natal Star create me rude
And savage, on this earthly globe, and let me dwell

In Scythia's barren waste, 'midst Nature's solitude?
Or why on horrid Caucasus, a fragile child

From infancy, was I not suckled at the breast
Of some Hyrcanian tigress, savage, fierce, and wild,

To grow a man, of adamantine force possessed?
That brutal stiff and hardened neck would never bend
In meek submission to the rightful law and yoke,

Of him who did his gifts with great deception blend,
And when he giveth life inflicts a deadly stroke.
As if to recompense the tears which I have shed,
Like Lethes' waters seemed the ocean which I part,
For all its perils from my Memory have fled,
And all those sorrows were from me for ever cast.
The promised good, which vain delusive Hope doth set
Before our eyes, by wretched mortals scarcely felt,
For either Death destroys our bliss, or we regret
A cruel change which will in tears our bosoms melt;
That this is true, great Lord, thou dost already know.
How much the memory of former happiness
Embitters all we must endure, in time of woe,
When hope's delicious dreams expire in wretchedness!
But if thou shouldst indulge the wish in truth to learn
What sad, regretful sorrows with sharp anguish blight
The souls of absent lovers, with slow patience turn
To read the long and piteous tale which I shall write.
Now Æolus had loosed the reins and liberty
To mild Favonius, who soft and gently sighed;
His breezes scarcely moved the calm, and ruffled sea,
Where Neptune, Ocean's lord, his trident laid aside:
The prow divides the snowy foam, and quite content,
In lively sport, the choir of Nereides comes behind,
Enamoured Galatea from its indolent,
And self indulging rest scarce moves the lazy wind,
There strolling on the sandy beach, fair Panopea
Of white and silvery sea shells makes a little heap,
The nymphs Melinto, Dinamene with Legea,
Indulge in playful gambols near the glassy deep,
Whilst I, immersed in grief, recall the Memory
Of all the ills it was my lot to undergo,
And, gazing on the waters of the tranquil sea,
From eyes which have no rest the tears of anguish flow:

My bliss long passed away, is present to my sight,
As if corroding time no change had ever wrought:
With countenance unmoved, though hope had suffered blight,
I heaved a sigh profound, which yet concealment sought
That none might see my anguish, and I thus exclaimed:
"Ye lovely Nymphs! if ardent loves, with sweet and pure
Absorbing passion, heretofore your breasts inflamed
And that endearing memory doth still endure,
If you perchance some hour should linger on the scene
Where, like their tribute "Tagus" mighty waves are rolled
Into the lap of Thetys, whom you call your Queen,
Or if you would that rich and verdant mead behold,
Or should you richest treasures gather in that stream
So much renowned, whose sandy bed is paved with gold,
And if, to write on shells be fitting you may deem,
In verses amorous and elegant unfold
What you have seen of me! Perhaps some tender heart
For all my bitter sorrows may compassion feel,
So let the Tagus' shepherds, who have heard my art
And rural lays now hear the grief which you reveal
In calms profound that grief did not abandon me,
Nor did it leave me when fierce howling winds arose,
And horrid tempests scowled upon the rolling sea,
For now our ship the Cape "Good Hope" approaches close.
The deep regret in which from absence, I must pine,
Is now renewed, by thoughts of long and cruel change,
Whilst we beneath that Star which clearly doth define
The axes of the Hemispheres which now we range.
Lo! suddenly midst dense clouds darkens all the sky,
Throughout the air the light of day quite disappears,
The furious ocean's mighty waves roll mountains high,
The spacious globe itself seems shattered from its spheres,
As if it were dissolved by the tremendous rage
Of that tempestuous sea, where furrows vast abound:

Fierce Boreas and most horrid Notus conflict wage,
 Whilst loud, sonorous blasts o'er all the earth resound,
The sheets and tackle of the lofty ships are rent
 Asunder, whilst the wind in shrillest whistles blows:
The frightened mariners a cry of terror sent,
 Whose piteous accents to the highest heavens rose,
The deadly thunderbolts, which skilful Vulcan makes,
 Are by the angry Thunderer with vigour hurled;
As lightning flashes, all the earth affrighted quakes,
 And, struck with awe and trembling, reels the tottering world.
Then love displayed his power, from danger ne'er did flee,
 In him the sight of such misfortunes dire awoke
Most tender sentiments and greatest constancy,
 With death before his eyes he in my bosom spoke:—
“If Lady, thou a thought on me wouldst sometimes cast,
 I would remember nought of what I have endured,
Though neither time nor grief could ever change or blast
 The firm intrinsic love (you may be quite assured)
Of him, who, in some happier hour, did ever feel
 In truthful earnestness, that passion in his breast;
On this, at least, O Lord! thou wilt affix thy seal,
 That nought doth purify or of its dross divest
Our love, so long as we behold the one beloved
 Who first enkindled it.” ’Twas thus the cruel hand
Of Fortune forced me to embark, until I roved
 To that, by some much coveted, far distant land,
Where every poor and upright man doth find a grave:
 Our wretched vanity here I was soon to know,
As well as of the indigenes, who rashly brave
 Our wrath, and thus war's toils we had to undergo:
An island, which the King of Porca long had held,
 And which Pimenta's monarch did unjustly wrest
From his dominion, we by force of arms compelled
 Him to restore: complete success our efforts blest:

With a great fleet, by Goa's viceroy sent, we sail,
In this armada all his troops he strives to show:
And soon to find the enemy we do not fail,
Whose warriors are well skilled to bend the deadly bow.
By fire and slaughter we inflict due punishment,
And as the island was with water covered o'er
Throughout the place in little country boats we went,
Just as in Venice on the Adriatic shore:
Though only for two days therein our stay we make,
Still many valiant men are doomed the dust to bite
In that brief span, descending to the Stygian lake,
True remedy for one who proves himself a knight:
Most fortunate of men, who live to till their fields,
The peaceful labourers, did they their bliss but know!
For them the teeming earth its grateful tribute yields,
For them, from limpid rills, pure, crystal waters flow,
They milk their sheep, and never venture to behold
Tempestuous, angry seas, nor darksome gloom of night,
To seek for precious stones which Eastern regions hold,
Nor dread the din of war, and horrors of the fight:
One 'midst his groves contented lives, no thirst of gold
Refulgent can disturb repose in balmy sleep:
He doth no robes perfumed and dyed in Syrin hold,
Nor of the looms of Attalus rich textures keep,
Nor Corynth's soft delights, nor lofty columns rise
Of Parian marble, no rare emerald's bright green,
No Hyacinths nor rubies captivate his eyes,
No gold enamelled rooms in his abode are seen:
Instead of this, he gazes on the verdant mead
Enamelled by a thousand flowers which fragrance throw
Around, his lambs and leaping kids on grassy herbage feed,
The wide expanding fields with varied colours glow:
His trees delicious fruits on pendent branches bear,
The simple shepherd's rude and rustic songs are heard,

Silenus and sweet Tityrus both warbled there;
Pure Justice soaring to the skies quite disappeared:
Most happy be the man, who can the boon secure,
To dwell with flocks of little sheep which he has bred,
To learn the course of Nature's laws we shall be sure,
How rain or frigid snow comes from its native bed,
The labours of the sun which never has repose,
The reason why the Moon doth shine with borrowed light,
If she against the rays of Phœbus interpose,
Or how he round the globe makes such a rapid flight:
Upon himself his eyes he turns, and strives to know
If Cytherca will be cruel or benign;
But how shall one fore-doomed in war to undergo
Its perils dire, the meaning of my words divine?
Yet still, whatever, Lord, the course of things may be,
Though Fortune exercises influence so great,
That from all happiness it long hath banished me,
My song from her at least it ne'er can separate:
This duty, thus imposed on me, shall never cease,
Until the knel of Death shall summon me below,
Where Rhodamanthus reigns, if such eternal peace
Exist for those sad souls, whose lives are spent in woe.

Note of the translator.—The reader will easily discover that in this Elegy, Camoens, notwithstanding his poignant grief and the anguish of his mind, has borrowed, without any scruple, from Dante, Virgil, and Horace. But he has fully redeemed this plagiarism by the beauty of his language, and this we recommend every one to ascertain for himself by a perusal of the Portuguese original.



INTRODUCTION.

Some apology is undoubtedly due to the reader for the appearance of a new translation of the *Lusiad*, the grand epic poem of Luiz de Camoens, so soon after the publication of the work of Mr. Aubertin, which has been so well received by the public. The present translator was not aware that any one had undertaken the task, and his own version was nearly completed before he heard of it, or else it is very probable that this volume would never have seen the light. Thus the reader might have reason to regret, or rejoice at, the absence of this additional demand upon his patience and indulgence. I was induced to continue my labours by discovering that I had chosen a metre so different from that of my predecessor, that there was no possibility of any accusation of plagiarism on my part.

It may be as well to state, that I had never seen the

translation of Sir Richard Fanshaw, or that of Mr. Musgrave, when I first undertook this work.

It is considerably more than forty years since I read the whole of Mr. Mickle's elegant, though far from faithful translation, although I have frequently read some portions of it with pleasure and admiration.

When fast approaching my seventieth year, it occurred to me, that I might occupy some of my leisure hours in translating the poem in an entirely original manner, adopting the Spenserian stanza, which would allow a greater freedom of versification, without restricting one to a too literal and constrained version. This was at first undertaken without the slightest intention of ever publishing it, and simply as a labour of love. It was only the approbation, perhaps too flattering, of some friends to whom I submitted my manuscript, that encouraged me to publish it.

The method which I adopted was to compose three or four stanzas in my daily walks to and from my place of business, for I, too, like that most delightful of prose writers, the late Charles Lamb, have always been a slave of the desk.

Some parts of this translation were also composed during occasional sojourns in the romantic vale of Cintra, beneath what the Lusian bard has called the Mountains of the Moon. Other portions were written in the beautiful Quinta of Abelheira, so well described by the late Mr. Beckford in his charming account of his visit to Batalha and Alcobaca. In this Quinta there is now established the principal paper-mill in Portugal, with which the translator has been connected for nearly thirteen years.

A far greater part was composed in his frequent rambles from one extremity to another of the city of Lisbon, which the natives fondly believe to have been built, like Rome, on seven hills, but which to the weary wayfarer seem to be at least ten times that number. It, however, presents one of the greatest panoramas to be seen in Europe, the view extending on one side to the mountain of Palmella, over the heights of Almada, down to the Castles of Bugio and Saint Julian, terminated by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. On another side rises the bold Sierra of Cintra of which Byron has said:

“Lo! Cintra’s glorious Eden intervenes”,

whilst, in another direction, we behold the famous lines of Torres Vedras, which were destined to prove an insuperable barrier to the ambitious projects of the great Napoleon.

At every point, we look upon the magnificent river Tagus, of which Camoens was so justly proud, and which he so frequently celebrates in his various poems. The author himself has seen many hundreds of transports anchored in the bay of Cacilhas ready to carry off the army under the command of the late Duke of Wellington, in the event of any great reverse. At the same time, a large fleet, comprising many of the line-of-battle ships which had fought at Saint Vincent, the Nile and Trafalgar, was moored in the river under the command of the late Sir George Berkely, who had himself born a distinguished part in those glorious conflicts. Fortunately, however,

the services of the fleet and transports were never required, as the allies succeeded in repelling the hosts of France, and ultimately compelled them to retreat into their own country.

It is too much the custom to disparage Portugal and the Portuguese, because they no longer occupy the same high position which they did in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when they were the pioneers of civilisation. We ought to bear in mind, that whilst England and France, as well as Germany and Italy, were embroiled in civil conflicts or wars of ambition, Portugal sustained a terrible war against the Moslems, who had obtained dominion over it.

This lasted for nearly three centuries, until the invaders were finally expelled from the Portuguese soil, and even followed across the sea into Africa, where John the First made some important conquests.

Then commenced those important maritime discoveries, under the auspices of the Infante D. Henrique, which were carried on successively during a whole century, and culminated in the acquisition of a new world, and the restoration of the East to the commerce of Europe.

For all these great benefits we are mainly indebted to the industry and indefatigable enterprise of that nation.

Nor were they less distinguished for the courage and patriotism, which they displayed in the struggles against their powerful neighbours, who endeavoured ineffectually to reduce Portugal to a mere province of the great Spanish monarchy. Of this they afforded the most splendid proofs in the battles of Aljubarrota, Montes Claros,

and Elvas. Nor can we pass over their valour and constancy in the Peninsular war, when they marched triumphantly, under the command of Wellington, from the lines of Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees into the country of the invaders. We are justly proud of the glorious career of Clive, Wellesley, Napier, Gough and Colin Campbell, in India; but let us pay a tribute of admiration to those who first showed the world how small and inferior numbers could overcome vast multitudes.

Such men as Almeida, Albuquerque, Pacheco, Castro, and Mascarenhas, will bear comparison with any of our own great warriors.

For my part, independently of the impression made upon my mind by a careful study of its history, I cannot help feeling a great interest in Portugal.

In this country, my mother and grand-mother, as well as many of my nearest relations, including my children, and grand-children were born. My great grand-mother came to this country at a very early age, and here she was married and died.

For nearly two centuries, some of my family have resided here, and some have received unsolicited marks of distinction from the Sovereigns of Portugal.

In addition to this, there is another tie in the memory of my late father-in-law, general Champalimaud, (not Champlimond as he is erroneously called in the History of the Peninsular war) almost the only Portuguese who commanded a brigade throughout that memorable struggle.

His brigade formed part of the fighting division, and he was the friend and companion in arms of the gallant

Picton. He stood on the heights of Bussaco, and took a part in that terrible storming of Badajoz, so vividly described by Napier.

He was severely wounded, and never recovered entirely from the effects of the wound, dying at an early age in 1825, at Elvas, of which he was the Governor. He lived to see himself slighted by some who had born arms against their own country, when he was fighting in its defence, and to whom his presence was a constant reproach.

At a period when titles and orders of knighthood were not bestowed so lavishly, he might have obtained the title of Conde, but he yielded his claim in favour of a friend, although the honour of the exploit really belonged to himself.

For all his services he only received a patent of nobility for his daughters and their husbands. Of such a man, his descendants have just reason to be proud.

After this long digression, for which I beg the indulgence of my readers, I return to the immediate subject of this introduction. It has been my object to give a faithful translation of the *Lusiad*, stanza for stanza, so as to give the meaning of the author, without attempting a verbatim version. As the poem is closely connected with the History of Portugal, as well as the conquests of the Portuguese in India, I have thought it advisable to give a chronological account of the most remarkable events, as well as a list of the Viceroys and Governors General of the Portuguese dominions in India. In addition to this, the readers will find a succinct biography of all the personages whose portraits are given in the work. There is

also an account of the course pursued by Vasco da Gama in his great voyage.

The reader will likewise find explanatory notes of all the proper names contained in the poem, arranged alphabetically.

Should he meet with some passages, or rather expressions, familiar as household words, to which I shall not allude more particularly, as I wish him to have all the pleasure of discovering any transgression, I must throw myself upon his kind indulgence, in the belief that such occasional reminiscences will afford him some gratification by recalling to memory some author with whom he is well acquainted. It will not, perhaps, be out of place here to endeavour to note some of the merits of the Lusian bard and of the rank which he is entitled to hold amongst the grandest poets of the world. There can be no doubt that he was really a very great poet, and this is sufficiently proved by the general admiration of his own countrymen during three centuries.

The best tribute which can be paid to his fame, is the universal acquaintance with his poems which is displayed by all educated persons. Not to speak of the inspired writers of the Holy Scriptures, the pathos and sublimity of which have never been equalled by any profane authors, I venture to compare Camoens with the most admired poets of any age or country. I willingly admit that all impartial judges will assign the first place to Shakespeare; and, no doubt, Milton, Spenser, Pope, Byron, and two or three others, according to the taste of individuals, will be preferred, at all events, by English readers, to the Portuguese poet.

Amongst the Greeks, Homer, Sophocles, Æschylus, Pindar, and, perhaps Euripides will be allowed the preference; Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Lucretius, will probably meet with more admirers.

Of the other epic poets of antiquity, such as Hesiod, Apollonius, Rhodius, Lucan, or Statius, we do not suppose that any one will place them on an equality with the author of the *Lusiad*.

Amongst the moderns, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Racine, Corneille, Victor Hugo, Schiller, Goethe and a few others will be considered by some, superior, or at least equal to Camoens.

We certainly should not disparage the *Lusiad*, by a comparison with the *Tharsalia*, *Thebais*, or the *Henriade*, still less with the *Leonidas*, the last of the Goths, *Thalaba*, *Marmion*, the *Lady of the Lake* etc. We look in vain in any of these compositions for a grand personification, like that of Adamastor, or a description like that of the battle of Aljubarrota, or vision of king Emmanuel. Where shall we find a story so pathetic as that of Ignez de Castro, by which the poet has excited the commiseration of the whole civilised world for that most unhappy lady?

The beautiful description of the Island of Love, is, certainly, not inferior to that of the "Garden of Alcinous" in the *Odyssey*.

The *Lusiad* has been translated into all the modern languages, as well as into Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Many persons of great talent have not thought it beneath them to undertake this laborious task. The late Almeida Garrett, himself a poet of great celebrity, and a most elo-

quent orator, wrote a long poem in honour of the great bard.

Every one must admit that the versification of Camoens is most harmonious, and that his style, in general, is so clear, that it is easily understood by any one. That he was well acquainted with the Latin classics is evident from the numerous imitations of Virgil, Horace, Ovid and Lucan, and he was also familiar with ancient and modern history, as well as the mythology of the Greeks and Romans. His sentiments are singularly noble, and he everywhere displays his indignation at the vices of tyranny, cruelty, and corruption. It will be indeed most gratifying to my feelings to meet with praise from my readers, and to learn that they give even a very humble place to this work in their libraries.

But though my hopes should be disappointed in this respect, I shall never regret the time which has been employed in composing it. It has diverted my mind from many disagreeable thoughts, it has soothed me in my hours of anguish, and has proved to me, that I have many sincere friends who have taken a lively interest in my undertaking. I will venture to parody the words of a truly great man, if real greatness consists in a proper estimate and contempt of worldly enjoyments, riches, and honours.

The Duke of Gandia, better known as Saint Francis Borgia, a man of the highest rank in Spain, possessed of great wealth, enjoying the perfect confidence and friendship of the greatest monarch of the age, renounced all these advantages, to become a member of the society of Jesus, and consequently bound to obey his superior most submissively.

When the sister of the Spanish ambassador at Rome, once said to him "Francis, your condition is wretched, if after exchanging your riches for so great poverty, you should not gain heaven in the end", he replied:—"I should be miserable indeed, but as for the exchange, I have already been a great gainer by it". So I also say, even should my labours meet with a cold reception from the public (and I am very far from entertaining any great expectation), I shall be amply rewarded and consoled by the pleasure which they have afforded me.

Note.—The translator has not published the original text in Portuguese, which would only have entailed unnecessary expense on a work which many readers may consider too costly without it.

Many persons are well acquainted with the *Lusiad* of Camoens, and those who may require it can obtain the poem for a shilling. Neither has it been deemed necessary to present a map of Africa, as every one may be supposed to be well acquainted with it.

THE LUSIAD.



CANTO THE FIRST.

19-xlv

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Stanzas I. to III.—The subject of the poem is proposed, and Gama is extolled above all ancient voyagers, and conquerors. IV. and V.—Invocation of the nymphs of Tagus. VI. to X.—Dedication to the youthful king, D. Sebastian, and declaration of the poet's patriotism and disinterestedness. XI. to XIV.—A comparison of the kings and heroes of Portugal with the greatest monarchs and famous warriors of other countries. XV. to XVIII.—Great hopes are expressed that D. Sebastian will acquire the highest glory by his victories over the infidels. XIX. to XXIII.—The Gods assemble on Olympus to hold a council. XXIV. to XXIX.—Jupiter informs them of the decrees of fate in favour of the Portuguese, and his own wishes for their success. XXX. to XXXV.—Bacchus is highly indignant, and some of the Gods are on his side; but Venus and Mars oppose him, and support the cause of the adventurers. XXXVI. to XL.—Appearance of Mars, and his speech on the occasion. XLI.—Jupiter sends Mercury to assist the Lusians, and the Gods retire to their abodes. XLII. to XLV.—Gama arrives at the Island of Saint Lawrence. XLVI. to XLIX.—Description of the boats and of the natives of the country. L. to LII.—The Portuguese inform the natives of the object of their voyage, and their hopes of obtaining useful information. LIII. to LVI.—Reply of the natives who then return to land. LVII. to LXVIII.—Visit of the king of the Island on board of Gama's vessel. He is well received, and everything is shown him. LXIX. to LXXII.—Hatred of the king towards the Portuguese because they are Christians. LXXIII. to LXXVI.—Bacchus resolves to contrive a plot for the destruction of their fleet. LXXVII. to LXXXII.—He assumes the disguise of a Moor, a trusted friend of the king, and spreads the vilest calumnies against Gama and his companions. LXXXIII.—He

Gama is naive
may be

designs to furnish Gama with a treacherous pilot. LXXXIV. to XCII.— Ambush of the natives, who are completely defeated, and severely punished by the Portuguese. XCIII. to XCIX.—Gama takes his departure, and the crafty pilot persuades him to sail for Quiloa, where he fully expects that all the ships with their crews will be destroyed. C.—Venus baffles this design by procuring contrary winds. CI. to CIV.—The wily wretch invents a story of an island in which the inhabitants, christians as well as Mahometans, live in perfect friendship, and thus induces Gama to proceed thither. CV. to CVI.—The Canto terminates with reflections on the many miseries to which mortals are exposed, and from which the Almighty alone can preserve them.



Handwritten signature in cursive script, possibly reading "A. P. ...".

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO I.

I.

The arms I sing and that most glorious band
Of heroes far renowned, who did of yore
Embark on Lusitania's western strand
For seas where fleets had never sailed before,
And boldly passed beyond the balmy shore
Of Taprobana: neither storm nor fight
Can stop their course; above them all they soar
Triumphant, and by superhuman might
They raise their native realm unto its proudest height.

II.

Immortal glories these! nor less the fame
Of Lusitanian kings, whose guiding thought
Inspired their zealous efforts to proclaim
Their holy faith to pagans, and who sought
To bring the wild and savage tribes to naught
In Africa and Asia: men of heart
Undaunted, who undying glory bought
By scorning death. Such deeds, in every part
My Muse shall spread around, if genius aid my art.

III.

The travels of the sage of ancient Greece
Or pious Trojan shall not fix our gaze:
Great Alexander shall for ever cease
In all the world, nor Trajan's glittering blaze
Resplendent shine, for I will chant the praise
Of Lusian chiefs, whom Mars and Neptune fear,
Whose stern resolve all nature's power obeys:
The feats, which former Muses sang, appear
In paler light before renown of higher sphere.

IV.

And you! my nymphs of Tagus' golden stream—
Since nurtured by your care, from earliest days,
I chose your noble river for the theme
Of many idyls, chanting forth its praise
In simple pastorals and humble lays—
Deign now, when I attempt to change the scene,
With thoughts majestic and sublime to raise
My style, that Phœbus shall henceforth be seen
To cause thy waves in naught to envy Hippocrene!

V.

Infuse poetic frenzy in my soul,
High sounding strains—no more the shepherd's reed,
Nor rural pipe, nor flute—but let the whole
Loud clarion's blast resound, for such the meed
Of highest homage which these wonders need!
Let words that burn, and set the breast on fire,
Proclaim each hero's name, each glorious deed,
That future generations may admire
Throughout the universe what they alone inspire!

VI.

And thou! illustrious scion of our kings,
The surest prop of ancient liberty,
To whom in expectation fondly clings
All christendom, whose sons confide in thee
To crush its foes! The Moslem hosts shall flee
✓ Affrighted at the wonder of our land,
At him, who boasts the glorious destiny
To give to God, obeying His command,
A part of all that comes from His Almighty hand.

VII.

And thou! my country, young and vigorous shoot
Of that widespreading tree, the most endeared
To thy Redeemer, which has taken root
Most firmly in the west, though all have heard
✓ Where Cæsar and most christian kings appeared;
Behold what glorious signs adorn thy shield,
Those sacred emblems which our Saviour seared,
And which He gave, upon the battle-field,
When thy heroic king compelled thy foes to yield!

VIII.

O potent Monarch! in whose realm the Sun
First shines, on rising in the early morn,
Sees it again when half his course is run,
Looks on it, ere he gains the furthest bourn,
And sets in glory, thou wast surely born
To fight the Arabs on their native plains,
The Turks and infidels to bring to scorn,
To lay thy yoke upon their vast domains,
And free the sacred stream where still the Moslem reigns;

IX.

Incline thy head from its majestic height
With gentle gesture, whilst I fix my gaze
Upon that mien, which gives a promise bright
Even in tender age, which well may raise
Our hopes of grandeur in thy future days
Of splendid manhood! Look upon the ground,
And see how love of noble deeds displays
Itself in verse harmonious which will sound
The highest praise of chiefs, so valiant and renowned!

X.

Here thou shalt see the patriotic love
Of country, not impelled by vile desire
Of greed, but pure, eternal, far above
All selfish ends: 'tis no ignoble fire
That burns, when our paternal nests inspire.
The deeds of men whom God entrusts to thee,
Extolled to highest pitch thou shalt admire,
And say then if thou wouldst not rather be
The king of such a realm, than rule o'er earth and sea.

XI.

But thou shalt hear no vain fantastic stories,
No false narration of the noble deeds,
Nor fables, which the muse of foreign glories
To magnify fictitious heroes needs
With lying tales. The simple truth exceeds
In grandeur all the dreams of bards of old,
Of Rhodomonte, or of what one reads
Of great Orlando, or of Roger bold,
E'en if there had been truth in what those poets told.

XII.

Instead of these, be mine the task to sing
 Of that great Constable, whose valiant sword
 So nobly served his country and his king,
 Of Fuas, Egas faithful to his lord,
 For whom I feign would strike the mighty chord
 Of Homer's lyre! The peers of France can claim
 No more renown than what we must accord
 To brave Magriço and his twelve: the name
Of Gama will eclipse the pious Trojan's fame.

XIII.

But shouldst thou wish for Monarchs to compare
 With Roman Cæsar or great Charles of France,
 Behold Alphonso, with majestic air!
 No stranger's arm could hurl his deadly lance;
 Or cast on John the first thy wondering glance,
 Whose dauntless valour saved his native land
 Victorious o'er its foes! So now advance
 Our four Alphonsos, most illustrious band! *
 And John the perfect prince, most worthy to command.

XIV.

Nor shall my daring Muse forget to sing
 Of those brave heroes who, in eastern climes,
 Vast regions conquered for their mighty king—
 Whilst each great chief the height of glory climbs,
 The banner floats victorious in all times—
 Pacheco, foremost warrior of his age,
 Almeida, feared and mourned, the scourge of crimes,
 Stern Albuquerque, Castro strong and sage,
 And all with whom e'en Death a bootless strife must wage!

* Camões: "o grande e grande Alphonso" etc.

XV.

Albeit of them I pour my humble strain,
To celebrate thy feats exceeds my power:
O mighty Monarch! now begin to reign!
Thy loving people wait the coming hour,
When thy immortal deeds shall grandly tower
So high, that future bards shall sing of these
Alone: before thy hosts the nations cower,
The world amazed thy glorious triumphs sees
In Africa on land, in India on the seas!

XVI.

On thee cold Moslems fix their anxious sight,
For well they ween thy coming signifies
Destruction to their cause; with pale affright,
At thy approach, the fierce barbarian lies
Submissive at thy feet; he scarcely flies
The impending yoke. Great Tethys, heavenly power,
Charmed with the tender beauty in thine eyes,
Would woo thee to her daughter's nuptial bower,
And give the vast extent of Ocean for her dower.

XVII.

The souls of thy two ancestors above
The blissful mansions—one in wars renowned,
The other full of pure, angelic love—
Rejoice to hope their virtues will be found
Renewed in thee, their former glories crowned
With new-won laurels. They expect to see
All this revived, and when the utmost bound
Of life and happiness be reached by thee,
Will open wide the temple of Eternity.

XVIII.

But whilst the period slowly creeps along
Thy subjects wish to live beneath thy sway,
Look graciously upon my daring song,
And thus permit that these my verses may
Become thine own. Upon the briny way
Those dauntless Argonauts thou shalt admire,
Encountering raging storms without dismay,
Emboldened by the might thy looks inspire,
And learn to be invoked for what they most desire.

XIX.

The gallant vessels with far-spreading sails
Upon the bosom of the vasty deep,
Plough through the restless waves, whilst gentle gales
Propitious o'er the yielding surface sweep,
And swell their canvas: thus the vessels keep
Their steady course, the waters with the foam
Are snowy white—that sacred sea where sleep
The flocks of Proteus in their native home,
Or, idly swimming, in their playful gambols roam.

XX.

Meanwhile—the Gods assembled on the height
Of bright Olympus, where Great Jove resides,
Who rules supreme o'er men, with awful might—
In this most glorious council what betides
The eastern world is fixed. As it decides,
The Gods rush thither by the milky way
Across the starry sphere; for none derides
The mighty Thunderer, but all obey
The call which Mercury is ordered to convey.

XXI.

The grand dominion over all the seven
Great zones they lay aside; at once they cease
To wield the mighty power conferred by heaven,
To rule by thought alone, with greatest ease,
The skies, the teeming earth, and angry seas:
All those who dwell amidst eternal snow,
And those who breathe the sultry southern breeze,
Together meet with those the first to know
The morning dawn, or when the sun descends below.

XXII.

Sublime and awful on his crystal throne
With stars bespangled, sat the heavenly Sire
By whose strong hand the thunderbolts are thrown:
Severe and lofty gestures fear inspire;
His face resplendent with celestial fire,
Which made his human body seem divine;
His crown and sceptre all the Gods admire,
For they abound in gems, which far outshine,
In splendid lustre, diamonds from the richest mine.

XXIII.

On dazzling seats with gold and pearls inlaid,
All the inferior Gods were ranged below;
Still, homage and respect were duly paid,
Which youths, untried, to age and merit owe,
Such as right reason and decorum show:
High seats each God most honoured occupies;
The lesser ones to lower places go;
Then Jupiter, the ruler of the skies,
In grave impressive tones to all the council cries:

XXIV.

“Eternal dwellers in the brilliant pole,
And starry orbs, in regions bright and clear!
If time has not yet made the glorious scroll
Of Lusian fame and valour disappear
From memory, it must have reached your ear,
The fates which rule mankind did erst proclaim
Their firm decree, that, in some future year,
The Lusians should obtain a glorious name
Beyond Assyrian, Persian, Greek, or Roman fame.

XXV.

“It was conceded to that little realm,
As you well know — for 'tis no idle dream —
Unaided all its foes to overwhelm,
And wrest the fertile banks of Tagus' stream
From valiant Moorish host, who well might seem
Invincible: nor could Castile's array
Of warriors, with their gallant chiefs, redeem
The laurels tarnished in that fatal fray,
Which trophies still attest the Lusians' glorious day.

XXVI.

“Ye gracious Gods! 'tis not the time to tell
Of conflicts dire or of achievements vast
Of Viriatus, when the Romans fell
In thousands on the field in ages past:
Nor is it now my task a glance to cast
On those heroic men; who nobly fought
Against the Roman eagles to the last,
And for their chief a dauntless stranger sought
Who of the Hind's mysterious power indulged the thought.

XXVII.

“Lo! now the Navigators boldly mount
Their fragile ships to cross the treacherous sea
By paths untraversed, making no account
Of raging winds, which blow so furiously
From West and South; for naught to them shall be
Invincible, for they shall force their way—
Of heat and cold sustaining each degree—
Throughout the longest and the shortest day,
And reach the land first gladdened by the solar ray.

XXVIII.

“The Fates eternal long ago resolved —
And their decree all Nature still reveres—
That to the Lusian race should be devolved
In full possession, for a length of years,
Dominion o’er the seas, where first appears
The rising sun: the winter has been past
In bitter cold, the crews, with toils and fears
Exhausted and destroyed, are sinking fast;
We may consent to crown their fervent hopes at last.

XXIX.

“As you have seen their manly courage tried
By constant perils, in their venturous course,
Exposed for months upon the briny tide,
’Midst change of clime and seasons, to the force
Of howling winds, grant them a last resource
(Before these wretched mariners be lost)
To find a port, with greetings kind, though coarse,
And there refit the vessels tempest-tossed,
With strength renewed to seek again the destined coast!”

XXX.

Whilst this was said, the silence was unbroken;
But when he ceased, a hum of voices rose,
Which showed that some approved of what was spoken,
And others seemed quite ready to oppose
The Father's arguments: amongst the foes
Bacchus conspicuous stood in jealous spite
Against the mariners, because he knows
That all his eastern triumphs, and his might
Eclipsed by Lusian chiefs, will suffer instant blight.

XXXI.

The rosy God knew what the Fates ordain,
And that 'tis true that India shall behold
A people coming from the West of Spain
Across the vasty Ocean, which shall hold
By conquest all that Doris doth infold:
His haughty spirit chafes, and cannot bear
To see such men surpass what bards have told
Of him and other victors, nor their share
Of Glory tarnish Nysa's laurels gathered there.

XXXII.

He knows that India, vanquished in the war,
Obtained for him a great and glorious name
Which neither fate nor chance could ever mar:
His triumphs all the ancient bards proclaim,
No change nor lapse of time destroyed his fame;
But now a terror, never felt before,
Presages dark oblivion, and shame,
When his vast conquests shall be sung no more,
If once the Portuguese shall reach the Indian shore.

XXXIII.

Fair Venus still befriends the Lusian race,
For, in their character, resemblance sure
To her once much-loved Romans she can trace —
Courageous hearts accustomed to endure
The worst — in frequent conflicts with the Moor
Upon the coast, and wide Numidian plains:
She also loves their language, clear and pure,
So like the Latin, that, with little pains,
One makes the words the same as those it still retains.

XXXIV.

These causes make the Lusian people dear
To Cytheræa even yet more swayed
By knowing that the Fate's decree is clear,
That, whatsoever conquests might be made,
Before her shrine due homage shall be paid:
Whilst Venus greater honours hopes to gain,
Bacchus of losing all, is much afraid:
Thus both, with wrathful words their cause maintain;
By selfish motives urged, these Gods their cause sustain.

XXXV.

As when rude Boreas, with his furious gales,
Or from the South a fierce tempestuous blast,
A gloomy forest, dark with trees, assails;
The spreading branches all are shattered fast,
And leaves in whirlwinds to and fro are cast,
The crash the mountain Sierras echoes round,
Earth trembles, whilst the raging tempests last:
Thus in Olympus raged the boisterous sound
Of Gods in wrathful mood, which shakes the solid ground.

XXXVI.

But Mars with warmth doth take the Goddess' part,
Touched by remembrance of their former love,
Perhaps because he justly takes to heart
Their valiant feats: the Gods before him move,
While high and proud he stands: mild sadness strove
In vain to quell the fury in his mind:
His ample shield, suspended far above
His neck, upon his shoulders hung behind,
In all his gestures rage with passion is combined.

XXXVII.

His visor partly raised, the helmet shone
With brilliant diamonds, and was fastened tight
Upon his head: as he approached the throne
Of Jupiter, he raised his truncheon bright,
And struck the regal chair with all his might;
So loud the stroke, that through the world of space
The sound was heard; the trembling heavens with fright
Recoiled, and bright Apollo so amaze,
That e'en the glorious Sun emits much feebler rays!

XXXVIII.

And thus he cried: "Great sire of Gods and men!
Whose mighty will all creatures must obey,
Take pity on thy favoured race, if then
Thou wouldst not see their labours thrown away,
Themselves contemned, because they fail to lay
Foundation of that empire long ago
Designed by thee for them! No more delay
Thy sentence, for the truth thou well must know,
Great Judge! Refuse to hear a false and selfish foe!

XXXIX.

"If right and sober reason could prevail,
 And make the vague excessive dread subside,
 Bacchus himself would readily avail
 The Lusian chiefs, to whom he is allied
 In blood by uncles on his mother's side;
 But this opinion, rash and fraught with ire,
 By bile engendered, must be set aside,
 For Envy cannot mar what all admire,
 Good deeds that claim reward, and what the Heavens desire.

XL.

"And thou! Great Father of the Universe,
 Boundless in power, maintain thy first decree:
 For 'tis a sign of weakness to reverse
 The resolutions once proclaimed by thee.
 Behold! thy messenger, swift Mercury,
 Is ready with the arrow in his hand,
 His speed outstrips the winds o'er earth and sea,
 He'll show a harbour to the weary band
 To re-equip their ships, and reach the Indian land."

XLI.

When Mars had ceased to speak, the Chief Supreme,
 In token of approval, gave a nod
 With full assent; and then a copious stream
 Of nectar was presented to each God:
 The council over, all the members trod,
 Just as they pleased, along the milky way
 Of glorious stars; but coming to the abode
 Assigned to each, they did not fail to pay
 The grateful homage due to him whom all obey.

XLII.

But whilst these scenes were passing in the bright,
 Celestial halls, which crown the lofty steep
 Of high Olympus' grand and towering height,
 The hardy warriors, sailing on the deep
 Profound, their steady course with caution keep;
 Round the south eastern coast the vessels turn,
Towards Saint Lawrence's famed isle they sweep,
 And where the solar rays the fishes burn,
 By Typhon changed from Gods, as we in poets learn.

XLIII.

The breezes, softly blowing, filled the sails,
 The ships propelled, as if Heaven wished to guide
 Them on their way with fair and gentle gales;
 The air serene, without a cloud to hide
 The lovely skies in all their beauty's pride,
 And all so calm, no danger could arise:
 Now past Cape Prasso as the vessels glide,
 Where Ethiopia's eastern region lies,
 A little isle appears before their longing eyes.

XLIV.

The Admiral, who takes the foremost part
 Throughout the course of this great enterprise—
Gama, a man of proud and lofty heart
 (To such does Fortune ever grant the prize
 Of highest glory) Gama sees, and tries
 To sail beyond the isles without delay,
 Because he falsely deems that no supplies
 Will come, as they no signs of life display—
 But still, events proceed in quite another way.

XLV.

Just then some little barks were seen to glide,
Proceeding from the island near the main,
And cross the sea with canvas spreading wide:
Excitement and astonishment attain
The highest pitch; nor now the crews restrain
Their frantic joy, but fix their eager gaze,
And look around for some one to explain
The name, the race, their manners and their ways,
What faith and laws prevail, what king the realm obeys.

XLVI.

The barks in which the natives were conveyed
Seemed long and narrow, built for greatest speed;
The mats which served for sails were neatly made
Of palm-tree leaves: the men were of that breed,
And darkish hue, which did of old proceed
From Phaeton's rash attempt and overthrow,
Which vast and dreadful conflagration spread,
Whose sad effects still feels the river Po,
And Lampedusa's isle can never cease to know.

XLVII.

Of cotton were the garments which they wore,
Some striped, some coloured, others merely white:
Some had their aprons hanging down before;
Their clothes behind their backs were fastened tight,
Whilst others left them loose, all naked quite
Above the waist. A dagger, sharp and strong,
Or short broadsword, was what they used in fight;
They all had caps, and, as they sailed along,
The crews on trumpets shrill their simple tunes prolong.

XLVIII.

The natives wave with cloth, with arm, and hand,
To make the Lusian vessels slacken speed;
But soon their gallant prows were turned to land:
With eager haste the joyful crews proceed
(To stimulate their zeal there was no need)
To work, as if a certain hope prevails
That sweet repose to labour will succeed:
They strike the lofty yards, they furl the sails,
They anchor where the land protects them from the gales.

XLIX.

The ships were not securely anchored, when
Those agile strangers rushed in crowds on board,
Fast climbing by the rigging: all the men
Look joyous, kindly welcomed by the lord
Of that great armament, who bade the board
Be spread with meats, and liquor which the vine,
First planted by Lyaeus, can afford;
Nor did the blacks whom Phaeton scorched decline
To quaff the goblets filled with such delicious wine.

L.

But whilst they ate and drank with great content,
In Arabic (which some could understand)
They asked whence came that mighty armament,
What was the lineage of the gallant band,
What end they sought, and which their native land.
A true reply with prudence was expressed:—
“We, Portuguese, obey our King’s command,
And sailing from our country in the west
O’er boundless seas, of eastern regions go in quest.

LI.

“This fleet has crossed the Ocean’s trackless space,
Beyond the Antarctic, and Callisto’s range,
Round Africa our passage you may trace:
We saw some peoples rude, some manners strange,
Of temperature we suffered frequent change:
A potent monarch occupies the throne,
So loved by all, that no one would estrange
His mandate, to encounter not alone
The perils of the deep, but those of Acheron.

LII.

“By his command we seek the eastern shore
Whose borders Indus with its waters laves;
For him our ships the boundless seas explore,
Where ugly sea-calves sport amidst the waves,
Or plunge for refuge to their lonely caves:
And now, about the isle you know so well,
To learn the certain truth one justly craves,
What land, what peoples in these regions dwell,
Or if of Indian climes some rumour you can tell.”

LIII.

To this, an islander at once replied:
“We are mere strangers to the laws and land,
Where still the Aborigines abide —
A wild, untaught, untamed and savage band,
Just as they sprang from Nature’s teeming hand —
Our faith, and all the laws which men require,
Supreme throughout the world unequalled stand
The same as Abraham’s son did first inspire,
Who had a Hebrew mother, and a heathen sire.

LIV.

"The little island, which we make our home,
 Affords securest shelter, to avail
 The hardy men who from Quiloa roam,
 Or from Mombaza or Sofala sail
 Upon the deep, when angry winds prevail:
 We hold the friendly port where all may claim
 Protection from the waves or boisterous gale;
 And let me say, to shun all cause for blame,
That Mozambique is the fertile island's name.

I.V.

"And since you come from such a distant land
 To seek the mighty continent, where flow
 The Indus and Hydaspes, rivers grand,
 Here you will find a pilot, who can show
 With skill the course by which our vessels go:
 Without supplies you must not quit this coast;
 The ruler of the state should also know
 These voyagers, and, like a generous host,
 Of all that you require he will defray the cost."

LVI.

When this was said, the Moor with all his crew
 Descended to the barks to seek the strand;
 But first politely paid the courtesy due
 To our great Captain and his gallant band,
 And then the islanders returned to land:
 Now Phoebus' crystal chariot in the deep
 Had plunged the orb of day, but gave command
 To Phœbe, queen of night, that she should keep
 The world from darkness whilst the God indulged in sleep.

LVII.

The hardy sailors passed the live-long night
In cheerful mood on board the weary fleet,
With heartfelt joy and transports of delight:
Those mariners the gladsome tidings greet,
Which thrill their souls and make their bosoms beat.
Then each one gravely ponders in his mind
The habits of the people whom they meet,
And wonder how a sect perversely blind
Can spread its false religion, and deceive mankind.

LVIII.

And now the moonbeams cast a radiant light
Upon the world, and Neptune's glassy sea,
The stars in heaven were shining clear, and bright,
As if a field of daisies one should see;
The stars were twinkling in their canopy,
No boisterous winds disturbed the balmy air,
In their strong caves all rested tranquilly;
But still they kept their nightly watches there,
Nor did the crews relax their long-accustomed care.

LIX.

But when Aurora in her charms arose —
Her lovely tresses scattered through the skies —
The purple gates of morning to uncloze
To bright Hyperion, whom she bade to rise
From the soft couch of slumber where he lies,
Then all the ships with flags they decorate;
The gaudy colours feast their wondering eyes:
With awnings o'er the deck, the chiefs await
The ruler of the isle, who comes in solemn state.

LX.

The Regent gaily sails upon the sea
Towards the Lusitanian man-of-war,
And brings supplies, in proof of amity;
But, in his mind, he thinks these strangers are
Of that most warlike race which dwells afar
Upon the Caspian shores, those savage bands
Which crushed the Asian realms, and which the star
Of destiny delivered, with those lands,
The throne of Constantine, to their victorious hands.

LXI.

The ~~Moorish~~ Chief and all who come on board
The Admiral with cordial pleasure greets,
Selects some precious gems from all the hoard
He brings for any princes whom he meets:
He sets before them confitures and sweets
(Such as in Portugal they can prepare)
With mirth-inspiring liquor after meats;
The Moor accepts the gems with joyful air,
And yet he seems more pleased with that delicious fare.

LXII.

The Lusian sailors, standing in the shrouds,
Upon the scene below with wonder gaze
Where swarm the Moors upon the deck in crowds,
Astonished at the strangeness of their ways,
Whilst accents harsh and intricate amaze
Them all. No less the native guests admire
The garb, complexion, might, the fleet displays;
To learn the truth they burn with strong desire,
If they from Turkey come the chiefs at last inquire.

LXIII.

The Regent also wished their books to see,
What faith they teach, what precepts they contain,
If with the Moslem tenets they agree,
Or if the Christian doctrine they maintain:
He asked the Chief—that nothing should remain
Unknown or unobserved within his sight—
The various modes of warfare to explain,
His spears, guns, cannons, and the lances bright,
And all the weapons dire with which his warriors fight.

LXIV.

The valiant Captain called a trusty man
Who knew the Moorish tongue, and thus replied:
“Most noble Lord, I’ll tell you all I can
About myself, the faith which is our pride,
And all the arms with which we are supplied:
To savage Turks, so abject, vile and base,
By birth or lineage I’m not allied,
But spring from polished Europe’s noblest race;
The path to eastern realms is what my vessels trace.

LXV.

“Our Faith proceeds from that Almighty Hand
Things visible, invisible obeyed,
From Him, the only God, by whose command
Both sentient and insensible were made,
Who meekly bore whatever could degrade
The worst of men, endured disgrace and shame,
To die unjustly on the cross was laid,
And from his throne in heaven to earth who came,
That man to go from earth to heaven might plead his claim.

LXVI.

"The sacred books of this Man-God so high
And infinite, which thou wouldst like to see,
I have not brought: there is no reason why
That should be written, which should ever be
Upon our hearts impressed indelibly;
But since it is thy wish, I gladly show
Our deadly arms, and all our panoply,
And this as to a friend, for well I trow
Thou wilt ne'er wish to try the weapons as a foe."

LXVII.

And saying this, he issued his commands
To active mates of these to go in quest:
They brought bright armour for the legs and hands,
Fine coats of mail with plates to guard the breast,
Big shields, with various colours to attest
The owners' name and rank, huge cannon shot,
Guns made of steel the purest and the best,
Bows, quivers, arrows sure to hit a spot,
Sharp partisans and pikes, to arm the common lot.

LXVIII.

They showed how shells, ascending in the air,
Explode, the pots which sulphur did contain,
Terrific arms, the mortars they prepare;
But still, from lighting matches they refrain,
For brave and generous spirits will not deign
To boast of mighty power before a crowd
Of weak and timid natives, trembling then:
'Tis cowards would be arrogant and loud:
Of crushing flocks of sheep no lion could be proud!

LXIX.

To all the Moslem lends attentive ear,
 Observing all he saw with studious care:
 Whilst pleasant smiles upon his face appear
 With looks benignant and most gracious air,
 Hate, envy, and revenge his bosom tear:
 Although resolved to crush the hateful band,
 His heart conceals the passions raging there;
 The traitor deems the moment is at hand
 To perpetrate a crime, with such deep cunning planned.

LXX.

*As he
 became Christian*

The Captain, quite unconscious, urged his guest
 To furnish skilful pilots to convey
 The fleet to India's shores, and he professed
 His readiness a large reward to pay
 To them who would direct him on his way:
 The crafty Moor returned a kind reply,
 But, in his treacherous soul, he wished the day
 Might come when he the pilots could deny,
 His dreadful vengeance wreak, and doom them all to die.

LXXI.

Such was the hatred that inflamed his breast
 With rabid rancour and infernal rage,
 Because he knew, as Christians, they confessed
 Their credence in that more than human sage,
 King David's son by earthly parentage:
 Mysterious law of Providence divine!
 —'Tis not for man to read the mystic page—
 What mortal shall conceive thy great design,
 In such perfidious foes, towards any friends of thine!

LXXII.

The faithless Moor with all his suite departed,
He bade farewell with every outward sign
Of friendly courtesy; but still false-hearted
He only sought to hide his base design:
His bark conveyed him quickly o'er the brine
From Gama's vessel to the nearest strand;
As he approaches, an obsequious line
Of idle gazers waits to see him land,
And enter his abode which rises close at hand.

LXXIII.

The Theban God, who in his father's thigh
Was erst engendered, looking from his throne
Of glory in the bright ethereal sky,
Observed the scene: to him was quickly known
The secret rancour which the Moor had shown
Against the Lusians: hence a treacherous scheme,
By which their labours should be overthrown,
He pondered in his mind, a grateful theme,
And speaking to himself, indulged a waking dream:

LXXIV.

"It has been long ago decreed by fate,
The Portuguese should wage successful war,
And conquered India on their banners wait:
Whilst Indians draw their grand triumphal car,
Naught shall their glorious crown of laurel mar:
But I who spring from an immortal sire,
For noblest qualities renowned so far,
Am doomed to see mere mortals fame acquire,
And my renown eclipsed in darkest gloom expire.

LXXV.

"The Gods permitted once, in ancient times,
 The Macedonian hero, Philip's son,
 To reign victorious o'er the eastern climes,
 Far distant realms with arms to overrun,
 Whilst millions humbly bent the knee to one;
 But shall we now allow a paltry state,
 Which naught in arts or arms has ever done,
 Greece, Rome, and Macedon to emulate,
 And e'en my own renown at once annihilate?

LXXVI.

Bacchus
 "Such shame must never be: I will descend
 On earth, and will so cunningly contrive
 A dreadful plot, to bring about my end,
 That these ambitious projects shall not thrive,
 Nor shall this Captain in the east arrive:
 I will the indignant Moors still more excite
 Against their christian enemies to strive,
 For those who opportunely use their might
 Will vanquish all the foes with whom they have to fight."

LXXVII.

Thus musing, Bacchus, nearly mad with ire,
 Rushed swiftly down to Afric's scorching land,
 Assumed the human shape and man's attire:
 On Prasso's well known Cape he took his stand,
 With greater ease to do the deed in hand:
 He imitates, in figure, voice, and face,
 A man, whose lore and virtuous age command
 Respect from all who come from Moorish race,
 And whom the Regent holds in much esteem and grace.

LXXVIII.

Eager to execute his treacherous plan,
As now the hours are flying fast away,
With base and artful falsehoods he began
To call the strangers pirates, who made prey
Of all whom they encountered on their way:
Along the coast the rumours quickly spread,
That, though these Lusians made a great display
Of kindly feeling, each had cause to dread
Lest some misfortune dire should fall upon his head.

LXXIX.

"Know then", he said, "what I could truly learn
About these bloody-minded Christian crews,
Whose object is to pillage, sack, and burn
Throughout the seas in which the rovers cruise:
The men they slay, the females they abuse!
From distant shores they sailed across the waves,
With vile intents and most perfidious views,
To slaughter us, unless some wonder saves,
Our children and our wives to carry off as slaves.

LXXX.

"I also know that they, without delay,
Will come for water, and the Captain then
Will bring for safety's sake a great array
Of stately launches filled with armed men,
For perfidy engenders fear. So, when
The rovers land, thou likewise shouldst supply
Some trusty guards the conflict to sustain,
And let the troops in secret ambush lie;
The traitors, thus surprised, beneath our swords must die.

LXXXI.

"Supposing that they should not all be slain,
 I have another project in my mind,
 By means of which, our wish we shall obtain.
 Some artful, clever pilot thou must find
 Whose wiles, deceits and specious tales may blind
 The eyes of those by whom he is employed:
 Suspicion lulled, by treason well combined
 The fleet into some snare will be decoyed,
 Where vessels shall be wrecked, and mariners destroyed".

LXXXII.

At last his speech was finished; at its close,
 The Moorish chief, whom age and cunning taught
 That any means were fair against his foes,
 Within his arms his wily prompter caught,
 And warmly thanked him for his treacherous thought:
 He gathered all the forces that he could,
 To crush the host by utmost efforts sought:
 His eager soldiers wait in fellest mood,
 When they for water came, to change it into blood.

LXXXIII.

In order to secure their foul intent,
 A clever, subtle, skilful pilot—meet
 For deepest villainy—was quickly sent,
 With seeming kind regard, on board the fleet:
 To this false friend their project they repeat,
 To seek some sunken rock, or dangerous shore,
 Or boisterous seas, to use profound deceit,
 That if the Lusians be not slain before,
 Their crews must surely die, their ships be seen no more.

*line to
end area*

LXXXIV.

Apollo's sparkling rays were gilding bright
The Nabathean hills, and glorious day
Was bursting forth, when Gama thought it right
To go in quest of water to the bay:
The launches were all marshalled in array,
And well prepared, as if the plot was known,
Or that they feared some ambush or affray;
But still, from long experience we must own,
Dangers by prudent care are frequently foreshown.

LXXXV.

But though the Admiral had asked before
To have a trusty pilot sent on board,
And got a hostile answer from the shore,
He never thought the Moors would draw the sword:
By this forewarned, and knowing that the word
Of faithless chiefs is held as light as air
By prudent men, but not at all deterred,
He bade his crews for fighting to prepare,
Still taking only three of all the launches there.

LXXXVI.

The wily Moors, who lingered on the strand,
Determined quite to guard the water-spring,
Some armed with spears, and bucklers in their hand,
Some have a bow with the well-tightened string,
And arrows tinged with poisonous juice, which bring
Most certain death: with great and stealthy care
In ambush, they resolved at once to fling
Themselves upon their foes, quite unaware,
Who, though they looked so bold, served only for a snare.

LXXXVII.

Assembled on the clear, white, sandy beach
Some warlike Moors, with scoffing signs defy
The Lusian boats to come within their reach:
They brandish bucklers, darts, and spears on high;
Nor do the strangers look with pleasant eye
Upon the gestures of those dogs accursed,
Who show their teeth: the sparkling oars they ply
With all their strength; upon the strand they burst
So eagerly, that none could say who was the first.

LXXXVIII.

So when a joyful lover, from the ring
All stained with blood, espies a lovely dame
To whom his ardent hopes and wishes cling,
And the rage of the bull has for his aim
With runs, signs, jumps, and shouting to inflame;
At bay, the furious brute looks proudly round,
With eyelids closed by wrath, and quivering frame,
He clears the space, at one tremendous bound,
His foe he wounds, gores, slays, and tramples on the ground.

LXXXIX.

The gunners in the boats now open fire
With steady aim from all their dreadful guns,
The leaden bullets scatter ruin dire,
The cannon's loud report rebounds, and stuns;
Throughout the Moorish ranks cold terror runs,
And chills the blood, for well they know the die
Is cast for all, but each the danger shuns;
From certain death the men in ambush fly,
Whilst those who show themselves remain to fight, and die.

XC.

The Portuguese are not content to crown
Their victory by slaying those who fought,
But march upon the weak, defenceless town:
To burn and raze the houses, guns are brought,
Great havoc and destruction quickly wrought:
And now the Moslems bitterly repent
Of their vile plot, which they so easy thought;
The suckling mothers shriek with loud lament,
Whilst old and helpless men their rage in curses vent.

XCI.

The vanquished Moors, though flying, shoot their darts
And arrows at the close pursuing band,
With hasty heedlessness, and trembling hearts:
They hurl stones, blocks, bars, all that comes to hand,
Their fears and rabid rage defy command:
They quit the island in their frantic fright,
To seek a refuge on the great main-land:
Across the sea which girds the island quite
They swim with utmost speed, and naught can stop their flight.

XCII.

Some cross in light canoe, or crowded raft,
One swimming boldly all the dangers braves
Of brackish waters; this one gulps a draught,
But soon rejects, another nothing saves;
For soon he sinks engulfed beneath the waves:
Meanwhile, its shots the deadly cannon throws,
The crushing weight those fragile vessels staves,
The vile barbarians feel extremest woes,
The Lusians vengeance wreak on their perfidious foes.

XCIII.

The crews return victorious to the fleet,
Enriched with booty and a goodly prize,
Then, going to the spring, no longer meet
The least resistance to their enterprise,
But draw abundant water for supplies:
The baffled Moor with indignation boils;
From hate and rancour still much ire doth rise:
From vengeance on his foes he ne'er recoils,
But hopes his second plot will catch them in his toils.

XCIV.

Therefore, the crafty Regent of the isle,
With signs of peace and amity pretends
The unsuspecting Gama to beguile,
Who little dreams what ruin he intends
To bring on those he falsely calls his friends:
With this design, instead of trusty guide,
A pilot false and vile the miscreant sends,
Who in his breast the foulest schemes can hide,
And doom the men to death, that in his truth confide.

XCV.

The noble Admiral, who thought with reason,
That this was not the time for much delay,
Most justly anxious not to lose the season,
And favouring winds to waft him on his way
To Indus' banks, the cradle of the day,
Receives the pilot with the greatest glee,
And gracious welcome, wishing to repay
With hearty thanks the great civility;
Then bids him set the sails, and go at once to sea.

XCVI.

The gallant fleet upon the world of waters
Sailing through Amphitrite's wide domain,
Accompanied by Nereus' lovely daughters,
A faithful, loving, sweet and joyous train —
Great Gama had the prudence to remain
Incredulous, and proof against the wiles
And snares, but asked the pilot to explain
Their course, the various coasts, and sunny isles,
With India's splendid realms, and thus the time beguiles.

XCVII.

The artful Moor, who studied well the plot
Which Bacchus had so cunningly conceived,
Whereby the great Armada might be brought
To utter wreck, the noble chief deceived,
And all of life or liberty bereaved,
Took care to tell the truth in all he said
About the Indian ports, that, once believed,
They might not doubt of any snare he laid,
And, trusting him, would be with greater ease betrayed.

XCVIII.

The traitor now, as Sinon did in Troy
In ancient days, invents a lying tale,
With fell design his hearers to destroy:
An isle there lies within an easy sail,
Where christians dwell, and christian rights prevail,
He falsely says: a most attentive ear
Brave Gama lends, and swears he shall not fail
Of richest guerdon, if the ships he steer
To that abode of men whom holy ties endear.

XCIX.

The false, perfidious wretch at once assents
 With pleasure to the unwary chief's request,
 Whom thus by crafty fraud he circumvents,
 For well he knows that island is possessed
 By vile Mahometans, who Christ detest:
 'Tis there he hopes a deadly blow to aim,
 To slaughter some, and capture all the rest,
 Because Quiloa (such the island's name)
 Excels his native land in grandeur, strength, and fame.

C.

The gladsome tars had neither fear nor doubt,
 When fair Cythera's Goddess from the sky
 Observes the ships upon their dangerous route,
 And conscious quite that they were doomed to die,
 Firmly resolved by every means to try
 Her much-loved Lusians, in those distant seas,
 To save from stratagems so base and sly:
 The friendly Venus sends an adverse breeze,
 And baffles thus the plan against the Portuguese.

CI.

The wicked villain, foiled in this design,
 But still determined to accomplish what
 He always purposed, hastens to combine
 Another deep and complicated plot
 By saying, since the currents now will not
 Permit the fleet to reach the christian port,
 As they so much desired, the pilot thought
 The Captain to another might resort,
 Where both religious sects in harmony consort.

CII. .

This well-concocted tale was false as hell,
 To lure them to complete destruction meant,
 No christians in those savage regions dwell,
 All swallow what their prophet did invent,
 [And with vile sensual doctrines are content;]
 But noble Gama, willing to believe
 The Moor, his course in that direction bent:
 They anchor: Venus nothing can deceive,
 She does not let the port those noble ships receive.

!!
*complete invention of
 the translator, not in
 Camões.*

CIII.

The isle was near the Ethiopian land,
 Divided only by a narrow strait;
 A city rises on the Ocean strand,
 Which lofty domes and mansions decorate:
 These fairy visions did their eyes dilate,
 Before the vessels to the harbour came;
 An aged monarch rules the little state,
Mombaza is the lovely city's name,
 The isle by native tongues is called the very same.

CIV.

And when the chief arrived before the place,
 With heartfelt joy he viewed the charming site;
 But much enhanced by hope to see the face
 Of some who had received baptismal rite,
 As he was told by that infernal wight:
 The royal barks a friendly greeting brought
 In courteous terms the strangers to invite,
 For well the king by Bacchus had been taught,
 In Moorish garb disguised, with baneful counsels fraught.

CV.

Beneath the message couched in gracious style,
Envenomed hate, and rancour are concealed,
Sweet honeyed words intended to beguile,
Which subsequent events at last revealed.
Alas! this cheating world is one vast field
Of woes and deadly perils which await
Frail mortals, nor can any safety yield;
For when we seem to reach the happiest state,
Our lives, all trembling, stand upon the brink of fate.

CVI.

On sea, incessant toils, and dreadful storms! —
Impending death in every step appears —
On land, what horrid woes in all their forms,
What cunning wiles entrap, what endless fears!
Gaunt misery, and want provoke our tears:
Where can the hapless wretch for refuge stray,
To linger out his span of cheerless years?
When shall the mighty Heavens their thunder stay,
Or cease to crush a worm — this helpless child of clay?

dearly
for
heavens

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE SECOND.



THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

*God of wine
Bacchus*

Stanzas I. to IX.—Gama sends two convicts on shore, to ascertain the real state of affairs. X. to XIV.—Bacchus, in the disguise of a Christian priest, sets up an altar and pretends to offer up the holy sacrifice. The sight of this convinces the two messengers, that the place is inhabited by Christians. XV. to XVIII.—On hearing that report, Gama orders the ships to enter the harbour. XIX. to XXIII.—Venus interferes to prevent this fatal measure, by assembling the sea-nymphs, who stop the vessels by main force. XXIV. to XXVIII.—A loud shout from the Master, who fears that his ship is about to be dashed against a rock, alarms the Moors as well as the treacherous pilot, and they all jump over-board in a terrible fright, thinking that their wicked plot has been discovered. XXIX. to XXXII.—Gama now perceives the great danger which he has escaped in such a wonderful manner, and returns thanks to the Almighty for his preservation. XXXIII. to XLIII.—Venus pleads most piteously for the Portuguese before the throne of Jupiter. LIV. to LV.—Jupiter consoles her by foretelling the future triumphs of her favoured people. LVI. to LXIV.—He sends Mercury, who, in a dream, encourages Gama to proceed to Melinda, where he will meet with a kind reception. LXV. to LXXI.—The fleet continues its voyage: two Moorish ships are seen, one of which is captured in hopes of getting a pilot. In this Gama is disappointed; but all the Moors agree in their praises of the king of Melinda. LXXII. to LXXIX.—They arrive at Melinda, where they meet with a most friendly welcome. Gama sends an envoy to the king. LXXX. to LXXXIV.—His speech to the king. LXXXV. to LXXXVI.—This makes a most favourable impression. LXXXVII. to LXXXVIII.—Reply of the king who expresses his intention to visit the fleet. LXXXIX. to XCII.—The messen-

ger returns on board. XCIII. to XCVI.—Description of the royal barge, and of the king's attendants. XCVII. to C.—The dress and appearance of Gama and his retinue are described. CI. to CIII.—The king receives Gama in his barge, and they proceed round the fleet. CIV. to CV.—Gama addresses the monarch. CVI. to CVIII.—A royal salute is fired, and Gama converses with the king. CIX. to CXI.—The king expresses a wish to hear an account of the wars and history of Portugal. CXII. to CXIII.—The Canto concludes with an allusion to Theseus, and Pirithous, who descended into Hell, and to Herostratus who set fire to the temple of Ephesus.

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO II.

I.

Just now the bright resplendent orb of day,
Which regulates the evanescent hours,
Had almost ceased to dart his brilliant ray:
His daily goal was reached; and darkness lowers
On all the universe. The secret bowers
Beneath the Ocean's bed the God of night
Throws open wide. Meanwhile, the native rowers
Impel their slender barks with all their might,
And soon they board the ships just anchored in their sight.

II.

The messenger, a deep and subtle man,
To whom the king's perfidious plans were known,
In false deceitful accents, thus began:—
“Most valiant Admiral! Whom all must own
The victor of the seas, great Neptune's throne,
The monarch of this isle with rapture greets
Thy presence, where due honour shall be shown,
And all thy wants supplied: his bosom beats
With transport to embrace the author of such feats.

III.

“And as my sovereign burns with strong desire
To clasp so great a warrior in his arms,
He trusts this will thy confidence inspire
To cross the bar devoid of all alarms,
And find a refuge from the winds and storms:
Thy mariners no doubt must need repose
From toils and dangers in a thousand forms:
The sweets of rest none but the wearied knows,
Exhausted nature claims, and this my king bestows.

IV.

“But should you have the wish in merchandise
With us to trade, this fertile land is blessed
With all the richest wares the East supplies,
Cloves, cinnamon, and spices of the best,
Most potent drugs whose virtues all attest:
If then for precious stones your bosom pants,
Of rubies rare, and diamonds we’re possessed
In heaps, nor deem these boasts, or idle vaunts,
Our rich and ample store by far exceeds your wants.”

V.

To this discourse the Admiral replied
In words of thankfulness towards the king:
“That as the sun was now about to hide
His glorious rays, it were a dangerous thing
His fleet across the bar at dusk to bring,
As he desired; but soon the Queen of night
Her silvery beams upon the sea would fling,
And he would enter by that beauteous light,
To this and even more the king might plead his right.

VI.

When asked the truth of what had been asserted,
That many christians to those regions hied,
The crafty Moor could not be disconcerted:
"The truth", he answered, "could not be denied,
That nearly all consider Christ their guide,
Their Saviour, and their God." The Captain heard
Those words with joy, his doubts at once subside,
All dread of hidden dangers disappeared,
The false and faithless race is now no longer feared.

VII.

Some malefactors vile the fleet conveys,
Condemned for crimes in which they were detected,
Expressly sent to risk their lives in case
Of secret perils. Two of these, selected
For daring craft, by Gama are directed
To roam about the city carefully,
To note the force by which it is protected,
And all things else, but most especially
If there are Christians whom he wished so much to see.

VIII.

The messengers some costly presents take
To thank the king for all the courtesy shown,
And proffered amity, in hopes to make
A true, and loyal friend upon the throne,
For yet his secret malice was unknown:
The vile perfidious sect had taken leave,
And in their barks by oars propelled were gone:
On shore the people hastened to receive
Those men with signs of joy well suited to deceive.

IX.

The message and the presents were received,
 The messengers about the city went,
 With care remarking all that they perceived,
 But could not quite accomplish their intent,
 Because the Moors, half guessing what they meant,
 With cautious craft did many facts withhold:
 For 'tis a rule, that men, on treason bent,
 In every one a secret foe behold,
 And think the simplest things some dreadful plot infold.

X.

The God who always has a youthful face,
 And whom two mothers in their bodies bore,
 Has never ceased base stratagems to trace
 Against the fleet, which seeks the Indian shore.
 Descending from the skies, he comes once more
 Disguised in human shape, and Moorish vest
 Attired: in mien, and colour like a Moor:
 An altar in imposing style he dressed,
 And dealing Christian like, his prayer to God addressed.

XI.

*Bacchus
during
no mist*

An emblem of the Holy Ghost was seen
 Against the wall, a dove as white as snow,
 Above the head of her, the glorious Queen
 Of purest virgins, whom alone we know
 To be immaculate. The godly show
 Of twelve Apostles by a master-hand
 Is painted with our Lord: their faces glow
 With ardent zeal, as when by Heaven's command
 The parted tongues of fire inflamed that sacred band.

XII.

The two companions to the house were led,
Where wily Bacchus laid his cunning snare:
On bended knees the Christians bow the head,
With hands upraised in pure and fervent prayer
To him who governs with paternal care,
Whilst all the scents Arabia can afford,
And finest frankincense perfumed the air:
Thus was the King Supreme, the only Lord,
The true eternal God, by that false God adored.

XIII.

The Christians in the house were lodged that night,
And there with most attentive kindness treated,
But every art was practised that they might
Not know the joy with which they had been greeted:
All was completely feigned and counterfeited.
When Phœbus, bright resplendent king of day,
Came from the East, upon his chariot seated,
Awaking fair Aurora with his ray,
Whose roseate cheeks the purple tints of morn display,

XIV.

The swarthy Moors again returned on board
With courteous speech: they earnestly besought
The Lusian chief to go and see their Lord,
And with them came the messengers who brought
Accounts of cordial friendship, as they thought.
The Admiral convinced by their report,
That any danger might be set at naught,
And Christians might to that same place resort,
Resolved at last to take his vessels into port.

XV.

The two men tell what they on land had seen,
The sacred altar and the holy priest,
That when night spread her mantle on the scene,
They were allowed in peaceful sleep to rest,
The king and all the Moors such love professed,
And with so many acts of kindness blended,
That naught on earth more clearly could attest
The true sincerity which they intended;
All showed most perfect faith, quite real, not pretended.

XVI.

The Moors, who came in numbers from the isle,
With joy by noble Gama were received,
For truthful hearts, which have no secret guile,
By traitors are most easily deceived,
Trusting those who ought not to be believed:
The eager crowds exulted at the sight,
Because they thought their object was achieved;
They range about the ship with great delight,
And gloat upon the prey they deem within their might.

XVII.

On shore the cautious Moslems for their scheme
With arms and ammunition are prepared,
Because they think, once anchored in the stream,
The ships will be more easily ensnared,
And their attempt to board them can be dared
With perfect ease. By all they love and dread
They swear that not one Christian shall be spared,
But all the blood in Mozambique shed
Shall amply be avenged on each devoted head.

XVIII.

The mariners with their accustomed cries
 The anchors weigh, the yards are quickly braced,
 With fore-sail only set the vessel flies
 Towards the bar, where buoys are duly placed,
 That thus the deepest channel may be traced;
 But Venus, watching with maternal care,
Discovers what those wretches, so debased,
 Have planned, and, swift as arrow through the air,
 She drops upon the sea to mar the treacherous snare.

Venus for Port

XIX.

She summons Nereus' fair and lovely daughters,
 And other nymphs who range the watery way—
 For those to whom is given the world of waters,
 The sea-born Goddess rules with gentle sway,
 And all their beauteous sister's wish obey—
 To them the lovely Venus tells her mind,
 To save the threatened fleet without delay:
 For this her skilful project is combined
 By which it may escape the fate its foes designed.

XX.

They swim across the sea in greatest haste,
 And raise the foam beneath their silvery tails:
 Doto, with fury in her swelling breast,
 Of all her youthful strength and art avails
 Herself, to cut the waves through which she sails:
 Fair Nice leaps, Nerine puts aside
 The curling waters, as her might prevails,
 Whilst, all the Nereids floating on the tide,
 The Ocean struck with awe a passage opens wide.

XXI.

Upon huge Triton's back Dione rode,
Her face most lovely, though with rage inflamed,
Her willing steed feels not the beauteous load,
But, proud and quite delighted, would have claimed
A heavier share of one so fairly framed:
With sails by stiffening breezes stretched they found
The great Armada, for its prowess famed,
And they dispersing spread themselves around,
So that the foremost ships they all at once surround.

XXII.

Their arms some Nereids with the Goddess place
Against the Admiral's enormous prow,
Which to the bar its passage cannot trace,
Although the sails are spread and breezes blow;
The Nymphs will not the ship's advance allow:
Some to the wood their tender breasts oppose,
So that the man-of-war goes backward now,
Whilst others push the stern, and each one shows
The utmost zeal to save the warriors from their foes.

XXIII.

As when the thrifty ants with prudence hide
Their scanty store of grain in secret holes,
And thus for coming winter's wants provide;
The heavy weight their strength united rolls,
And ardent zeal the chilly frost controls;
The little insects scarce fatigued with toil
Accomplish wonders; thus with all their souls
The Nymphs combine the wicked plot to foil,
And ward the Lusian fleet from that accursed soil.

XXIV.

The ship goes backward by resistless force,
In spite of all the crew, who, with great cries,
And raging fury, strive to keep their course,
Handling the sails. The shifting rudder flies
From side to side. The wary master tries
In vain to make his urgent orders heard,
Whilst standing on the poop, because he spies
Ahead, just where the men-of-war are steered,
A horrid sunken rock by seamen always feared.

XXV.

Now the rude sailors work with all their might,
And raise so loud and terrible a shout,
That all the Moors are seized with sudden fright
As if in battle legions were drawn out
In deadly conflict. Struck with fear and doubt,
They cannot guess the truth or cause at all,
Nor do they know to whom to turn about
For aid; but conscious crimes their souls appal
Lest instant punishment for their base guilt should fall.

XXVI.

Lo! suddenly the recreant Moors rush down
Headlong into the speedy boats which brought
Them from the shore. The sea's all ruffled grown
As plunging in they swim, still fearing naught
But that phantastic peril in their thought:
Their minds most deadly terrors occupy
Of that great fleet, whose ruin they had sought:
Frantic with fear into the deep they fly
From those avenging foes who doom them all to die.

XXVII.

As frogs (which were, as ancient stories tell,
 The Lycian race) that oftentimes forsake
 The wild and marshy pools in which they dwell,
 To bask on shore, if strangers come, betake
 Themselves again to their dull stagnant lake,
 And croaking hoarsely leap from every side
 To their accustomed holes, for safety's sake,
 To escape that dreadful foe they have espied,
 And 'neath the water all except their heads they hide;

XXVIII.

So fly the recreant Moors in deadly fear:
 And that false pilot, by whose artful lies
 The gallant men of war were brought so near
 Destruction, thinking all without disguise
 Discovered, to the briny water flies:
 The anchor is let down to shun the rock,
 And soon the Admiral in safety lies:
 Around their chief the other vessels flock,
 And furling sails the fleet escapes the fatal shock.

XXIX.

With great amazement noble Gama saw
 The crowd of Moslems struck with sudden fright,
 The pilot in unseemly haste withdraw,
 And all the rest betake themselves to flight:
 Their brutal project stood revealed to light:
 As neither adverse winds nor ebbing tide
 Repelled the ship, the hero deemed the sight
 Miraculous which human ken defied,
 And struck with pious awe and admiration cried:

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XXX.

"O truly grand, unthought of, strange event!
O miracle, most evident and clear!
Most unexpected, base and vile intent!
What wicked, false, perfidious tribes appear!
Who could amidst such secret perils steer
Unscathed, had not some guardian power above,
To whom these frail and feeble men are dear,
With outstretched arm of all protecting love
Destroyed the artful web, which crafty miscreant swove?"

XXXI.

"This lesson taught by Providence divine
Most plainly shows these ports are insecure,
Where savage might and perfidy combine
Our ruin and destruction to insure,
When all betokened friendship true and pure.
Alas! No human prudence can prevail
Against the treacherous ills we must endure:
'Tis thou, great Guardian, mortals canst avail
With thy benignant power, all other guards must fail.

XXXII.

"And if thy heart be moved by pious prayers
Of thy weak creatures in these foreign lands,
To rescue us from base, incessant snares
Of such malignant, vile, and treacherous bands,
To Thee, great Lord, we pray with suppliant hands,
That in thy boundless mercy thou wouldst guide
Our vessels to some safe and friendly strands,
Or show the Indian coasts, so long denied,
For all our efforts tend to make Thee magnified!"

XXXIII.

When lovely Venus heard this urgent prayer,
Most tender pity moved her gentle heart:
At once she quits the waters, leaving there
The nymphs who grieve to see her thus depart:
She soars aloft with superhuman art,
The brilliant starry orbs are quickly passed,
Nor does she stop her course e'en in the part
Which mortals call the third, but hastens fast
To that sixth sphere of heaven where Jove was found at last.

XXXIV.

The rapid motion makes her features glow
With more resplendent beauty, which inspire
The stars and skies above, the air below,
And all beholders with intense desire:
Her form, her gait, her looks with love respire;
Those softly languid eyes, fair Cupid's nest,
Would even set the icy poles on fire:
The frozen zones, by solar heat unbled,
In melting tenderness the ardent flame confessed.

XXXV.

The Goddess, skilled in all the arts of love,
Resolved to make herself still more endeared,
And wholly captivate the heart of Jove,
Displays her naked charms, as she appeared
On Ida's mount, where Paris watched his herd:
But had Actæon seen this fair display
Of naked beauty, one would not have heard
That he of hungry hounds became the prey,
For, burning with desire, his life would melt away.

XXXVI.

The beauteous tresses of her golden hair
Hang on her neck more white than purest snow:
At every movement palpitate her fair
And milky teats, where Cupid, with his bow,
Lies hidden playfully. With ardent glow
Her slender waist emits those kindling flames,
And from her beauteous limbs, like ivy, grow
The soft desires with which her son inflames
The love, and tender hearts, of youths and gentle dames.

XXXVII.

What modesty must ever seek to hide
She covers with a veil, which still displays
The rosy tints of flesh, and thus she tried,
By faint concealment, more desire to raise,
And set unruly passions in a blaze.
As soon as this enchanting vision broke
Upon their sight, the Gods in wonder gaze:
Sensations deep in all her charms provoke,
In Vulcan jealous rage, in Mars fresh love awoke.

XXXVIII.

On her angelic features gently beams
A playful smile with touching sadness blended,
Such as a timid maiden well beseems,
When by her favoured swain ungently tended,
Or by some slight and thoughtless sport offended,
With pouting lips she mingles smiles and tears;
(A lover's quarrel scarce commenced when ended)
Thus lovely Venus, partly pleased appears,
And partly sad, her cause to plead with hopes and fears:

XXXIX.

"I once indulged the thought, Almighty Sire,
 In whatsoever I might take to heart,
 That thou wouldst condescend to my desire,
 And deign thy grace and favour to impart,
 In spite of all who took another part:
 But since without a cause or fault of mine,
 Of thy displeasure I must feel the smart,
 To Bacchus all the triumph I resign,
 And though my grief be great, I do not dare repine.

XL.

"Unto this people, mine, for whom I shed
 These tears of bitter woe — although in vain,
 Because I bring misfortune on their head —
 My love is fatal, for thou dost sustain
 My enemies; but now I will refrain
 From useless sobs and tears, with which I sought
 Thy aid, and all my nature will constrain;
 And since my love for them such ills has wrought,
 That love, now changed to hate, shall be with blessings fraught

XLI.

"But let them perish in the cruel hands
 Of those barbarian, brutal foes!" And here
 She makes a pause, with sighs and sobbing stands,
 Whilst from her lovely eyelids drops a tear;
 Her cheeks like roses wet with dew appear:
 In vain she tries to speak, but seems to choke
 From something in her throat, as if with fear:
 And when her sobs alone the silence broke,
 The mighty Thunderer in soothing accents spoke

XLII.

The ruler of the skies was moved, and felt
Deep pity for the anguish she betrayed,
Which e'en a tiger's savage heart would melt:
That smiling countenance her Sire displayed
By which the sky with brightness is arrayed:
He dried her pearly tears, his arms fast thrown
Around her neck, whilst burning kisses made
Desire so strong, that, had they been alone,
Another Cupid then the nations would have known.

XLIII.

Her beauteous face to his was closely pressed,
Bedewed with tears, she heaves most piteous sighs:
(As when a nurse first chides, then to her breast
Her little nursling hugs, the more she tries
To soothe the babe, the petted infant cries
So much the more), Jove strives to mitigate
Her grief by setting forth before her eyes
The future glories of the Lusian state,
And, with prophetic lore, unfolds the book of Fate:

XLIV.

"Fair daughter of my heart, thou must not fear
That any deadly peril will arise
To those who are to thee so justly dear,
Much less imagine that I aught can prize
Above thy lovely, dazzling, tearful eyes;
I promise thou shalt see the Lusian host
With glorious banners floating to the skies,
And all that Greek or Roman annals boast
Eclipsed by noblest feats upon the Indian coast.

XLV.

“If eloquent Ulysses could contrive
To quit Calypso’s isle, and cease her slave
To be, or if Antenor did arrive
Where the Illyrian coast the waters lave,
And reach Timavus’ source, or if to brave
Charybdis’, Scylla’s pools, and yet to live
Pious Æneas strove, thy friends shall have
Far greater triumphs, nobler feats achieve,
And to the world new worlds thy Portuguese shall give.

XLVI.

“Fair cities, towns and forts with lofty walls,
By Lusian hands erected, thou shalt see;
The fierce and warlike Turks, whose might appals
The trembling world, by them shall vanquished be:
The kings of India, now secure and free,
Shall all pay homage to the righteous cause,
And to one king submissive bend the knee;
From their lord paramount, with great applause,
The peoples shall receive their new and better laws.

XLVII.

“Before this man, with toils and cares oppressed,
Who boldly seeks the Indus’ stream to find,
The Ocean-God shall be by fears depressed,
The surface of the sea, without the wind,
Rolls mountains high and cannot be confined:
O wonderful, miraculous events!
Amidst a perfect calm, the lofty mind,
And soaring thought subdue the elements;
In billows, surges vast, the sea its fury vents!

XLVIII.

"In future ages thou shalt gladly see
A city rise, with spacious harbour blessed,
Upon the land now covered by the sea,
And then the lordly vessels from the West
Shall find a refuge safe, and place of rest:
By all the peoples on that barbarous coast
Of monstrous plots, their power shall be confessed
And tribute paid, for none shall dare to boast
Of forces to resist the dreadful Lusian host!

XLIX.

"The Red Sea so renowned, thou shalt behold
Transformed to Yellow by its jealous spite,
The realm of Ormus shall thy Lusians hold,
Twice conquered by their great resistless might:
'Tis thine to see the recreant Moslems bite
The dust, o'erthrown, and slain with their own darts,
That all may clearly know that if they fight
With thy beloved race, with faithless hearts,
Thou wilt against themselves direct their wicked arts!

L.

"Though twice besieged, the lofty Diu stands
Impregnable by any human might,
Whilst thus defended by such valiant bands,
Whose noble worth and prowess in the fight
By splendid feats thy wonder will excite:
Great Mars himself with envy shall behold
The Lusian glories reach their proudest height,
Whilst the blaspheming Moors, who blindly hold
The Moslem creed, shall know the hour of doom has tolled.

LI.

“Lo! Goa, conquered from the Moors, the Queen
Of all the eastern world in future days,
With proud and lofty grandeur shall be seen
Her head above the subject states to raise,
Astounding all beholders with the blaze
Of bright resplendent glory, trampling down
Beneath her feet the infidel displays
Of idol-worship, awing with a frown
All those who dare defy the glorious Lusian crown!

LII.

“Thou shalt behold the fort of Cananor
Bravely defended by a little band,
And crowded Calicut, with all its store
Of wealth and power, unable to withstand
The Lusian arms: triumphant in the land
Of Cochin, thou shalt see a chief renowned,
A proud and haughty man, whose valiant hand
Achieved such deeds, that no lyre shall be found
Worthy his deathless name and glory to resound.

LIII.

“Ne’er did Leucate with more fury foam,
By deadly rage of civil war inflamed,
At Actium, where two hostile fleets of Rome,
Commanded one by him, Augustus named,
Who proved victorious o’er the captain famed
For conquest over Bactria and the east
With Scythia and the Nile, but not ashamed
To fly away in most unseemly haste
With that Egyptian queen, more beautiful than chaste;

LIV.

"So thou shalt see the raging deep profound
 In wild commotion when those heroes fight,
 The savage infidels and Moslems bound,
 And conquered by their vast, triumphant might
 O'er many peoples. All the regions bright
 Of golden Chersonesus in the East,
 As far as distant China, with the right
 To rule the isles with which those seas are blest,
 Till all the Eastern world obeys their high behest.

LV.

"Their matchless heroism, fair daughter mine,
 And superhuman might shall be so great,
 That Lusitanian fame shall far outshine
 The glories told of any other state
 From silver Ganges to the narrow strait
 Of Hercules, or from the Northern sound
 To that of outraged Magalhaens, though fate
 Should raise the ancient warriors most renowned
 To fight for victory upon one battle-ground."

LVI.

Thus spoke the mighty ruler of the sky,
 And then to Maia's son he gave command
 With great rapidity at once to fly,
 And seek a port secure, and friendly land,
 To shelter all the ships, and Lusian band;
 And lest the noble Admiral might keep
 His course towards Mombaza's hostile strand,
 He bade him warn brave Gama, in his sleep,
 To look for refuge from the dangers of the deep.

LVII.

Cyllenius promptly took his rapid flight,
 With winged feet through circumambient air,
 Upon some favoured spot of earth to light:
 He grasps a wand, beneath whose touch repair
 The dead to hell, or cease to linger there,
 Or by its magic power he brings repose
 And balmy sleep to men oppressed with care:
 His shining helmet on his head he throws,
 And then for resting-place Melinda's rampart chose.

LVIII.

Within he carries trumpet-tongued fame,
 That she the Lusian feats and noble deeds
 May to the admiring world aloud proclaim,
 For naught so much our love and friendship breeds,
 As when the object of our love exceeds
 In glory and renown. And thus was raised
 A wish to see if those whom fortune leads
 From distant climes, deserved to be so praised,
 That all Melinda on their mien and gestures gazed.

LIX.

Then Mercury to Mombaza took his way,
 Where close to danger on the hostile coast
 The noble ships-of-war unconscious lay;
 And so, to warn them lest they should be lost
 (For e'en the best and bravest cannot boast
 Of triumph over force and fraud combined):
 In vain we strive, our efforts must be crost,
 In spite of valour and most prudent mind,
 Unless from gracious heaven come aid and warning kind.

LX.

The night had not yet reached one half its course,
The stars alone with beauteous splendour shone
Upon the prostrate world: the last resource
Of weary mortals when their toils are done,
In quiet slumber, ev'n that anxious one,
The valiant Admiral, exhausted quite
By care and all the perils they had run,
Sunk down to sleep, tired nature's dearest right,
And left to other men to keep the watch at night.

LXI.

When Hermes to the sleeping chief appeared,
He raised his warning voice: "Fly, Lusian, fly,
Escape the worst of woes that can be feared;
Thy crews are doomed ingloriously to die
By kingly perfidy, make haste to try
And reach some hospitable coast, the wind
Is fair, the sea becalmed with brilliant sky,
In some not distant port, reception kind,
A generous monarch, friends, and welcome thou shalt find!

LXII.

"Here thou wouldst meet another Diomed,
The cruel monster (who, old bards relate)
On human flesh his coursers always fed;
His wretched guests were doomed to cruel fate,
All whom he had the power to immolate:
From fierce Busiris' altars stained with gore,
Fly quickly, Gama, ere it be too late,
And quit without delay this deadly shore,
Lest such appalling crimes should be renewed once more!

LXIII.

have again
 "With outspread sails at once pursue thy way
 Along the coast until thou reach at last
 The equinoctial line, where night and day
 By solar rays in equal parts are cast,
 A torrid region: there of dangers past
 Thy mariners all thoughts shall lay aside,
 The ships shall lie secure, and all shall taste
 The bounty of the king, who will provide,
 To steer thy onward course, a true and skilful guide!"

LXIV.

Thus Mercury unto the Captain spoke,
 And with his wand drove slumber from his eyes:
 In deep amazement noble Gama woke,
 Because he saw no darkness in the skies,
 But only bright celestial rays arise:
 The truth of all he heard was now quite clear;
 Resolved to baffle all the tricks and lies
 Of those base foes, he bade the master steer
 The ships before the wind, as land would soon appear.

LXV.

He cried: "The canvas spread, to catch the wind
 Which blows from heaven! By God's divine command,
 A glorious envoy, of celestial kind,
 Was sent with favouring, all-protecting hand,
 To guide our vessels to the promised land."
 Aroused from sleep the crews their hammocks leave,
 The port and starboard watches ready stand
 To execute the orders they receive;
 With vigour highly prized, the men the anchors heave.

LXVI.

But whilst the active crews were thus employed,
The crafty Moors came stealthily by night
To try if haply they could be destroyed
By cutting all their cables, that they might
Go drifting on the shore in hopeless plight:
The lynx-eyed Lusians watched the vessel's side,
The sly device did not elude their sight,
And when the treacherous villains were descried,
They rather flew than rowed from those they had defied.

LXVII.

Now through the waters of the silvery ocean
The prows, propelled by fair and gentle gales,
The billows part with safe and easy motion;
A calm repose with confidence prevails:
The joyful mariners indulge in tales
Of dangers past, and of that dreadful fate
Which they have just escaped; one never fails
With pleasure on such topics to dilate,
And all the prudent skill which saved us to relate.

LXVIII.

They sailed one day beneath the burning sun,
Another had commenced when they perceived,
A long way off from them, two ships which run
Before a leading wind, and they believed
Them to be Moors. At once the crews received
Command to veer their sails, and tack about
To give pursuit; but one of them achieved
His prompt escape, impelled by fear and doubt
To run his craft on shore, ere they could change their route.

LXIX.

The other played a more unskilful game,
For he continued on his destined course
Until within the Lusians' reach he came:
Nor was there any need to have recourse
To Vulcan's deadly fire or warlike force;
They had not strength or courage to oppose
That mighty fleet, and, left without resource,
They yield themselves submissive to their foes;
Resistance would have brought on them still greater woes.

LXX.

The noble Gama, who with anxious care,
A skilful, faithful pilot always sought,
In vain endeavoured to obtain one there,
For all the Moorish crew protest that naught
They know about the climes of which he thought:
Not one can tell what place beneath the sky
Great India occupies; but then they taught
That fair Melinda's friendly realm was nigh,
And would most certainly an able guide supply.

LXXI.

The Moors are lavish in the Monarch's praise,
His goodness and his bounty they commend,
The great magnificence which he displays—
Humanity and truth with kindness blend—
His noble nature indicates a friend:
To this brave Gama gives a willing ear,
For all their words the same result portend.
As in his heavenly vision did appear,
And so resolves to such a goodly port to steer.

LXXII.

It was the gladsome season, when the sun
To fair Europa's ravisher returns:
His horns with gentler rays he shines upon,
And all that zone with genial ardour burns,
Whilst Flora Amalthea's horn o'eturns.
'Twas that auspicious day when he to whom
Great nature in submission lowly turns,
Arose triumphant from his earthly tomb,
And thus his pardon sealed for sin's eternal doom.

LXXIII.

No sooner did they reach that distant part
From whence Melinda greets their longing eyes,
Than awnings o'er the deck are spread with art,
And decorations showing how they prize
The sacred day: the royal standard flies,
And purple ensigns flutter: timbrels play,
The drums resound amidst the joyous cries
Of pure devotion, mixed with war's array;
Thus they their Christian zeal and martial pomp display.

LXXIV.

Great crowds assemble on Melinda's strand,
To gaze in wonder on that noble fleet;
But all the natives seem most kind and bland,
Far different from those they used to greet
Before, where all was lies and vile deceit;
These were humane and true. The ships-of-war
Sail grandly, and no other hindrance meet;
Some of their captives, when they reached the bar,
A message to the king are sent on shore to bear.

LXXV.

The king already knew, and much esteemed
The valiant Lusians' nobleness of mind,
Which so distinguished them, and, therefore, deemed
Himself much honoured in his port to find
Such far-famed guests: his nature good and kind
With bright and generous feelings filled his breast —
Such men to noblest actions are inclined —
With gracious courtesy he makes request,
That they should land, and take whatever they like best.

LXXVI.

These royal offers to the champions bold,
Who traversed many lands, and Ocean deep,
Are cordial and sincere; they simply told
Of great munificence, where actions keep
An even pace. He sends well-fattened sheep
With woolly fleeces, fowls on barley fed
At his barn-doors, of choicest fruits a heap
Of those in season: still, his good-will shed
More lustre on the gifts with such profusion spread.

LXXVII.

The Admiral well pleased, with glowing heart
Received the joyful Moor, and then he thought
To send the king some presents, on his part:
He chose some purple cloth, most richly wrought,
Of vivid scarlet dye, which he had brought
On purpose from afar, and to bestow
Some corals fine and rare, much prized, and bought
At costly prices, corals which below
The Ocean are quite soft, but strong, and hardened grow.

LXXVIII.

He likewise sends one qualified to treat
 In Arabic, in amity to bind
 The noble king, and make excuses meet
 For Gama, who was forced to stay behind
 On board his lofty ship: with willing mind
 The fit Ambassador proceeds on shore,
 And quickly tries the gracious king to find:
 With ready eloquence, of which a store
 From Pallas graced his lips, he thus addressed the Moor:

LXXIX.

"Most potent king, whose sovereignty conferred
 By wise decree of high and mighty Jove,
 By rude and haughty peoples is revered,
 Since firmness with thy gentleness has strove
 Not only to inspire with awe but love;
 Throughout the East there is no other port
 So good and safe for mariners who rove
 Exposed to risks; to thee we now resort
 Confiding that the truth exceeds the world's report!

LXXX.

"We are not pirates vile who scour the seas,
 And rob defenceless ships, or lie in wait,
 And rush down suddenly in hope to seize
 Enormous booty from some feeble state,
 Which they with fire and sword lay desolate:
 This mighty fleet from Europe sails in quest
 Of India's distant realms, so rich and great:
 All this is done at our good king's behest,
 Whose virtues and renown admiring worlds attest.

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LXXXI.

“Alas! how fierce and cruel men can be,
 How barbarous their usages and laws!
 They shut their ports; the cold humanity
 Of desert sands, without the slightest cause,
 The savage brutes deny: what terror draws
 Such rancour from their breasts? Have we such might,
 That our appearance many thousands awes?
 Against so few must force and fraud unite
 To bring destruction on the objects of their spite?

LXXXII.

“But thou, most gracious monarch, art so kind,
 So good and true, that we do all confide
 Our ships and crews to thee, and trust to find
 The refuge which Alcinous did provide
 When wise Ulysses for his help applied:
 Guided by one from Heaven expressly sent,
 Our vessels in your harbour safely ride,
 And this commission makes it evident
 Thy other virtues are with truth and kindness blent!

LXXXIII.

Stayed “Nor for a moment think, my gracious lord,
 That our redoubted captain did not leave
 His ships and come to thee, but staid on board
 Because he feared some project to deceive,
 Or did not in thy loyal truth believe!
 In this he must obey his king’s command,
 Which all must most submissively receive,
 And this forbids our noble chief to land,
 Or quit his warlike fleet near any foreign strand.

LXXXIV.

"Since vassals to obey their liege are bound,
As in our body limbs obey the head,
Thou wouldst not wish, for thou art also crowned
With royal diadem, which all men dread,
To see a brother-monarch disobeyed:
Thou such surpassing favour dost bestow,
That Gama and all those by Gama led,
Their gratitude to thee will ever show,
As long as rivers shall into the Ocean flow."

LXXXV.

He closed his speech, which was with admiration
Received by all, who stood in groups to praise
The noble spirit of that valiant nation,
Which sent its ships upon the watery ways
To distant climes: they pondered in amaze
On what of that illustrious king was said,
Who such a realm and such a people sways:
The courage by the Portuguese displayed
Enhances him whose will such vassals thus obeyed.

LXXXVI.

The prince with pleasant countenance replied
Unto the Envoy, whom he much esteemed:
"You may all dread and terror cast aside,
Vain, baseless phantasies, as if you deemed
That we are faithless, and not what we seemed:
Your high and lofty characters inspired
Belief your pledges all will be redeemed,
And not like those, by ruthless rancour fired,
Who with deceit and wiles against your fleet conspired!

LXXXVII.

"Your Captain stays on board; but this no cause
Of slightest umbrage gives, since all must bow
To royal will, obedient to the laws,
Nor, though he wished to gratify me now,
Would I such breach of loyalty allow:
Submissiveness I hold in high regard,
And thus approval openly avow,
Such rules and mandates, howsoever hard,
No liege with my consent shall alter or discard.

LXXXVIII.

"To-morrow when the Sun's resplendent rays
Shall gladden earth, my barge, so fast and light,
Shall take me, where I've wished for many days
To go, on board that great Armada bright,
That I may thus enjoy the splendid sight
Of ships which have the stormy winds defied:
Good pilots shall direct your course aright;
For any damage suffered I'll provide,
Food, ammunition, all your wants shall be supplied."

LXXXIX.

The Moslem king's discourse was scarcely done,
When, weary of his toil, plunged in the deep
With radiant splendour crowned Latona's son:
The envoy quits the strand, the rowers sweep
Across the sea, with eager haste they leap
On board the ship, and soon the rumour flies
Of gladsome tidings, which will banish sleep
From that rejoicing crew, before whose eyes
Sweet visions of success, and certain triumph rise.

XC.

Nor were some splendid fire-works wanting there,
The rockets comet-like ascend on high,
Explosive shells the gunners do not spare:
With crackers, wheels of various hues, they try
To lighten up the sea, the earth and sky,
Like thunder comes the sound of this display:
The seamen shout for joy, or raise a cry
Of noisy mirth, whilst others sing a lay,
Or on their instruments melodious music play.

XCI.

The land responds with artificial fires,
Loud shouts of mirthful jollity arise,
Resplendent rise the burning wheels in gyres,
Whose sparks ascend: resounding to the skies
The mimic shells explode, the rocket flies,
The people's laugh and cries are heard afar,
The blaze of light upon the water vies,
The earth displays aloft a brilliant star,
And thus in earnest play they imitate a war.

XCII.

Just now the restless sky revolving woke
Tired, drowsy mortals to life's daily broil,
Their heavy slumbers Memnon's daughter broke,
The darksome shades before the dawn recoil,
Whilst drops of morning dew upon the soil
Refresh the flowers, whose scent perfumes the air,
And all the world resumes its wonted toil:
Melinda's king with all his suite prepare
To go afloat, and see the vessels anchored there.

XCIII.

At early dawn the king embarks in state,
 Whilst crowds gaze eagerly upon the sight;
 Fine purple robes his person decorate,
 Adorned with gold and silver shining bright,
 And richly woven silks the eyes delight:
 No deadly weapons, lances, swords, or bows,
 Like crescents bent, with which their warriors fight,
 Are now displayed; a palm-branch each one shows,
 Such as a rescued realm upon its chief bestows.

XCIV.

*what
monarch
looked
like*

A long, broad, barge, with awnings overspread
 Of various coloured silk most nicely wrought,
 The noble king and royal suite conveyed;
 With them some lords and valiant chiefs he brought:
 He came attired, as native customs taught,
 In costly garments richly ornamented,
 With great magnificence, and splendour fraught:
 A gorgeous turban on his head extended,
 The simple cotton-stuff with gold and silk was blended.

XCV.

A robe most rich and rare the monarch wore,
 Of damask silk by all so much esteemed,
 Deep scarlet, such as Tyrians dyed of yore,
 Of finest gold his royal collar seemed;
 And yet the skilful workmanship was deemed
 Superior to the gold: with gems encased,
 His dagger's gilded sheath most brightly gleamed,
 His velvet slippers were with pearls enchased,
 And golden ornaments were on the velvet traced.

XCVI.

A silk umbrella, high above his head,
 Upon a lofty gilded pole they raise;
 'Tis by a menial held, its foldings shed
 A welcome shade, so that the solar rays
 Burn not the king, nor dazzle with their blaze:
 A band of harsh musicians on the prow,
 Most joyous, though discordant, music plays;
 Some sound the trumpets crooked like a bow,
 No harmony, but noise, their utmost efforts show.

XCVII.

With pomp, which well befits his high command,
 In stately barges Gama leaves the fleet,
 And rose, at once, the Ruler of the land
 With homage due, and courtesy to greet:
 In dress he looked a Spaniard quite complete,
 In garments made in France he was attired,
 The silk from lovely Venice, that great seat
 Of wealth; it was at princely cost acquired,
 And, charming to the sight, of crimson most admired.

*Gama's
duress*

XCVIII.

His sleeves, looped up with golden buttons, shine
 With brilliant lustre, dazzling to the sight;
 His trowsers' stripes, of gold a glittering line
 (That metal which blind fortune doth delight
 To hide from mortals): delicate and white
 The points which his large doublet closely tied
 With care: Italian in design, and light,
 His golden sword he took with noble pride;
 A plume was in his cap, a little turned aside.

XCIX.

The persons in his suite were gaily dressed
In splendid robes of various shapes and hue;
One wore a rich and gorgeous purple vest,
Some scarlet dyed, some pink or Asia blue;
The beautiful enamel justly drew
Great praise from all who gazed upon the show;
Admiring crowds enraptured, seem to view
The Thaumà's daughter with her lovely bow,
In which well-blended all the different colours glow.

C.

The clarion's notes, resounding through the air,
Inspired them all with rare delight and glee:
The Moorish barks their gaudy awnings flare,
With splashing oars the rowers make the sea
One mass of foam: with practised gunnery
The cannons fire, and their tremendous roar
Is echoed far and wide to that degree
Increasing all the dreadful din on shore,
That many stopped their ears, resolved to hear no more.

CI.

The king is now on board the Captain's barge,
And Gama holds him in a close embrace:
His courteous phrases (such as regal charge
And dignity required) this welcome grace:
The noble prince this novel scene surveys
In deep astonishment, and glad surprise,
He notes the hero's mien, his garb and face,
And still regards, with most admiring eyes,
The men who came so far, on this great enterprise.

CII.

In kind and gracious terms he thus addressed
 The Admiral, and all he could afford
 To give to them his earnest wish expressed:
 Provisions he would gladly send on board,
 And bids them, like his own, to use his hoard:
 He says no Lusian ever crossed his sight;
 But still a thousand tongues their fame record,
 He knows they long had waged a deadly fight
 In distant lands with tribes of Moorish faith and rite.

CIII.

Through Africa was spread their high renown,
 And those exalted feats by which they won
 The fair Hesperian realm, and gained a crown
 Of glory, bright, resplendent as the sun:
 Such splendid deeds shall never be outdone:
 This meed of praise a grateful theme supplied,
 Replete with wonder all his speeches run,
 (A tribute justly due to Lusian pride):
 To this most kind discourse the valiant chief replied:

CIV.

"O Thou! most gracious monarch, who alone
 To us unhappy mortals, tempest-tossed,
 And buffeted by raging seas, hast shown
 Compassion and a refuge on this coast,
 May he who rules the earth and heavenly host,
 Almighty and Eternal, blessings pour
 Upon thy head, as thou desirest most,
 And so repay with noblest gifts, the shower
 Of benefits received, which far exceeds our power!"

CV.

Thou art the only one in all this land,
Where men are blackened by the solar heat,
Who dost receive, with kind and gracious hand,
The Ocean-wanderers: a refuge sweet
Thy goodness proffers with a safe retreat:
So whilst the flaming poles the stars shall feed,
Or sun with light the eyes of mortals greet,
Thy praise I'll speak, where'er I may proceed,
That none on earth thy fame and glory shall exceed!

CVI.

He ceased to speak: the barges quickly row
Towards the great Armada, which the king
Desired to see; and as they wished to show
Him all the noble ships by turns, they bring
The royal barge around, as in a ring:
The cannon's loud reports now reach the sky,
A sign of peace and cordial welcoming,
The clarion's piercing notes resound on high;
To this the joyous Moor with cornets makes reply.

CVII.

The gracious monarch all the objects noted,
With studious care; but still the dreadful sound
Bewildered him: his pallid face denoted
Great consternation, terror most profound,
So much the martial instruments astound:
He bade the rowers cease their onward course,
And anchor where a fitting place was found,
That on the various rumours, and their source
He might in perfect ease with Gama hold discourse.

CVIII.

The Moor indulged in lengthened conversation
On various themes, but most of all inquired
About the wars in which the Lusian nation
Had fought with those whom Mahomet inspired,
And, so much glory and renown acquired:
Of Spanish lands he urges him to tell;
Their faith, their laws, and customs he desired
To know, the different places where they dwell,
And all the routes through which his ships had sailed so well.

CIX.

"But first, most valiant Captain", he exclaimed,
Do thou in terms distinct and clear relate
About thy native land, how that is named,
The climate, region where 'tis situate,
The mighty king, who rules that glorious state,
All this we wish to hear! Thy dwelling-place,
And lineage high, which thou dost emulate,
Explain to us, what wars thy annals grace,
Of which we nothing know, but would the glories trace!

CX.

"Do not forget the winding route to tell,
Through which thy noble ships and dauntless bands
The boisterous seas and raging winds compel
To sail around the world, untrodden lands
And seas, the barbarous nations on the strands
Of lawless Africa! The hours invite,
Apollo checks his steeds with vigorous hands,
Until Aurora's charms dispel the night,
The winds and waves are calmed, the skies, serene and bright.

CXI.

“Nor is less opportune the fond desire,
Which urges us to hear thee now proclaim
The grand heroic deeds which all admire:
A little glimpse has reached us of that fame,
Which sheds such lustre on the Lusian name:
Think not the sun sets us so far apart
By his resplendent rays, that we disclaim
All interest in what thou dost impart,
Or that such glorious feats we do not take to heart!

CXII.

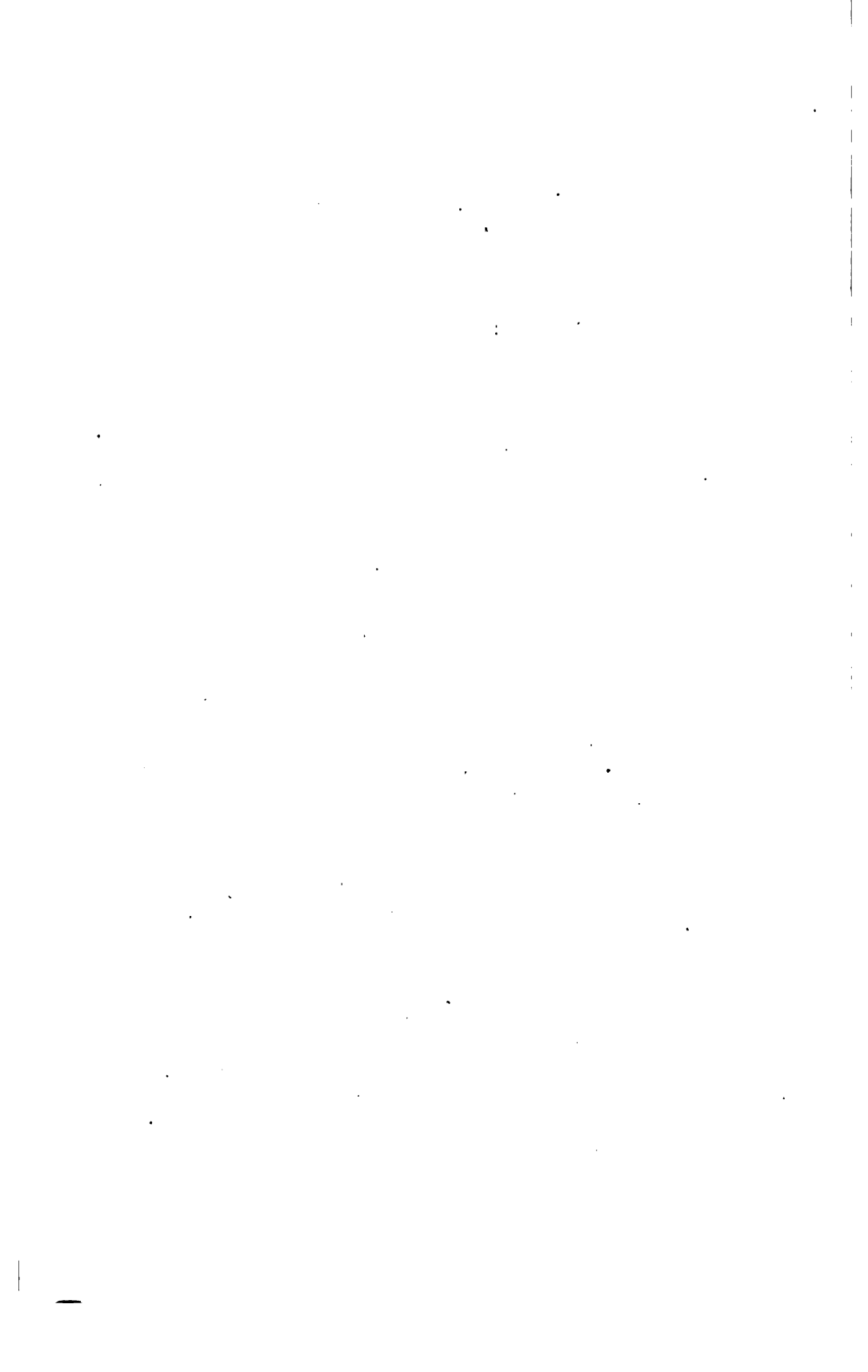
“The giants erst with impious fury rose
Against the gods, who in Olympus dwell,
A region pure and clear: with dreadful blows,
Perithous, as ancient poets tell,
With Theseus, forced the dismal gates of hell:
If then against dire Pluto’s dark domain,
Or heaven itself mere mortals could rebel,
To what renown and glory shall attain
Such men as boldly dare defy the boundless main?

CXIII.

“Diana’s fane, the master-piece of art
Of Ctesophon, and through the world renowned,
Herostratus destroyed, because his heart
Conceived the hope, by wicked crime to found
A reputation with great glory crowned;
But should the cheating love of fame incite
E’en men on such a noble mission bound,
To highest honors they may claim a right,
Whose aim and daring deeds shine ever pure and bright!”

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE THIRD.



THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Stanzas I. to V.—The poet invokes Calliope to aid him in singing the heroic feats of the Portuguese. VI. to XX.—Gama describes the various states of Europe, particularly those on the borders of the Black Sea. X.—Lapland and Scandinavia. XI.—Germany. XII.—Bulgaria. XIII.—Macedon and Greece. XIV. and XV.—Dalmatia and Venice. XVI.—France. XVII. to XIX.—Spain and its several kingdoms. XX. to XXI.—Portugal. XXII.—Viriatius. XXIII to XXVIII.—Count Henry of Hungary marries Thereza, daughter of Alphonso, king of Leon, and receives part of Portugal, as her dower. XXIX. to XXXV.—Second marriage of Thereza and the civil war between her and her son. XXXVI. to XLI.—Siege of Guimarães, and heroic loyalty of Egas Moniz. XLII. to XLIV.—Alphonso Henriques crosses the Tagus, with a small army, to attack the Moors. XLV. and XLVI.—Appearance of Christ to Alphonso, who is proclaimed king of Portugal, XLVII. to LII.—Description of the great victory of Ourique, by which the Portuguese monarchy was first established. LIII. and LIV.—Explanation of the arms of Portugal. LV. to LXI.—Lisbon is conquered by the aid of the German and the English crusaders. LXII.—Subjugation of Alemtejo. LXIII.—Evora. LXIV.—Beja. LXV.—Palmella and Cezimbra. LXVI. to LXVIII.—Total defeat of the king at Badajoz which surrenders to the Portuguese. LXIX.—Just punishment of Alphonso for his cruelty to his mother. LXX. to LXXIII.—He is besieged by the Leonese in Badajoz, and taken prisoner by his own son-in-law. LXXIV. to LXXVI.—His son, Sancho, advances on Seville, and completely defeats the Moors. LXXVII. to LXXXII.—The last exploit of the aged monarch, who raises the siege of Santarem, and totally routs the Moorish army. LXXXIII. and LXXXIV.—His death

and the grief of the whole kingdom. LXXXV. to LXXXVIII.—Sancho succeeds him, and conquers Silves with the aid of the crusaders, who were on their way to the Holy Land. LXXXIX.—Sancho defeats the Leonese. XC.—Death of Sancho and of his son and successor. XCI. to XCIII.—Deplorable government of Sancho the second. XCIV. to XCV.—He is deposed, and succeeded by his brother. XCVI. to XCVIII.—The prosperous reign of king Diniz. XCIX. to CVIII.—Alphonso the fourth aids the king of Castile against the Moors. Beautiful episode of his lovely daughter, Maria, queen of Castile. CIX. to CXII.—Battle of Tarifa and glorious victory of the Christian Allies. CXIII. to CVII.—Description of the dreadful carnage. CVIII. to CXXXV.—Pathetic episode and melancholy fate of the beautiful and unfortunate Ignez de Castro. CXXXVI. and CXXXVII.—Terrible vengeance of her husband D. Pedro. CXXXVIII. and CXXXIX.—Indolence and incapacity of his son Ferdinand. CXL.—Punishment of adulterers. CXLI. to CXLIII.—The poet concludes this canto by giving instances of the fatal effects of lewdness; but offers some excuse for the frailty of a Ferdinand.





THE LUSIAD.

CANTO III.

I.

Calliope! my heart is wholly thine,
Unfold what noble Gama told the king:
Breathe now immortal verse, and voice divine
Into this mortal breast that I may sing
The glorious theme! Thus he who sole can bring
Health to the sick, the great illustrious sire
Of thy son Orpheus, never more shall fling
Away thy heavenly love, nor feel the fire
Which Daphne, Clicia, or Leucothoe can inspire.

*Gama tells of
portugal*

II.

Celestial nymph! my ardent wishes crown
In worthy strains to laud the Lusian name:
That so the Tagus, proud of his renown,
Throughout the globe to vie in equal fame
With Aganippe's rill may justly claim.
From Pindus' limpid fount do thou depart,
Since great Apollo's drops of dew acclaim
Me as his bard, lest I should say thy heart,
For Orpheus' fame eclipsed, endures a jealous smart!

III.

“All stood in silence, with attentive ear,
To listen to what Gama wished to say:
He made a little pause, his thoughts to clear,
Then raised his head, and spoke in simple way:
“Great King! thou dost command, and I obey,
Relating our descent, no allegory;
No vaunts of other states shall I display;
Such acts and feats are foreign to my story,
Which only elevates my native country’s glory.

IV.

“The praise of other’s valour is a theme
Which well becomes a man; but when our own
Achievements are displayed, the task might seem
Vainglorious, but it is not that alone;
I fear to tire before my tale is done,
Because, though time be long, most mighty chief,
To gratify the wish which thou hast shown,
Though hard to cull the vast historic leaf,
I will exert my best endeavours to be brief.

V.

“Be mindful then that what perplexes more
Is that the simple truth by far exceeds
The highest flights of fiction: naught can soar
Above the perils dire and gallant deeds
Of those heroic men; but, as there needs
Some prelude, that thou mayest comprehend
The various scenes through which my tale proceeds,
I must explain how far those lands extend,
And then the deadly wars my narrative shall end.

VI.

"Between the zone where Cancer holds his sway,
And clearly marks the utmost northern bound
E'er traversed by the brilliant orb of day,
And that cold, clime where snows and ice abound,
Much shunned like that where torrid heats are found,
Europa's fair and fertile regions lie:
Her northern, western coasts are girded round
By Ocean's briny waves; whilst, gliding by,
The middle sea bathes those beneath the southern sky.

VII.

"But, on the side which sees the rising sun,
Her limits touch on Asian territory.
Divided by that stream, whose waters run
From Rhipæan mountains to the Caspian sea,
A winding course of great gelidity,
And by that horrid sea which saw of old
The Grecians rule in proud supremacy:
Yet, mariners, to whom these tales are told,
Of Troy triumphant naught but ruins shall behold.

VIII.

"In those bleak regions nearest to the Pole,
The Hyperborean mountains take their rise,
Where Æolus assumes supreme control;
His boisterous rage their very name supplies:
In vain for them, resplendent in the skies,
Apollo casts his rays, for one vast field
Of thickest ice his ardent darts defies,
Upon the heights perpetual snow's congealed,
By dense and chilling frost the very founts are sealed.

IX.

“Great hordes of Scythians in those parts abide,
Who erst, in ages far remote, long waged
A deadly war with those who occupied
The land of Egypt, both of them enraged
Because their foes to prove their claim engaged,
To be the first of human race and kind:
Vain wrath from error not to be assuaged
By simple truth, which were not pride so blind,
Upon Damascus’ plains they might inquire and find!

X.

“Cold Lapland and bleak Norway’s barren lands
In misery those regions occupy
With Scandinavia’s isle, whence came those bands
Whose triumphs Italy does not deny.
Beneath their wild inhospitable sky,
Until the wintry frosts their course impede,
On that Sarmatian sea the natives ply
Their little trade; the Prussian, Dane, and Swede,
Unawed by winds or storms, with dauntless skill proceed.

XI.

“Betwixt this sea, and where the Tanais rolls
Its mighty waters, strange and savage nations,
The rude Livonians, Muscovites, and Poles
Inhabit, all of them once called Sarmatians;
In that Hercynian forest’s wildest stations,
Beneath the German Emperor, reside
The fierce Pannonians, and the brave Alsacians,
With all the other peoples which abide
On lands, the Danube, Elbe, and great Moselle divide.

XII.

"Between the distant Ister, and that strait
So bright and clear, to which she left her name
Who died for love, fair Helle, constant mate,
The valiant Thracians dwell, whose warlike fame
To Mars' regard has always had a claim:
But Hemus now, and Rhodope incline
Their lofty heads, o'erwhelmed with deepest shame,
Since Moslem emblems by Byzantium shine,
And flout the noblest work of mighty Constantine!

XIII.

"The famous Macedonians next appear,
Whose soil is bathed by Axius' frigid stream:
But thou, fair Greece! to freedom ever dear,
Whom eloquence and poesy both deem
The first and grandest, thou didst reign supreme
In learning as in war: with wondering eyes,
We gaze on thee as some fantastic dream:
Surpassing all, aspiring to the skies,
Thy sons ascend to heaven, thy glory never dies!

XIV.

"And next to these Dalmatia comes in sight,
Where erst Antenor raised his mimic walls:
Lo! rising from the sea, a vision bright,
Fair Venice, which proud memories recalls,
A little narrow spot of earth, enthalls:
The subject nations, vanquished by its force,
Its arts delude; its energy appals
A host of foes soon left without resource;
By arms and cunning wiles her rulers hold their course.

XV.

“With lofty Alps upon her northern side,
The land by Neptune’s waters girded round,
Great Nature’s walls, the Apennines, divide
Its centre, once for valiant deeds renowned,
Triumphant o’er the world, with glory crowned:
But, since bestowed on him who opes the gate
Of Heaven, that valour is no longer found:
No conquests raised them from their abject state,
Because our God preferred the humble to the great.

XVI.

“Now, turn thine eye upon that ancient Gaul
By Cæsar’s glorious triumphs widely known:
Rich provinces by rivers watered all,
The Seine majestic, icy cold Garonne,
The lovely Loire, the deep and rapid Saône:
Far to the south arise the mountains bold,
The grave of fair Pyrene, where ’tis shown,
If we believe what chronicles have told,
The fire made molten streams of silver and of gold.

XVII.

“Behold that great and noble land of Spain!
The head of all the European world,
Where many various races came to reign,
With their victorious standards high unfurled,
Revolving round by changeful fortune whirled:
But fortune’s wheel, or might, or cunning arts
Shall never crush such men, though all were hurled
Against their breasts, since fortitude imparts
That constancy which does not fail in noble hearts.

XVIII.

"And facing it, the Mauritanian state
 Lies opposite, as if they wished to close
 The midland sea by that short narrow strait,
 Where mighty Hercules' grand pillars rose,
 The final trophy which o'erwhelmed his foes:
 The different peoples, whom the waves surround,
 Display such nobleness, that each one shows,
 And is throughout the globe so much renowned,
 That every nation claims to be the foremost found.

XIX.

"The Aragonians here maintain their sway,
 Who splendid fame by conquered Naples gained,
 The Navarrese, the Asturians, whose array
 The dreadful shock of Moslem hosts sustained:
 Galicia's sons in prudent caution trained,
 Castilians proud, whose rising star restored
 The monarchy, and by their power maintained,
 Betis, Leon, Castile in one accord,
 With fair Granada, all obey one common lord.

XX.

Portugal
 "The Lusitanian realm, as if it were
 The head of Europe, now at last you see:
 Where its most distant limits disappear,
 You look enraptured on the boundless sea,
 Where Phœbus sinks in splendid majesty:
 That noble race, by zeal and valour stirred,
 Expelled, fulfilling Heaven's just decree,
 To scorching Africa the Moslem herd;
 E'en there beyond the straits, the Lusian arms are feared.

XXI.

"That is my own, most blessed native land,
 So loved that, should the ruler of the skies
 Permit me on its soil once more to stand
 In safety, after my great enterprise,
 May I there close in peace my dying eyes!
 Lysa, and Lusus, who from Bacchus claim
 Companionship, perhaps paternal ties,
 The first sojourners to this country came,
 Whence Lusitania boasts her ever glorious name.

XXII.

"That country gave the valiant shepherd birth,
 Who proved himself a man whose feats astound
 The world, whose fame is not eclipsed on earth;
 Since Rome in him a worthy rival found,
 For her brave warriors are not more renowned:
 Old Time, who doth his children all devour,
 By God's decree runs quick, and lightly round,
 In his own way, and his appointed hour,
 Established firmly thus a vast illustrious power:

XXIII.

"A Monarch, great Alphonso was he hight,
Who ruled in Spain, the Saracens assailed
 With deadly wars, and such all vigorous might,
 And artful skill, that myriads were curtailed
 (For 'gainst his matchless valour naught prevailed)
 Of life and land, while his triumphant fame
 From Calpe to the Caspian Sea was hailed
 With heart-felt joy, and many warriors came
 To serve the king, and die, or win a glorious name.

XXIV.

"Yet, they by holy faith were more inspired
Than by the hope to gain an earthly prize,
Or any honours to be thus acquired,
To come away from their own native skies,
And leave their homes and all domestic ties:
This zeal displayed itself in lofty deeds,
Which to the highest pitch of fame did rise;
Their prowess such vast admiration breeds,
That royal gratitude to utmost length proceeds.

XXV.

"Amongst those chiefs, brave Henry, second son
Of some Hungarian king, with valiant sword
The realm of Portugal most justly won,
Though not so grand as we do now record:
Nor that alone the monarch did accord
As gracious guerdon; but more clearly showed
His fullest confidence and dear regard:
He his fair daughter Teresa's hand bestowed,
And thus to him the prince his bride, and kingdom owed.



XXVI.

"When he with Hagar's offspring long had fought,
And many splendid victories were won,
Which other lands beneath his sceptre brought,
And all that manly heart inspires was done,
Heaven for his guerdon blessed him with a son,
Whose matchless force, and vigour in the fight
All former feats, and conquests far outshone:
Before his lance the Moslems took to flight,
His star on Lusian fame reflects a dazzling light.

XXVII.

“This hero in that great crusade had been,
Which won Jerusalem from Moslem hands,
And had the waters of the Jordan seen,
Which cleansed the God Incarnate, whose commands
The world obeys: when those victorious bands
Had placed Judea under Godfrey’s sway,
Great numbers who had ventured to those lands,
As they their zeal could now no more display,
To their own territories in triumph wend their way.

XXVIII.

“The aged warrior reached the appointed goal,
That barrier fixed by nature’s stern behest,
And full of years, delivering up his soul
To him who gave it, calmly sunk to rest:
An only son, of tender age, had blessed
In latter days the warrior’s fond desire,
The destined King, whose countless feats attest,
That in his spirit burnt that ardent fire,
Which proved the youthful prince was worthy of his sire.

XXIX.

“Tradition, though perhaps mistaken, says,
(It is so hard to ascertain the truth
Of what has taken place in ancient days),
The widowed dame, her lonely state to soothe,
Espoused a lowly-born, though comely youth:
His mother, swayed by baneful lust of power,
(The fruitful source of misery and ruth),
Claimed Portugal to be her marriage dower,
And strove from all his rights her orphan son to lower.

XXX.

"But her undaunted son, who did inherit
 From his grandsire of Spain his glorious name
 Alphonso, with indomitable spirit,
 Would not admit his mother's groundless claim,
 And on her second nuptials looked with shame:
 He chafed with rage at all which it involved,
 And inly thought some remedy to frame, ?
 With prudent courage all his plans revolved,
 And then at once performed whatever he resolved.

XXXI.

"The field of Guimaraens is dyed with gore
 Of friends, and kinsmen ranged on hostile sides;
 A mother, with maternal love no more,
 Her son's just claim to rule the state derides,
 Maternal love her soul no longer guides:
 In battle-order both the armies stand,
 Each more in brutal force than right confides,
 The mother sins to God, her son, and land,
 For base and sensual love usurps supreme command.

XXXII.

"O cruel Progne! O Medea famed
 For magic arts! ye bathed your guilty hands
 In your own children's blood, although ye blamed
 Their sires alone, and yet Teresa stands
 More deeply wicked: nature's sweet commands
 She outraged: urged by lust, and love of gold,
 Against her son she led her hostile bands!
 Scylla for greed her aged parent sold,
 By both these passions base Teresa was controlled.

XXXIII.

“At first, the youthful prince, in deadly fights,
His mother, and her husband overpowered,
While all the realm, which once opposed his rights,
Its arms to his victorious banner lowered:
Alas! by hateful wrath, and anger soured,
The cruel son his mother loads with chains,
An odious crime! for which Heaven justly poured
Dire vengeance on his head, for God ordains
Respect, and filial love, beneath severest pains.

XXXIV.

“The proud Castilian forces take the field,
Determined to avenge Teresa’s wrong;
But still the little army will not yield
To any foreign foe, however strong,
Nor do they shrink from toils or hardships long:
With human valour, and celestial aid,
(To manly hearts undying hopes belong),
A firm resistance to their foes they made,
And routed all their troops in serried ranks arrayed.

XXXV.

“Soon was the prince in Guimaraens surrounded
By hostile armies, now so much increased
In numbers, that their power appeared unbounded,
And all resistance must have quickly ceased,
If not by faithful Egas’ help released,
Who, like a loyal vassal, pledged his word,
And risked his life, and thus the foe appeased:
His promised word dispersed the mighty horde,
The hero’s loyalty preserved his tottering lord.

XXXVI.

"The trusty Egas, who most clearly knew
The Lusian prince no barrier could oppose,
And all was lost, unless the hosts withdrew,
To the Castilian leader singly goes,
And promises submission to the foes:
The lingering army from the siege retired,
Resolved with such propitious terms to close:
Alphonso, by a patriot zeal inspired,
Refused to yield the crown to which his soul aspired.

XXXVII.

"At last the time arrived, the fatal day
On which the great Castilian Monarch thought
The Lusian prince would own his sovereign sway,
And that the little realm would now be brought
To pay the homage which he long had sought:
When loyal Egas saw his plighted word,
And solemn compact scorned, and set at naught,
By peril's menace he was not deterred,
But death to any blot upon his name preferred.

XXXVIII.

"He hastens with his children and his wife,
Resolved his sullied honour to redeem
By yielding what he prized above his life:
Their feet were bare, and their attire would seem
To move the heart to pity; none could dream
Of vengeful wrath: "If thou, most mighty King",
The hero said, "my great offence dost deem
Beyond the reach of pardon, here I bring
Myself prepared for death, or any suffering.

XXXIX.

“Behold my wife, these pledges of our love! —
But they at least are innocent of guilt —
If then such sights a generous heart can move
To pity, when the blood of men is spilt,
The weak though criminal, lo! now thou wilt
Obtain the guilty hands, the tongue which swore
So falsely: let these expiate my guilt!
Then slay, torment, as Scinis did of yore,
Or let Perillo’s bull with anguish make me roar!”

XL.

“The culprit thus before the headsman stands,
And tastes the pangs of death, whilst yet alive,
Condemned to perish by those bloody hands:
His neck lies on the block, he cannot strive
Against the fate which human laws contrive:
Calm and serene, brave Egas now appeared
Before the Monarch, in whose bosom live
Rage and compassion; but his heart was stirred
To pardon one who so much prized his plighted word.

XLI.

“What loyalty sublime, and truly great,
This Portuguese to his own sovereign shows!
Such noble actions grandly emulate
The deeds of Zopyrus, whose face and nose
Were maimed to deceive his country’s foes,
Which made Darius weep, who mournful cried,
With frequent sighs, that he much rather chose
To have one Zopyrus upon his side,
Than twenty Babylons in all their glorious pride.

XLII.

"His gallant warriors brave Alphonso leads,
With martial pomp, and glorious laurels crowned;
Intent on victory, the prince proceeds
Beyond the lovely Tagus, to the ground
Where many towns of Saracens are found:
On vast Ourique's plain, in proud array,
Both armies pitch their camps, and both renowned
For valour: though the Portuguese display
A smaller front, they stand the hazard of the day.

XLIII.

"In God alone Alphonso placed his hope,
In ~~Him whose laws the universe control:~~
How could his forces with such numbers cope,
(A hundred Moors to every christian soul),
If God's designs did not direct the whole?
Without His help, it would be rashness thought,
And not true courage, such as men enrol
In pages of undying fame, for naught
Of purely human might against such odds has fought.

XLIV.

"Five Moorish kings in this great fight engaged,
But Ismar was the valiant leader's name,
And all of them most deadly wars had waged,
Encountered perils dire, and all might claim
A brilliant record in the rolls of fame:
Their Moslem ladies joined them undismayed,
Whose prowess rivalled that illustrious dame,
From whom the Trojans erst received such aid,
Or Amazonians bold, in manly garb arrayed.

XLV.

"The morning dawned serenely bright and cold,
 The stars dispersing from the azure skies,
 When lo! — a sight — most wondrous to behold;
 Upon the cross the son of Mary lies
 Extended, right before the hero's eyes!
 With lively faith, he kneels in admiration,
 And struck with trembling awe, devoutly cries: —
 "Great Lord! on Moslems vent thy indignation,
 And not on me or mine of this believing nation!"

XLVI.

Alphonse becomes King

"With ardent zeal, and pious hope inspired,
 The joyful Portuguese at once acclaim
 The prince, so much beloved and so admired,
 For rightful King: and as the troops proclaim,
 With loud huzzas, the youthful monarch's name,
 Their serried ranks advance against the band
 Of Moslem foes, their battle-cry the same: —
 "All hail Alphonso, Monarch of our land!
 Let him our homage claim, and willing hearts command!"

XLVII.

"As when upon some lonely mountain's side,
 A mastiff, urged by rustic shouts and cries,
 Attacks a bull, which stands at bay in pride
 Of lordly strength, and with his horns defies
 His formidable foe, who, growling, tries
 To fix his teeth upon the flanks or ears,
 And at each part exposed all nimbly flies,
 Till he at last the throat with fury tears,
 (The brute with anguish roars, his vigour disappears:)

XLVIII.

"The Monarch, whom his troops had just proclaimed,
With ardent courage marched against his foes,
By God and by his people's love inflamed:
The little christian band undaunted throws
Itself upon the hosts, who dare oppose
Its onset: but the Moors their war-cry raise,
And soon the din of battle louder grows,
The bugle sounds to arms, the trumpet brays,
Each infidel a lance, or bended bow displays.

XLIX.

"As when a fire upon the arid plains
Begins its ravages, by northern blast
Increased, in fierce, destructive fury reigns,
And soon a noble forest's pride lays waste;
While shepherds from their slumbers rise in haste,
Bewildered by the noise, and horrid sight,
And trembling, pale, their scanty chattels cast
Across their brawny shoulders, and in fright
To some near hamlet's huts rush on in headlong flight:

L.

"E'en thus the Moors, astonished, and dismayed,
Ran wildly each to his appointed post,
In vain and frantic shouts their rage displayed,
And sent their horse against the coming host.
The Portuguese, advancing boldly, crossed
The open space, the deadly spears they threw,
Resolved to win the day at any cost:
The Moors for succour to the Koran sue,
But many thousand men the christian warriors slew.

LI.

“In fierce and rude encounters all engage,
With force enough to break the hardest rock,
The steeds by Neptune’s trident made, with rage
Inflamed, rush on resistless to the shock,
Whilst furious warriors to the conflict flock:
The dauntless Lusians eagerly attack
Their haughty foes, who answer stroke for stroke;
They pierce, wound, stab, they batter, cut, and hack,
These struggle to advance, and those to drive them back.

LII.

“Now severed heads are scattered o’er the plain,
With bleeding arms from living warriors chopped,
All lying cold amidst the heaps of slain:
The blood from trailing entrails is not stopped,
Whilst pallid soldiers have with anguish dropped;
At last the Moslems are compelled to yield,
By Lusian skill and courage overtopped;
Nor art nor prowess can the vanquished shield,
To crimson red is changed the white and verdant field.

LIII.

“The Lusitanian chief triumphant stands,
Mid richest spoils, and trophies gathered there
From those discomfited and routed bands:
And then, encamping in the open air,
He staid three days, that all might be aware
Of the great victory he had obtained.
The joyful king gives orders to prepare
His royal shield by five small shields sustained,
To show five kings from whom the glorious day was gained.

LIV.

"On these five little shields were nicely laid
The thirty silver coins, the base reward
For which the traitor Judas erst betrayed,
And sold his God, all tending to record
The royal gratitude to Christ his Lord.
Five coins to each blue shield are duly meted,
But, that the whole in number might accord,
Those in the middle one are twice repeated,
And thus the holy cross was in the arms completed.

LV.

"And when some little time had passed away,
Quite flushed with victory, the king commands
Leiria to be stormed. Beneath his sway
The place returns once more with all its lands:
Arronches also falls into his hands;
He conquers Santarem, for nothing shields
The foe from great Alphonso's warlike bands;
He holds that place which such rich harvest yields,
For limpid Tagus bathes its vast and fertile fields.

LVI.

"When all of these were won, the Monarch soon
The lofty Mafra to submission brought;
Cold Cintra, in the mountains of the moon,
To catch within his mighty arms he sought
(Fair Cintra, where the Naiads set at naught
The wiles of Cupid, hiding in their springs,
And crystal fountains); still, the sweetest thought
Of love pursues, and to their bosom clings,
For Cupid burning flames into the water brings.

LVII.

“And thou, Lisboa! with bright glory crowned,
Of all the sun beholds thou art the queen,
Founded by him for wisdom’s arts renowned,
Whose cunning plots the chiefest cause had been
Of Troy’s destruction! Thou hast proudly seen
Obedient to thy laws, the vasty deep
Of rolling Ocean; now, with humble mien,
Thou dost obey the valiant hosts which sweep
The Moslem foes away, and thy strong ramparts keep!

LVIII.

“These fleets were by brave, hardy Germans manned,
Who, sailing from the Elbe and rapid Rhine,
With some from Britain’s frigid clime, had planned
To drive the Saracens from holy shrine,
Inspired by fervent zeal in that design:
The valiant warriors saw the great array,
And knew Alphonso’s fame did brightly shine
Above the skies; they thus resolved to stay,
And to Ulysses’ walls a vigorous siege to lay.

LIX.

“Five times the waning moon had ceased her course,
As oft again she showed her lovely form,
Resplendent in the sky: superior force
Assaults the place, and spreads war’s wide alarm,
Till proud Lisboa bends beneath the storm.
For struggle fierce and deadly they prepare,
Since rage and hate opposing bosoms warm,
Unheard of feats the christian warriors dare,
The infidels display the courage of despair.

LX.

"Thus Lisbon was compelled to bow her head
Submissively, although, in times of yore,
When countless hordes of hardy Scythians spread
Their conquests, and their sway from shore to shore,
The stranger's heavy yoke she never bore.
The Ebro and the Tagus were appalled
To see their banks, and waters tinged with gore,
And Betis' fertile sides were so enthralled,
That thence from them the land of Vandals it was called.

LXI.

"And is there any place so great or strong,
That it the tide of conquest can oppose,
When Lisbon her defence doth not prolong
Against the rude attacks of dauntless foes,
Whose fame at every instant brighter grows?
Lo! Obidos yields, and Torres most renowned,
Estremadura, Alemquer, where flows
A gurgling stream o'er rocky beds, whose sound
Makes music in the ears of those who dwell around!

LXII.

"He lands beyond the Tagus' noble stream,
Where Ceres' yellow harvest most abounds:
Ye all obeyed the royal will supreme,
And yielded up your fences and your mounds,
With all the forts and towns within your bounds!
In vain the Moorish husbandman expressed
A hope to keep his farm, and fertile grounds,
Since Elvas, Serpa, Moura, and the rest,
E'en strong Alcacer, have the christian power confessed.

LXIII.

“Unto that noble city, firm stronghold
Of brave Sertorius, and his rebel force,
Whose aqueduct was raised, in days of old,
Upon two hundred arches, from its source
To bring the silvery water, sweet resource
Of all the people, and adjacent lands,
And ages, stood Giraldo, to enforce
Submission, comes with his undaunted bands:
The city bends her neck beneath the King’s commands.

LXIV.

“Alphonso, ever active, was intent
On vengeance for Trancoso just destroyed,
And ’gainst fair Beja all his efforts bent:
He thought that life’s brief span should be employed,
So that eternal fame might be enjoyed;
But when the place surrendered to the King,
His troops, whose thirst for blood could not be cloyed,
With furious rage and reeking weapons, fling
Themselves upon the crowd, and spare no living thing.

LXV.

“And next Palmella falls into his power,
Cezimbra for its fish so widely known;
There his victorious troops, in happy hour,
Protected by the ramparts of the town,
Attack the Moslem host, which is o’erthrown
With dreadful carnage. Those besieged had seen,
And lo! the victor sees fast swarming down
The mountain’s skirts, the Moors, who little ween
Their foes are ambushed where their trusty friends had been.

LXVI.

"The mighty lord of Badajos possessed
Four thousand horsemen; also had immense,
And warlike bands of foot, most richly dressed
With glittering gold and costly ornaments,
Equipped for bold attack or firm defence.
Thus, when some lordly bull, in sportive play
Amidst the grazing cows, a stranger scents,
And jealous rushes furious to the fray
'Gainst one who quite unconscious treads his weary way;

LXVII.

"So great Alphonso from his ambush rose,
Attacked at once with bold resistless might,
And wounds, slays, routs the scared, unwary foes.
The Moorish king is seized with sudden fright;
To save his life, he takes to instant flight;
His troops, quite panic-struck, they know not why,
All follow him, fullspeed, in shameful plight;
But what compelled this mighty host to fly?
Just sixty horsemen won this splendid victory.

LXVIII.

"The valiant christian king, without delay,
Unwearied by the toils of constant war,
Advanced with all his force, in proud array,
His numbers swollen by those who came afar
From all that realm, to hail his conquering star.
Strong Badajos he hastens to besiege;
Against such men its ramparts are no bar:
With skill and valour he pursues the siege,
And soon the town submits, and owns him for its liege.

LXIX.

“But that Almighty Power, which oftentimes
Defers the chastisement of guilty men,
Expecting due repentance for their crimes,
Or for some secret cause beyond the ken
Of mortals, and which had the prince, till then,
In all his grand career most kindly tended,
At last decreed the fatal moment, when
His captive mother’s curse, so long suspended,
Should fall on him who had so grievously offended.

LXX.

“The prince, surrounded in the captured town
By far superior force of Leonese,
Who claim it for their own great Monarch’s crown,
And seek to drive away the Portuguese,
With burning rage and wrathful fury sees
Their bold attempt to snatch the golden prize.
He bursts through all the hostile lines with ease,
And, obstinate, the chance of battle tries;
But, vanquished by his foes, in irksome dungeon lies.

LXXI.

“Thou famous Pompey! cease to grieve in vain,
Because thy glorious triumphs all are ended,
Or that just Nemesis’ decrees ordain
Thy great renown in arms shall be transcended
By the fair consort’s sire! On thee attended,
With trembling awe, the frigid Phasis’ stream,
Syene with its equal shadows blended,
Or where Botes’ regions frozen seem,
And all the line beneath the sun’s most ardent beam.

LXXII.

“In spite of these, with richest Araby,
With fierce Henochians, Colchos ever famed
For Jason’s golden fleece, subdued by thee,
Brave Cappadocians, Judea, which proclaimed
One only God who love and worship claimed,
And soft Sophene, with those pirates bold
From vast Cilicia, and the region named
Armenia, where two bright rivers rolled
Their waters from the Mount, most sacred deemed of old;

LXXIII.

“Though all the regions, from the Atlantic sea
To where the Scythian Taurus lifts its head,
Have seen thy banners crowned with victory,
Be not amazed because the army led
By thee, from dread Thessalia vanquished fled!
Since thou shalt see Alphonso trampling down
His foes, to be at last discomfited:
Thy consort’s father tarnished thy renown;
His daughter’s husband dimmed Alphonso’s glorious crown!

LXXIV.

“When thus the noble king had been chastised
By stern award of providence divine,
Whose sacred laws he had so long despised,
The furious Saracens the siege combine
Of Santarem, but fail in their design.
The holy Vincent’s relics had been laid
Upon the well known Cape; but to a shrine
Of more magnificence they were conveyed,
When Lisbon to the saint her solemn homage paid.

LXXV.

“The aged king, of wars incessant tired,
And quite exhausted, clearly understands
He can no longer do what he desired;
He to brave Sancho, issues his commands
To cross the Tagus with his warlike bands:
The son with joy the monarch’s will obeys,
On Seville’s noble stream a victor stands,
By thousands, fierce and cruel Moslems slays,
And with their blood accursed pollutes the watery ways.

LXXVI.

“By this success the youthful prince elated
Resolves to strike another heavy blow;
His forces march with vigour unabated
To succour Beja, round whose walls the foe
Had just commenced beleaguering works to throw.
Complete success soon crowned his proud desire;
The Moors sustained a signal overthrow:
Such frequent losses filled their breasts with ire,
And hopes of vengeance most astounding deeds inspire.

LXXVII.

“From that huge mountain which sustains the sky,
And which Medusa, by her magic art,
Compelled a dull and lifeless mass to lie,
From Tangier, where Antæus played his part,
And Ampelusa’s cape, the warriors start;
The peoples from Abyla also came
To join the mighty host, with willing heart:
Numidia, once the scene of Juba’s fame,
The trumpet’s martial sounds with deadly rage inflame.

LXXVIII.

"Great Mir-almuminin his army brings,
 And enters Portugal, in grand array:
 With him come thirteen valiant vassal kings
 O'er whom this monarch holds superior sway:
 Havoc and desolation mark their way,
 For no sufficient force can there be sent
 To guard the lands, and drive the foe away:
 In Santarem the prince is closely pent,
 But still the Moors do not succeed in their intent.

LXXIX.

"The infidels a deadly conflict wage,
 Employing all the stratagems of war,
 In vain assaults they vent their furious rage,
 Their engines hurl huge fragments from afar,
 They batter with their ponderous rams, nor spare
 Their secret mines: Alphonso's valiant son
 Defeats their various plans with prudent care,
 He promptly sees whatever can be done,
 His valour and his skill with equal lustre shone.

*son defeats
moors*

LXXX.

"The king, whom age, and long continued toil
 Had now at length compelled to seek repose,
 Was in that city whose rich, grassy soil
 Is watered by Mondego: when he knows
 That Sancho is besieged by Moorish foes
 In Santarem, and stands in greatest need
 Of timely aid, such numbers to oppose,
 At once he hastes to mount his warlike steed,
 Nor does the weight of years relax the hero's speed.

LXXXI.

“He marched with forces, which had long been trained
In deadly wars, and soon they reached the town:
The united bands, with fury unrestrained,
Upon the hostile Moors rushed headlong down,
And they were all completely overthrown.
The slaughtered focs lie weltering in their gore:
With Moorish cloaks, coats, hoods, and harness strown,
’Midst dying steeds, the field is covered o’er
With rich and costly spoils, a most abundant store.

LXXXII.

“The wretched remnant of that armament
From Santarem in deep dejection fled,
And back again to their own country went,
Save Mir-almuminin, whose royal head,
Before the flight, was numbered with the dead:
The victors raised their hearts and hands in prayer
To that Almighty power, whose guidance led
Them on to victory, for Heavenly care
Alone could rescue those thus driven to despair.

LXXXIII.

“Triumphant on so many glorious fields,
Our great Alphonso, mighty and renowned,
At last to age and toils incessant yields,
And reaches that inevitable bound
Which closes life’s protracted, weary round:
A sickly pallor sits upon his brow,
In all his frame the fatal signs are found,
The icy hand of death has seized him now,
To that stern conqueror the unconquered chief must bow.

Heaven!

LXXXIV.

"The lofty capes and promontories lamented,
 With poignant grief; and as the rivers flowed
 Through Portugal, by streams of tears augmented,
 Their waters covered all the fields just sowed:
 The realm is crushed by sorrow's heavy load;
 Throughout the world Alphonso's glorious fame,
 And wonderous conquests are proclaimed aloud;
 Alphonso! great Alphonso! all exclaim,
 But echo now, alas! does not repeat his name.

LXXXV.

"The valiant Sancho to the throne succeeds,
 A worthy imitator of his sire
 In feats of arms and most heroic deeds:
 He had before displayed his martial fire,
 When he discomfited in conflict dire
 The Andalusian king, and Baetis flowed
 Ensanguined; but his glory rose far higher,
 When by his sword the Moslemites were mowed,
 And Beja's menaced walls to him their safety owed.

LXXXVI.

"But after he had been enthroned, and crowned,
 And had for many years his kingdom swayed,
 He marched with mighty forces to surround
 The famous Sylves, which the Moors obeyed,
 And where rich fields a goodly tribute paid:
 In this the king was aided by a band
 Of valiant German warriors, who delayed
 Their promised succour to the Holy Land
 On which the Saracens had laid a heavy hand.

LXXXVII.

"These brave crusaders had embarked to aid
Great Barbarossa in his enterprise,
With all the Christian chivalry arrayed
In arms, to save the city, where his eyes
Our Jesus closed in bloody sacrifice:
But royal Guido did not long oppose
The mighty Saladin; without supplies
Of water, he surrendered to his foes,
For whom a limpid stream in great abundance flows.

LXXXVIII.

"The hardy heroes of this famous fleet,
By adverse winds, and stormy seas constrained
To seek a friendly port, and safe retreat,
To fight against the infidels remained,
By which their holy end would be attained:
As, by the succour of a Christian host,
His sire Lisboa's noble city gained,
Thus Sancho, helped by Germans tempest-tossed,
Subdued fair Sylves, which the Moors for ever lost.

LXXXIX.

"Amidst these triumphs o'er the Moslems won,
The brave, victorious Monarch will not rest,
But keeps his fixed resolve to overrun
The Leonese whose valour stands confessed,
As many hard-fought battles can attest;
And soon he forces Tuy to bow down
Its neck beneath the yoke, and his behest
Submissively obey, with many a town
Which humbly yields itself to serve the Lusian crown.

XC.

"The palm of victory his glory crowned,
When Death, stern conqueror of all, surprised
The aged king. Alphonso, much renowned,
And much beloved, with prudence exercised
The regal power: by him the circumcised,
And unbelieving Moslems were expelled
From that Alcacer which they highly prized,
And still, in spite of all the Christians, held;
But now their baneful rule was wholly crushed and quelled.

XCI.

"When this Alphonso, second of that name,
Descended to the tomb, his son succeeded,
A second Sancho, doomed to bitter shame,
Because his nature, mild and gentle, needed
Those harsher virtues, by which vice is weeded:
He governed not; but was by others guided,
Whose crimes, unchecked, the public good impeded;
The king by all his vassals was derided,
And his dethronement was unanimously decided.

XCII.

"Yet, Sancho was not so degenerate
Or cruel as a Nero, who would wed
A handsome youth, and, shocking to relate,
By horrid incest stained his mother's bed,
Fair Agrippina's, till by frenzy led,
With fire his native city he destroyed:
Or Heliogabalus, for whom were spread
The glutton's feasts, and naught but lust enjoyed,
Sardanapalus like, whom no excesses cloyed.

XCIII.

“Nor where the people savagely oppressed,
Nor did Sicilian tyranny revive,
Nor did, like Phalaris whom all detest,
This hapless prince a brazen bull contrive,
Inhumanly to roast a man alive:
But still, a haughty nation, in its pride,
Accustomed with aspiring kings to strive
Against its ancient foes, could not abide
To see the throne by one less worthy occupied.

XCIV.

“The realm abandoned thus, by this event,
Bologna’s Count assumed the reins of power,
When Sancho, ever weak and indolent,
Had reached his last, inevitable hour:
Alphonso, hight the brave, began to tower
Above his peers, in kingly rank, and deeds:
He first secures the realm; to overpower
Some neighbouring lands he then at once proceeds,
His lofty spirit far such narrow bounds exceeds.

XCV.

“From that Algarve, which had been bestowed
On him, as marriage dower, the King expelled
By arms the Moslems, who no longer showed
That warlike energy, which erst compelled
Submission from their foes: they now beheld
This province, from them wrenched and disunited,
Fair Lusitania’s realm, more firmly held
By Luso’s valiant sons, who thus requited
The Moors for all the ills by which they had been blighted.

XCVI.

"Diniz next occupied the vacant place,
 Whose noble qualities, and virtues show
 A glorious scion of Alphonso's race:
 His generous gifts with such profusion flow,
 That Alexander could no more bestow:
 The realm enjoys secure and perfect peace,
 The useful arts to highest grandeur grow,
 By moral customs, laws, and sage decrees,
 Its wealth, prosperity, and learning all increase.

XCVII.

"Coimbra was the first to cultivate
 Minerva's gifts and arts: with deep delight,
 From Helicon the Muses came, and sat
 Upon Mondego's banks, enraptured quite,
 With all the fairy scenes so clear and bright.
 The fame of this new Athens quickly spreads,
 Her sons are greeted by the God of light,
 Who wreathes their caps with silk and golden threads,
 Whilst verdant baccaris, and laurel crown their heads.

XCVIII.

"This monarch boundless energy displayed
 In raising castles, forts, and princely halls,
 Rebuilding towns by time and wars decayed,
 Surrounding them with strong and lofty walls,
 Attentive to his people's wants and calls:
 The thread is cut by fate, his course is run,
 And full of years into the tomb he falls:
 The fourth Alphonso now ascends the throne,
 A great, and warlike king, but disobedient son.

XCIX.

“He haughtily repulsed Castilian pride,
With manly spirit, and unflinching breast,
Because the Lusians always have defied
Superior numbers, though it was confessed
The odds were dreadful. Yet, he would not rest
Impassive, when a mighty Moslem host
Invaded Spain, and tried by force to wrest
From great Castile the lands which had been lost,
But rushed with all his power to drive them from the coast.

C.

“Semiramis, upon Hydaspes’ banks,
Did ne’er assemble hosts so vast and strong,
Nor Attila’s rude, fierce, embattled ranks
(The scourge of God), did in such numbers throng
To invade fair Italy, as now belong
To proud Granada’s long and bright array
Of chivalry, while with them march along
Unnumbered tribes who Mahomet obey,
From those Tartesian fields beneath Granada’s sway.

CI.

“The proud Castilian Monarch, quite aghast
At sight of such a horde of deadly foes,
Whose numbers all his forces far surpassed,
And scarcely left a hope he could oppose
Their onset, more than death did fear to lose
Again the Spanish realm: his spirit bends
To ask Alphonso’s aid; his consort goes,
And to her Sire her suppliant hands extends:
A daughter thus is sent, the wife of him who sends.

CII.

"The beautiful Maria enters now
The gorgeous palace of her youthful days,
Her face most lovely, though her anguished brow
No signs of mirth or filial joy displays;
Bedewed with tears it inward grief portrays:
Angelic tresses o'er her shoulders spread
More white than ivory; with fond embrace
And joyous look, the king his daughter led,
And heard attentive what the weeping princess said:

CIII.

"The lawless tribes which Africa contains,
Whose savage nature none could ever tame,
With all the nations over whom he reigns,
The sovereign of Morocco armed, and came
Resolved to extirpate the Spanish name:
So great an armament none ever saw,
Since first the ocean bathed the earthly frame:
For their fierce deeds, unchecked by any law,
Astound the quiet dead, strike living men with awe.

CIV.

"The gracious prince, to whom thou gavest me
In marriage, strives with far inferior force
To save his people and his territory:
By Moslems menaced, and without resource
Or any hope, to thee he has recourse.
If thou dost treat his last appeal with scorn,
A glorious death must be his only course;
And I, from kingdom and my husband torn,
Am doomed to worst of woes, a widow quite forlorn.

CV.

"Most mighty King! whose aspect was so stern,
That Mulucha's warm current was congealed,
Thine eye of pity on thy neighbour turn,
To aid the lost Castile take thou the field!
If thy glad looks of tenderness revealed
A father's love, Oh! let my prayer be heard!
Do not delay, my father dear, to shield
Thy child; for if thy succour be deferred,
Those whom thou wouldst assist may all have disappeared!"

CVI.

"Maria tenderly her sire addressed,
Like Venus when she urged the mighty Jove
To aid her son Aeneas sore distressed,
And forced upon the stormy seas to rove.
The God could not refuse; but, moved by love
And pity, laid his thunderbolt aside,
And with a nod did all her wish approve,
Regretting only she had not applied
For some much greater boon he would have gratified.

CVII.

"Now squadrons of well-mounted horsemen throng
The plains of Evora, where lance and sword
Are bright and dazzling as they ride along:
Caparisons most rich and gay appeared;
The neighing of their prancing steeds was heard:
With shrill and thrilling notes the clarions sound;
And thus the people, used to peace, are stirred
To warlike rage and fury, whilst around
O'er hills and valleys the hoarse trumpet's blasts resound.

CVIII.

“With royal banner in his front displayed,
The brave Alphonso rode, by all admired,
In bright and shining panoply arrayed,
Superior to them all: his soul was fired
With zeal by which the timid were inspired
With confidence, a king in look and mien:
The hope of certain victory transpired:
His lovely daughter by his side was seen,
And entered great Castile of which she was the Queen.

CIX.

“The two Alphonsos, now united, stood
Prepared for battle on Tarifa’s plain,
In front of that enormous multitude
Of infidels, whose faith was false and vain,
Whom neither field nor mountain could contain:
But still the most undaunted spirits sought
For aid against such odds, and all restrain
Their fears with one supreme consoling thought,
That for his army Christ, their great Redeemer, fought.

CX.

“The progeny of Hagar laughed in scorn
To see confronting their superb array
The Christian force, so feeble and forlorn:
And, as their ancient name they cast away,
And falsely call themselves, for vain display,
Brave Saracens of far much brighter fame,
They share the lands, quite certain of their prey;
With false pretexts, and lies they also came
To call their own, a realm to which they had no claim.

CXI.

"The barbarous, gigantic Philistine,
Whom kingly Saul so much, and justly feared,
(When, coming to the front of all the line,
The lowly shepherd with his sling appeared,
And quite unarmed, but brave), the monster sneered,
And with his taunts provoked the ragged boy:
But soon, a strange and whizzing noise was heard;
Goliath fell, and Israel saw with joy,
That naught can save whom God determines to destroy.

CXII.

"'Twas thus the vile, perfidious Moors contemned,
And scorned the christian force so weak and slight,
Because they did not know themselves condemned,
And doomed by that divine, superior might
Which puts the deadly powers of hell to flight:
The brave Castilian troops against the king
Of great Morocco now direct the fight;
The Portuguese, who fear no living thing,
Against Granada's host their dauntless armies bring.

CXIII.

"The thrusts of lances, spears, and swords rebound
Upon their armour, and sad carnage make,
The various war-cries to the heavens resound:
These call on Mahomet, the others take
Iago's name in that important stake:
With groans of wounded men the air is rife,
The blood, which flows in torrents, forms a lake
In which the hapless victim of the strife,
Who is not slain at once, by drowning ends his life.

CXIV.

“The valiant Lusians soon destroy, and slay
Granada’s bands, who, worsted in the fight—
Since neither coats of mail nor steel can stay
The victor’s arm—betake themselves to flight:
But not content with victory, so bright,
And quickly won, the Portuguese proceed,
In their triumphant march, and boundless might,
To aid the brave Castilian troops, which need
Their help to crush the herds of Hagar’s cursed seed.

CXV.

“The burning sun was now in his decline,
Had nearly reached the farthest western bound,
When his resplendent rays must cease to shine,
And he would plunge into the deep profound,
The lap of Thetis, on his daily round:
Of that great triumph, which the monarch gained
O’er all the Moslems on that battle-ground,
Which was with blood and dreadful carnage stained
The glorious memory by all is still retained.

CXVI.

“Of those who perished on that fatal day,
Scarcely one fourth were in the battle slain,
But many thousands drowned, and lifeless lay
In water which their blood and corpses stain,
And thirsty warriors in their goblets drain:
Not such the slaughter, nor such blood was spilt
By Rome’s sworn enemy on Cannæ’s plain,
When Carthaginians such great numbers killed,
The victors with the rings of knights three bushels filled.

CXVII.

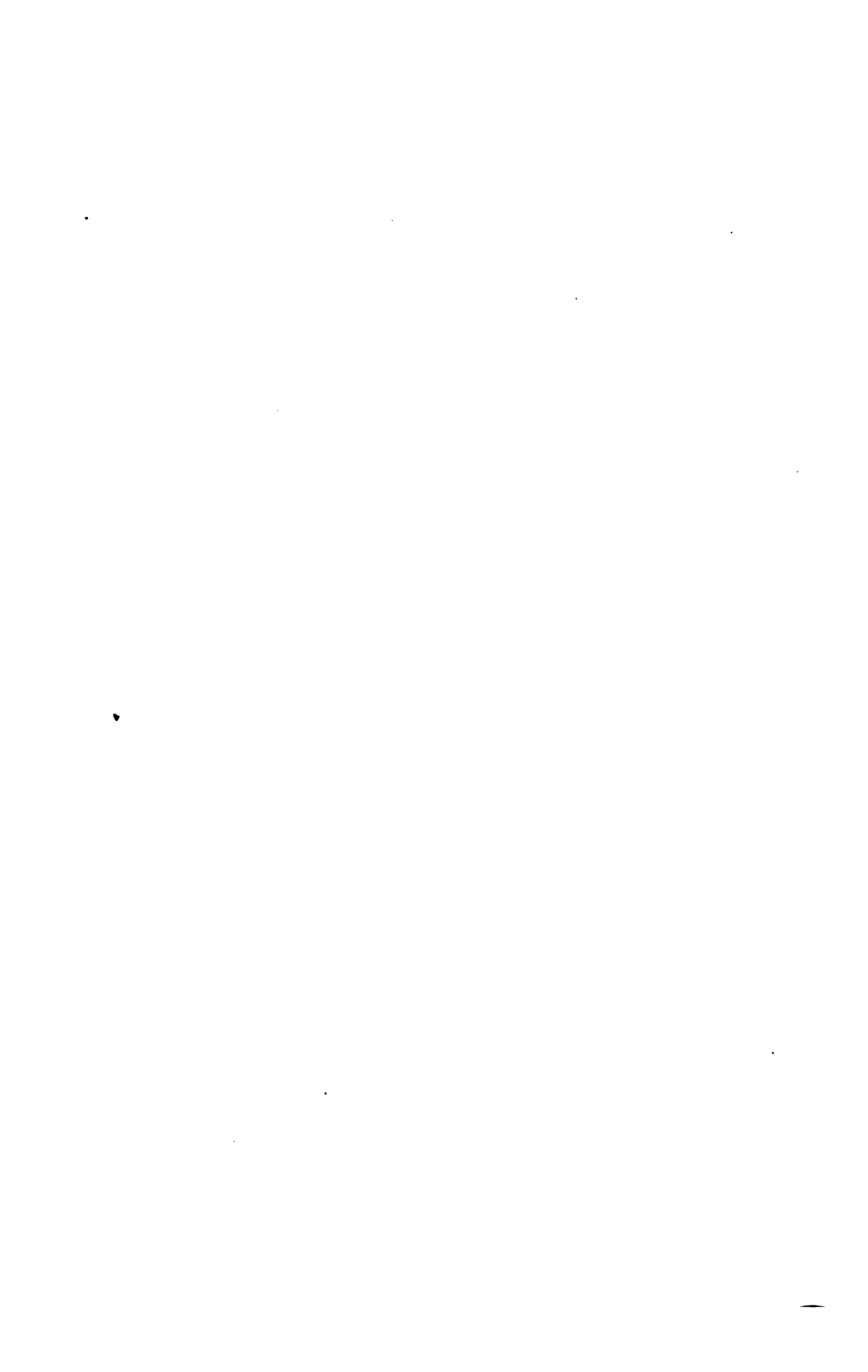
“If thou so many stubborn souls didst send
To gloomy Pluto’s dark, and sad abode
Beside Cocytus, and by force didst bend
The holy city, when the people showed
What reverence to their ancient rites they owed,
O noble Titus! ’twas celestial power,
And not thine own, which used the chastening rod;
The wrath of God, by Prophets seen to lower,
And Jesus crucified foretold the coming hour.

CXVIII.

“When this most glorious victory was won,
Alphonso to his native realm returned,
Rejoicing much at all that had been done,
In hopes to find repose so nobly earned.
Alas! those hopes were sadly overturned:
O grief, most dreadful, painful, and profound!
By which the gloomy sepulchres were spurned,
And she, who naught in life but anguish found,
E’en after her decease, as rightful Queen was crowned.

CXIX.

“O thou, pure love! who rulest o’er the hearts
Of mortal men, with thy resistless might
Which such delicious hopes and joys imparts,
Thou wast the cause, that cruel death did smite
Her lovely form, with dread, vindictive spite.
O cruel love! why art thou harsh and rude?—
Nor prayers nor tears avail us in thy sight—
Alas! thou dost desire, in tyrant’s mood,
To see thy impious hands in human blood imbrued.





D. IGNEZ DE CASTRO

CXX.

“Thou, beautiful Ignez, wast then reclined,
In sweet repose, in thy enchanting bower,
Indulging that delusion of the mind,
When youth and love possess absorbing power,
Which fortune grants them for a fleeting hour.
In much-mourned meadows by Mondego's stream,
Which ne'er exhausts thy tears' incessant shower,
The name inscribed on thy fond heart doth seem
To teach the hills and meads, a never-ending theme.

CXXI.

“The loving prince with fond remembrance clings
To thy fair image, which still occupies
His inmost soul, whilst every moment brings
The dearest hopes, when fairy visions rise,
Though he no longer sees thy beauteous eyes:
By night, thy charms delicious dreams employ,
By day, his ardent mind incessant flies
To that deep love which time shall ne'er destroy,
While memory affords a fruitful source of joy.

CXXII.

“To wed the Prince with any lovely dame,
Or one of royal birth, they tried in vain:
For when, pure love, thou dost the heart inflame,
And hast established there thy gentle reign,
All other loves are treated with disdain.
The prudent father saw, with indignation,
The lawless passion no one could restrain:
His heir all marriage held in detestation,
And his strange conduct caused the murmurs of the nation.

CXXIII.

“The angry king resolves to take away
The life of fair Ignez, whose charms retain
His son a prisoner beneath her sway:
To quench love’s fire he thinks no hopes remain,
But death his hands with guilty blood must stain.
What fury made thee draw that glorious sword,
Which could the rage of frantic Moors restrain,
Against a weak defenceless dame? What stirred
Such cruel wrath, by dread of vengeance undeterred?

CXXIV.

“The hapless dame the savage ruffians brought
Before the king, whose heart was now inclined
To pity; but the cruel people sought,
By vilest calumnies, to urge his mind
To doom her to the death he had designed.
With piteous sighs for mercy she implores,
She pines with grief for those she leaves behind;
Her much loved Prince and children she adores,
And these, with anguish, more than death itself, deplores.

CXXV.

“With eyes upturned unto the crystal skies,
In meekest attitude the lady stands;
Absorbed in grief, she only lifts her eyes,
Because the cruel monsters bind her hands.
Dissolved in tears, which no restraint commands,
Amidst the sorrows, which her heart oppressed,
At thought of those dear orphans to such bands
Committed, thus their grandsire she addressed,
Whilst love, and racking fears torment the mother’s breast:

CXXVI.

“If wild and brutal monsters at whose birth,
No touch of pity Nature doth bestow,
If savage birds, who range the air and earth
In search of prey, such feelings never know,
Yet all to babes, and little children show
Commiseration and maternal care,
To mitigate blind fortune’s cruel blow,—
A lioness did Ninus’ mother spare,
A she-wolf suckled Rome’s twin founders in her lair,—

CXXVII.

“O thou, that hast a human face and breast!
(If aught of human kind could ever kill
A tender maiden by her grief oppressed,
Whose only crime, submission to his will,
Who in her heart could ardent love instil)
With pity on these orphans turn thine eye,
Let tenderness for them thy bosom fill,
Since me, though innocent, thou doom’st to die,
Thy cruelty to me, by love for them supply!

CXXVIII.

“If thou didst once the Moslem’s cursed race
Most ruthlessly destroy, with fire and sword,
Let gentle clemency restore thy grace
To one, who fondly loved, but never erred;
But if my supplication be not heard,
Then banish me, to some far distant clime,
Amidst the Scythian snows, so greatly feared,
Or under Lybian suns, without a crime,
Let me in constant tears and sorrow pass my time!

CXXIX.

“Place me were fierce and horrid monsters live,
Some lion or some tiger may be found,
Who will both pity and compassion give,
And thus, these heartless savage men confound
Who know not mercy! There with love profound
And most sincere, of him, for whom I die,
And these dear pledges, life’s dull, weary round
Shall pass; whilst I a mother’s care supply,
They will to soothe my grief with fond caresses try.

CXXX.

“The gracious king to pardon was disposed
By her reproach and tears, which pierced his heart:
To this the furious rabble was opposed;
Resistless destiny still played its part
In this sad tragedy. Upon her dart
Those cruel men, who cast on her the blame,
And every human feeling set apart:
Ye savage butchers! did ye feel no shame
To draw your cruel swords against a helpless dame?

CXXXI.

“Against the fair Polyxena, the sole
Surviving comfort of her mother’s age,
Pyrrhus, beneath Achilles’ shade’s control,
Which all her loveliness could not assuage,
Directs his sword, with fierce relentless rage:
And like a patient lamb which meekly dies,
The maiden silent stands on life’s last stage;
But on her mother casts her dying eyes,
Who, quite insane, does not her daughter recognize!

CXXXII.

"The brutal murderers their weapons drew
Against that neck, as alabaster white,
Which bears those eyes by which she doth subdue,
With deepest love, the Prince, her heart's delight,
Who crowns his loved Ignez with Queenly right:
In blood they bathe their swords, and those white flowers,
Which tearful eyes bedewed, impurple quite:
Blind fury all their cruel hearts devours,
Regardless of the wrath to come in future hours.

CXXXIII.

"And well mightst thou, O Sun! refuse thy rays,
To look upon that horrid scene of blood,
As thou didst hide thy light, in dread amaze,
When to Thyestes served his sons for food
By Atreus' hands in human blood imbrued.
Ye, lovely valleys, heard the hapless dame,
As in the very grasp of death she stood,
In thrilling tones her Pedro's love proclaim,
While all the distant hills re-echoed back his name.

CXXXIV.

"As lilies of the valley from the field
Untimely plucked, and roughly brought away,
Their freshness lose, no more sweet fragrance yield,
By maidens worn upon a festive day,
And roughly treated in their amorous play,
Their colour faded, scent for ever lost;
So this fair damsel pale and lifeless lay,
Her lovely cheeks no rosy blossoms boast,
Her beauty and her charms by ghastly death are crossed.

CXXXV.

“Mondego’s daughters, in their shady groves,
With plaintive sighs bewailed, for many years,
The fair Ignez and her unhappy loves:
A rivulet, which sprang from their sad tears,
Whose very name her memory endears,
The fount of love, its crystal waters pours,
And thus the emblem of her grief appears:
The waters of the rill refresh the flowers,
Whose blooming beauty decks pure love’s enchanting bowers.

CXXXVI.

“But soon the dreadful arm of vengeance dire
Destroyed the authors of that wicked deed,
Most justly punished by her Pedro’s ire:
When to his father’s throne he did succeed,
Against them all he made the laws proceed;
With Pedro of Castile, whose ruthless mind
Delights in scenes of carnage, he agreed
To practise what, with cruelty refined,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus combined.

CXXXVII.

“Inflexibly this Lusian prince chastised
All public crimes, with stern and ruthless hand:
His love of justice was most highly prized;
Of thieves and murderers he cleansed the land,
Nor did he spare the vile adulterous band:
The towns and cities flourished in his reign,
No criminal such rigour could withstand,
More robbers died than those who poets feign,
By vagrant Hercules, or were Theseus, slain.

CXXXVIII.

"From Pedro, dauntless, just, unbending king,
 Sprang Ferdinand, of mild and feeble mind,
 (Cannot base sons from noble natures spring?)
 Listless, to any effort disinclined:
 His subjects suffered woes of every kind;
 Castilian armies by such languor seek
 To profit, and the realm in chains to bind:
 By frequent forays they their vengeance wreak;
 A feeble monarch makes the strongest nation weak.

CXXXIX.

"Perhaps, it was in chastisement for sin
 In taking Eleanor, another's wife,
 And quite regardless of the voice within,
 Which many strive to stifle, till their life
 Becomes effeminate, when crime is rife,
 For one who yields himself a willing slave
 To vicious lust, must not expect to thrive:
 But this did Ferdinand the more deprave,
 Because a love debased, to softness binds the brave.

CXL.

"Upon such crimes a punishment condign
 The mighty arm of God has often sent:
 To punish Helen's rape the Greeks combine,
 And Romans vengeance upon Appius vent,
 The Tarquins are condemned to banishment.
 When holy David sinned, he was not spared;
 Not e'en for Benjamin did God relent:
 He punished him whom Sara had ensnared,
 And wicked Sicheu who to ravish Dinah dared.

CXLI.

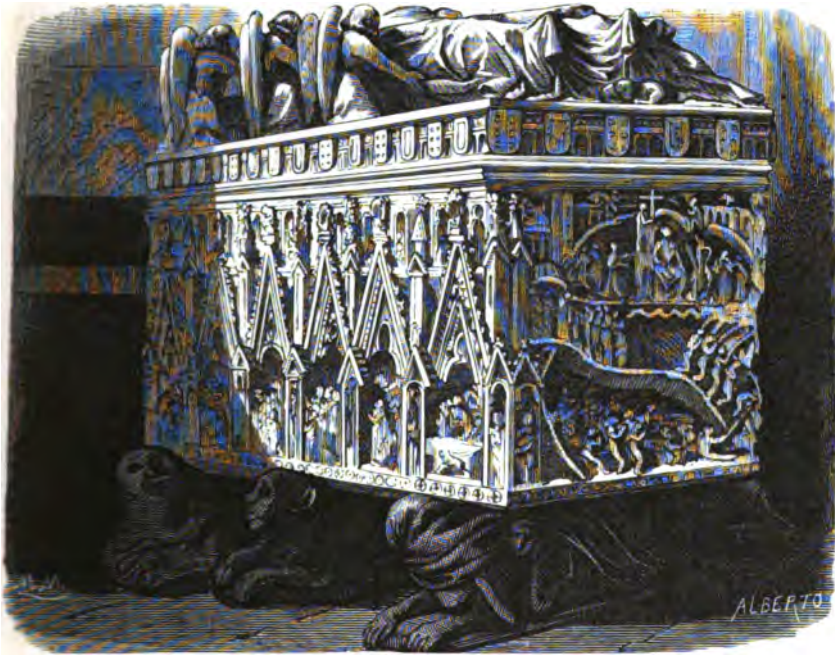
“The greatest warriors waver, when they melt
With lawless lust, or some unworthy flame:
Alcmena’s mighty son ignobly knelt .
Near Omphale, in garments like a dame,
Forgot his splendid deeds, and glorious name.
Mark Antony, by Cleopatra swayed,
For love, abandoned boundless power, and fame:
Devoted to a mean Apulian maid,
The Carthaginian saw his brightest laurels fade.

CXLII.

“What mortal shall escape the secret snare,
Which love’s enchanting hand so gently lays?
Who can resist the rosy cheeks, so fair,
Where gold and purest alabaster blaze,
And all the charm of beauty’s winning ways?
What heart is proof against those lovely smiles?
Can quench the flame, which dazzling beauties raise?
Though no Medusa strives with artful wiles
To turn us all to stone, that flame our hearts beguiles.

CXLIII.

“Who hath beheld the glance of beauty’s eye,
Her ardent gaze, her sweet angelic face,
Her fairy form, and hath not breathed a sigh,
Unable to resist her charming grace?
All those who ever felt the soft embrace
Of youthful passion, will with pity hear
The tale of Ferdinand, and may efface
His guilty weakness with a silent tear,
Whilst those, who never loved, seem gloomy and severe!

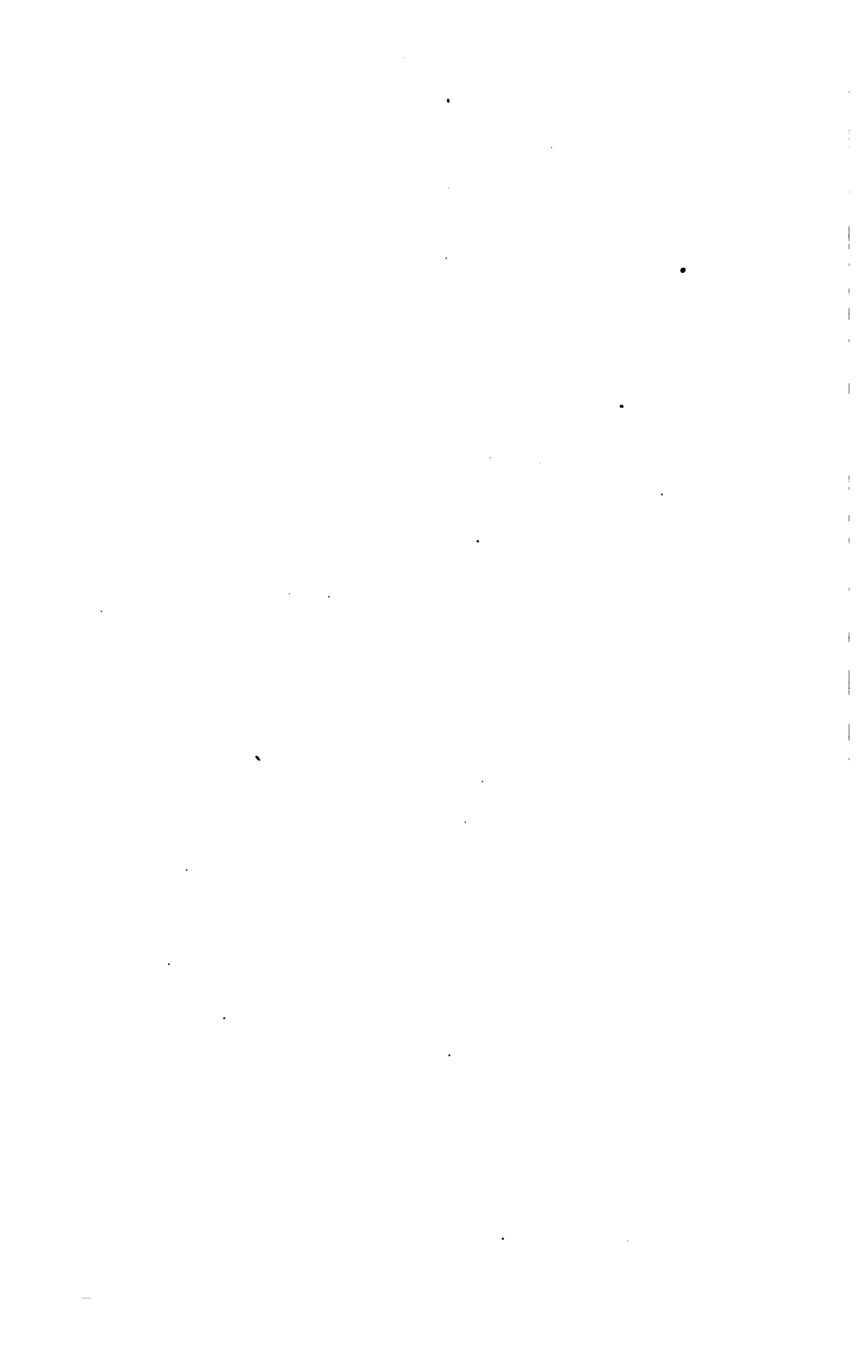


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THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

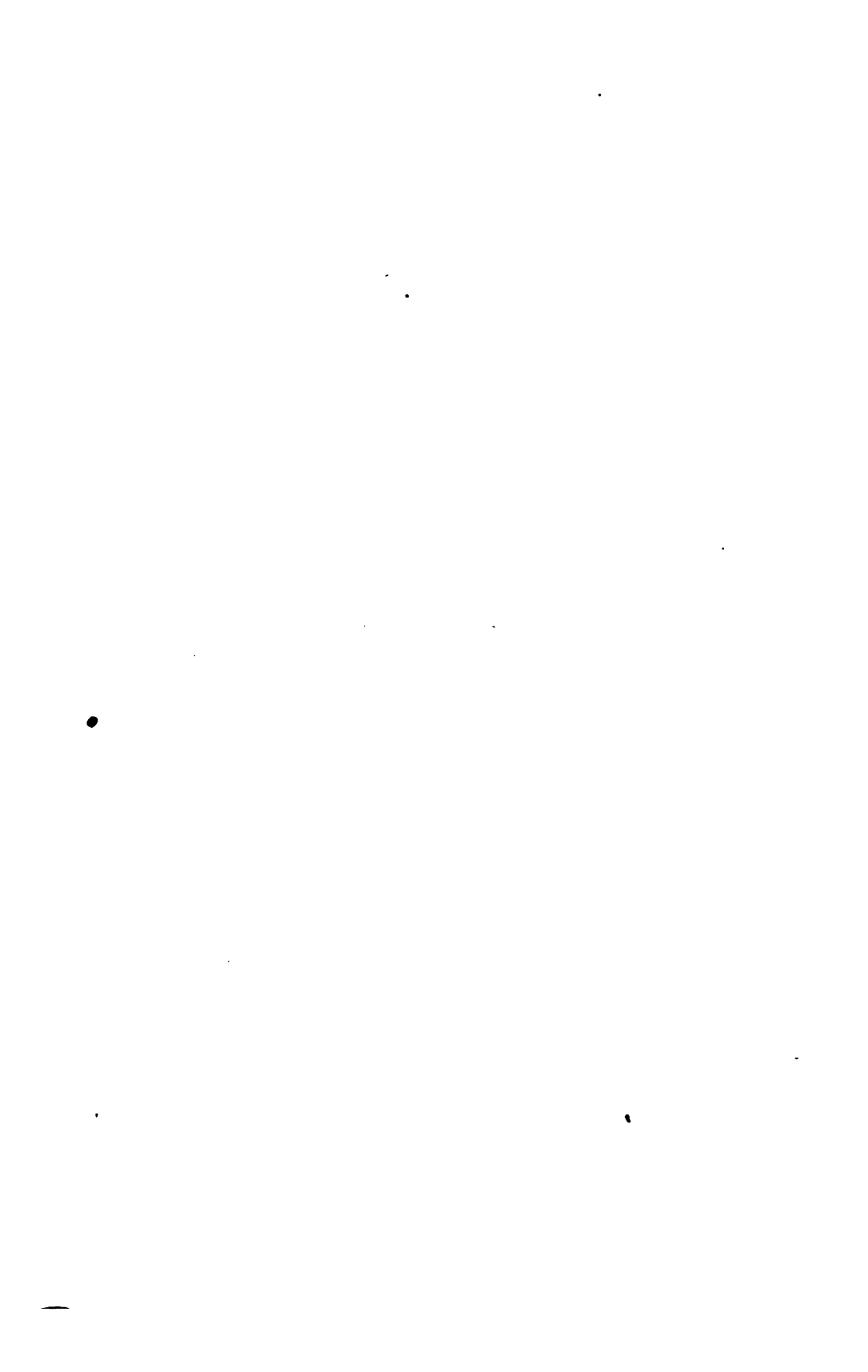


THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Stanzas I. to VI.—Death of Ferdinand, and accession of D. John the founder of the dynasty of Aviz, and assassination of the Queen's favourite, and of the Bishop of Lisbon. VII. to XI.—The king of Castile claims the crown of Portugal for his consort, the daughter of Ferdinand. XII. to XIII.—Fright and timidity of many Portuguese. XIV. to XXII.—Undaunted courage of Nuno Alvares Pereira, the constable of Portugal. XXIII. to XXVII.—March of John from Abrantes to encounter the Castilians. XXVIII. to XLIV.—Description of the great battle of Aljubarrota. XLV. to XLVII.—Peace is concluded, and confirmed by the marriage of the daughters of the Duke of Lencaster, one to the king of Portugal, and the other to the king of Castile. XLVIII. to XLIX.—Conquest of Ceuta. L.—Death of John the first. LI.—Misfortunes of his successor. LII. and LIII.—Captivity of the Infant D. Ferdinand. LIV. to LIX.—Victories of Alphonso the fifth in Africa, and subsequent invasion of Spain, where the battle of Toro was fought. LX. to LXV.—John the second sends messengers over land to India. LXVI. and LXVII.—Accession of Emmanuel for whom is reserved the discovery of India. LXVIII. to LXXV.—Dream of Emmanuel in which two venerable men appear to him, and declare themselves to be the rivers Ganges and Indus. LXXVI.—Council of state, summoned by the king. LXXVII. to LXXX.—Gama is selected to command the expedition. LXXXI.—Honours and rewards conferred upon him. LXXXII. to LXXXIV.—Account of Nicholas Coelho and the other companions of Gama. LXXXV. to LXXXIX.—Consternation of the friends and relatives of the adventurers. XC. to XCII.—Lamentation of wives and mothers. XCIII.—Gama takes his departure without a last farewell to his family. XCIV.—To the end of Canto. Speech of an old man who declaims most violently against the enterprise, and all the ambitious projects of men.





THE LUSIAD.

CANTO IV.

I.

“When after dreadful, dark, tempestuous night,
Amidst the boisterous waves, and howling wind,
The lovely morning dawns, serenely bright,
The gladsome vision fills the drooping mind
With hopes a safe and friendly port to find:
Before the sun the gloomy clouds retire,
And all around breathes rapture unconfined:
No sooner thus did Ferdinand expire,
Than all the warlike realm displays its wonted fire.

II.

“The Lusians ardently desired to have,
A leader to avenge their cruel wrong,
And all the outrage, and the kingdom save
From bitter foes, who proved themselves too strong
For feeble Ferdinand: Nor was it long
Before the people placed upon the throne
Illustrious John, to whom its rights belong,
As heir, although a bastard, Pedro's son
Whose valour, worth, and truth to all the realm were known.

III.

“That this was certainly decreed by heaven,
No one can entertain the slightest doubt,
Since clearest signs, and evidence were given.
At Evora, this wonder came about:
A baby, in the cradle speaking out,
Did raise herself, and, lifting up her hand,
With great astonishment, was heard to shout:—
“Long life to Portugal, the happy land,
O’er which her Monarch John shall hold supreme command!”

IV.

“But discord violent begins to spread,
The people’s hearts by hatred are inflamed,
Which to harsh cruelty, and carnage led;
In clamours loud the public voice exclaimed
Against the Queen, and Count, whom all men blamed.
Their friends and relatives are foully slain,
The Queen, and her gallant are not ashamed
(Now that connubial ties do not restrain)
To lewd incontinence to give the loosest rein.

V.

“Her paramour dishonoured and abhorred,
Was in cold blood dispatched before her eyes,
Whilst many others perished by the sword;
For when the people in fierce tumult rise,
The raging flame of fury quickly flies:
A prelate from a lofty tower is thrown,
Like young Astyanax, and there he lies,
His corpse abandoned, naked, quite alone,
For no respect to church or priestly rank was shown.

VI.

"Let then the memory be heard no more
Of dreadful crimes, and murders perpetrated
When Rome beheld her streets defiled with gore,
Fierce Marius countless victims immolated,
And ruthless Sylla slaughtered all he hated!
Now Leonor, whom love and rage incite
To seek revenge with rancour unabated,
Induced Castile to claim, with all her might,
The throne which she maintained to be her daughter's right.

VII.

"This royal lady, Beatrice by name,
Who had expoused the great Castilian king,
As Ferdinand's reputed child did claim
The realm: he deemed it quite a tempting thing
To wear the Lusian crown; and so, they bring
Great armies to uphold the Queen's demand,
To reign as daughter of the rightful king,
And roused by such a cry, from every land
And race, in mighty Spain, arrayed for war they stand.

VIII.

"The brave and rude Brigantes came in swarms,
With all that to Castile allegiance owe,
From regions conquered by the glorious arms
Of saintly Ferdinand from Moslem foe,
And those the far famed Cid did overthrow:
The hardy peasants who possess the plains
Of fertile Leon, no reluctance show;
Throughout the whole Castilian wide domains
The eager wish for war with lust of conquest reigns.

IX.

"The vandals on their ancient fame rely
 For dauntless valour, and heroic deeds,
 For still their brave descendants occupy
 Rich Andalusia, and its flowery meads
 Which Guadalquivir laves. To them succeeds
 The tribe of Tyrian colonies, whose isle,
 Where Cadiz stands, no other glory needs,
 Besides those pillars, Hercules' great toil;
 Her banner still attests his visit to her soil.

X.

"Toledo, ever prompt when honour calls,
 A gallant band, her valiant warriors sends,
 Equipped and armed, from its time—honoured walls,
 Round which the Tagus, after it descends
 From Conca's heights, in sweeping circle wends.
 Nor are the stout Galicians now afraid,
 A frugal race, but sordid in their hands:
 Against the Portuguese they had displayed
 Their strength of old, and now they give most willing aid.

*Run over
by W. H. L.*

XI.

"The horrid din of furious war delights
 The rude inhabitants on Biscay's shore,
 Unpolished, zealous for their ancient rights,
 Proud spirits who an insult never bore,
 Still less from strangers whom they do abhor:
 Guipuscoa and Asturias, which abound
 In richest mines of finest iron ore,
 These men their sovereign's banner gather round,
 Quite resolute to stand upon the battle-ground.

XII.

“John, in whose bosom courage ever rose
At sight of danger, like the one of old
Whose hair his vast, resistless strength foreshows,
The Hebrew Samson, does not count his foes,
In firm resolve with any odds to close:
Although advice he does not much require,
The king consults his nobles, for he knows
That calm debate may different minds inspire
By various modes to gain the end which all desire.

XIII.

“But some with false, deceitful reasons tried
To counteract the universal mind,
And sow dissension: thus they sought to hide
Their rank, and base disloyalty behind
Prudential motives of a specious kind:
On worth and truth they turn disdainful eye;
With perfidy and craven fear combined,
These wretches to their king and country lie;
Such men, like Peter, would their God himself deny.

XIV.

“Those feelings found no echo in the heart
Of Nuno Alvares, who boldly took,
In all the deadly strife, the dangerous part,
Who, when his brothers that good cause forsook,
Condemned the treacherous act with stern rebuke:
Against the weak, and changeful men he hurled
Reproach and menace; then, with furious look,
And sword in hand, his lips disdainful curled,
He vowed revenge on earth, and seas, and all the world.

XV.

“Shall it be said that any of this race
Of noble Portuguese refuse to wield
A sword when honour calls? Shall such disgrace
Befall the land, whose glories in the field
The palm to none on earth shall ever yield?
Who shall this want of faith; and love betray,
As if his country’s fatal doom was sealed?
Will none his valour, and his skill display,
And must sad Portugal a stranger’s will obey?

XVI.

“What then! Are you not all of you descended
From that heroic band of valiant men,
With whose support Alphonso erst defended
His little kingdom well and bravely, when
They routed all the mighty hosts of Spain?
How many standards, captured, from that host,
How many victims strewed the ensanguined plain!
Since seven noble earls their freedom lost,
Besides the heaps of spoils which were the victor’s boast.

XVII.

“Were not Diniz, and his undaunted son
Indebted to your Fathers, and their sires,
For all the conquests, and the trophies won,
From that same race, whose presence now inspires
Such dread, that quenched are all your martial fires?
If Ferdinand, by sin and sloth, could fling
Such shame on those whom all the world admires,
Another prince our former fame will bring,
If nations can derive new vigour from their king.

XVIII.

"You have a king, whose valour is so great,
That if your own with his can only vie,
You will defeat the most redoubted state,
Much more repel, by force and energy,
Those whom you often have compelled to fly:
Should this, however, not dispel your fear,
And senseless dread, alone I will defy
The hated foe, and then it shall appear
That strangers never shall o'er Lusians domineer!

XIX.

"With this my sword" (which now he partly draws),
"And these my trusty vassals, quite alone,
Thrice armed with courage in so just a cause,
I will defend my country, and the throne,
Until these haughty hosts be overthrown:
By jealous love for our good king inspired
And stainless loyalty, which you disdain,
I'll crush the men by lust of conquest fired,
As well as all who have against my king conspired."

XX.

"So when the Roman youths, a little band,
Who had survived the sad and fatal day
Of Cannæ, at Canusium made a stand,
And were about, from fear, their arms to lay
Before the victor's feet, in deep dismay,
Great Scipio then roused each drooping heart;
Upon their swords they swore to cast away
Their shameful dread, and act a noble part,
To fight against their foes, till life itself depart.

XXI.

“Thus Nuno, with indomitable will,
Whose iron grasp the most obdurate binds,
Doth his bold spirit, and resolve instil
Into those icy-cold and timid minds:
His glowing speech an instant echo finds;
Each gallant warrior mounts his noble steed,
Their former fears are scattered to the winds,
And from the crowds most joyful shouts proceed:
Long live our King by whom the nation shall be freed!

XXII.

“Amongst the people some the war approve,
By which their country's freedom is maintained;
Some burnish up their arms, with careful love,
Which time and long disuse with rust had stained,
Until no single spot or speck remained;
Whilst others pad their helmets, or prepare
Their coats of mail, and all are promptly trained,
Many in robes of various colours glare,
The emblems of their love the gallant warriors bear.

XXIII.

“King John, with that magnificent array,
From strong Abrantes' lofty towers proceeds;
Abrantes, round whose walls in winding way,
The Tagus flows, and bathes the flowery meads
From fresh abundant springs. A hero leads
The van of armed warriors, one whom fame,
Ennobled by such great, heroic deeds,
A fit and worthy leader would proclaim
Of those, that through the Hellespont with Xerxes came.

XXIV.

"Don Nuno was indeed the scourge of Spain,
 Who humbled proud Castile beneath his lance,
 As did the Hun in former times obtain
 Most glorious victories in lovely France,
 And fertile Italy. But still we glance
 With admiration on another Knight,
 Whose high renown no praises can enhance:
 Mem Vasconcellos was the champion hight,
 To whom the chief command was given on the right.

XXV.

"Upon the left or other wing, the head
 Was brave Antão, Abranches destined Earl:
 With practised skill, the dauntless captain led,
 Prepared at once, his gallant troops to hurl
 Against the hostile ranks. They now unfurl
 The banner, with its shields, and castles bright,
 Around the Monarch, eager in the whirl
 Of fiercest battle to decide the fight,
 Eclipsing Mars himself by his surpassing might.

XXVI.

"Now on the battlements the females stand,
 Fair maidens, sisters, daughters, mothers, wives:
 Fond hopes, and fears their feelings none commard,
 They vow, weep, suppliant pray for all their lives;
 By pilgrimage and fasting each one strives
 To guard her most beloved. The troops march out,
 The deadly foes approach, and hope revives,
 When through the air resounds a joyful shout;
 But still the bravest droop, and of the issue doubt.

XXVII.

“The trumpets with tremendous blast reply,
The pipers play, the drummers loudly sound,
Their standards gay the ensigns wave on high,
The flags in bright and various hues abound.
It was the harvest, when the threshing-ground
Glads husbandmen, and Ceres yields her boon,
The yellow crop; the sun, in yearly round,
Astrea enters, August’s glorious moon,
When Bacchus’ sweetest must from juicy grapes doth run

XXVIII.

“The proud Castilian clarions shrilly sounded
The signal, with discordant horrid blast,
Which from Artabro’s lofty mount rebounded:
O’er Guadiana’s waves the echo passed,
And they recoiled, such terror did it cast:
Both Alemtejo and the Douro heard,
The Tagus rushed to sea in frightful haste,
The awful din the nursing mothers feared,
Their infants who close hugged, by peril more endeared.

XXIX.

“How many cheeks were blanched, and pale with fear!
For terror drives the blood into the heart,
In gravest dangers, and alarms appear
Far greater when our fancy plays a part;
But should our furious wrath the wish impart
To wrong or crush those whom we deem our foes,
The chilling thoughts of peril soon depart;
None hesitate with any odds to close,
And men no longer dread their limbs or lives to lose.

XXX.

"At last, the hostile armies were engaged,
And both with utmost zeal, and fury fought,
These for their native land the conflict waged,
Those to obtain that rich dominion sought.
Pereira his accustomed wonders wrought;
His bold impetuous onset none withstand,
He charged, and trampled down, till all were brought
Beneath his feet: with trenchant sword in hand,
He carved their earthly graves for those who wanted land.

XXXI.

"Now through the air the winged arrows fly,
Long darts, and spears by stalwart arms are sped,
And clouds of missiles darken all the sky:
Earth trembles underneath the heavy tread
Of fiery steeds; loud clamours stun the head,
Like thunder-claps; with shivered spear and lance
The ground is strewn amidst the heaps of dead;
But still where Nuno casts his eagle-glance,
He sees increasing hosts with which the foes advance.

XXXII.

"And frowning brow to brow his brothers stood,
(A sad and cruel sight!), which could not shake
His soul, for 'tis no crime to shed the blood
Of nearest kinsmen, who their king forsake,
And on their country shameful warfare make:
But many renegades were not ashamed
A part 'gainst friends, and relatives to take
In civil war (vile conduct ever blamed),
As in that dreadful one which Julius erst proclaimed.

XXXIII.

“O Thou Sertorius, impious Cataline,
And proud Coriolanus! with all those
Who formed in ancient times the base design
By arms their friends and kindred to oppose,
Or joined, like parricides, your country's foes,
If now, beneath grim Pluto's dismal throne,
Your crimes are punished with severest woes,
In palliation, let it there be shown,
Amongst the Portuguese some traitors have been known!

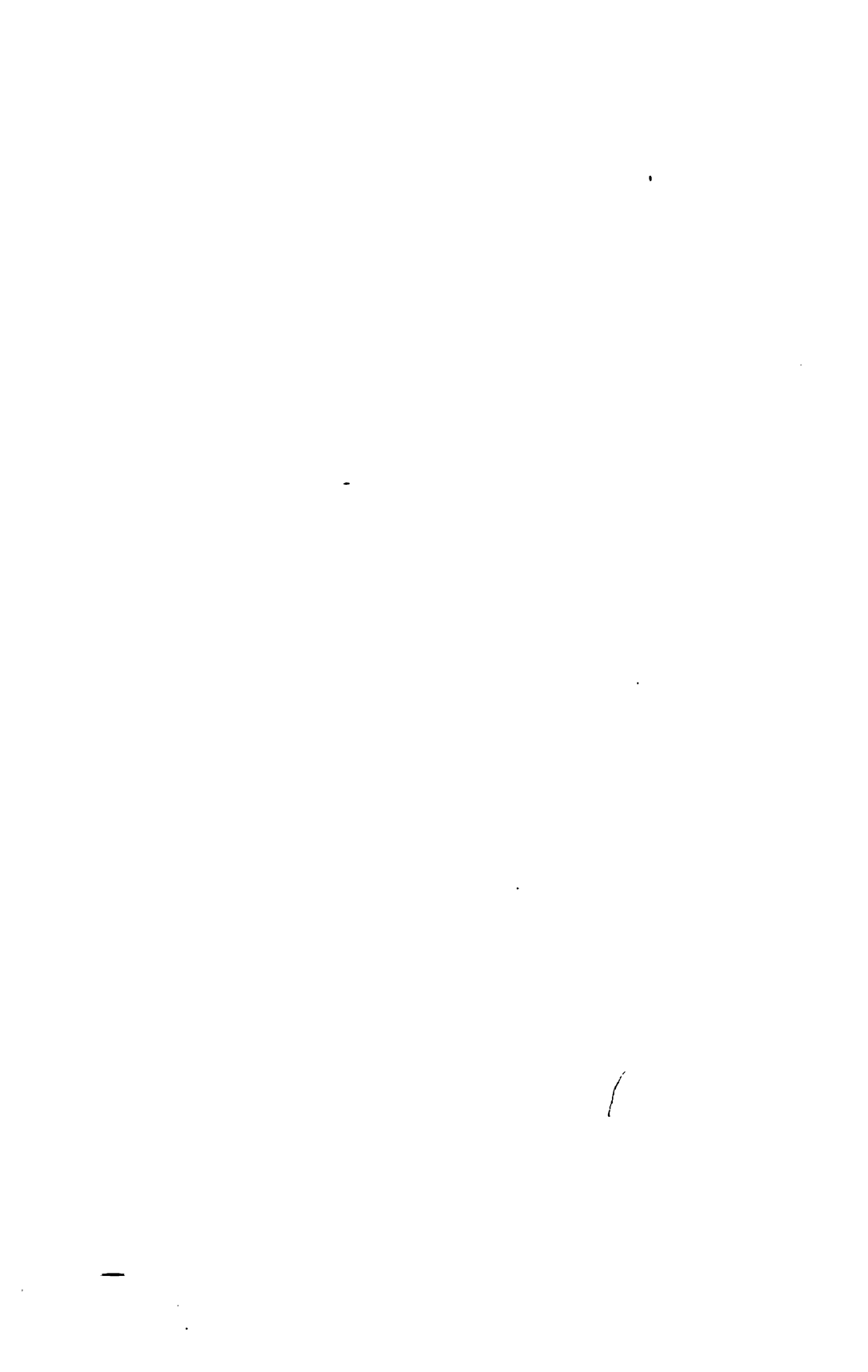
XXXIV.

“By overwhelming numbers sorely pressed,
The foremost Lusian ranks at last give way;
There Nuno is conspicuous o'er the rest;
Just as a noble lion stands at bay
On Ceuta's mountain-range, without dismay,
Beholding huntsmen riding o'er the plain
Of Tetuan, eager to surround their prey,
Who shoot their shafts, and hurl their spears in vain;
His foes excite not fear, but wrath and great disdain.

XXXV.

“He casts a lowering look of furious rage;
But wrath and courage make him far too proud,
To turn his back; they urge him on, they wage,
An equal strife; by spears and darts uncowed,
With mighty leap he rushes on the crowd:
Impassive thus undaunted Nuno stood,
His sword through slaughtered foemen ploughed
His course, and dyed the field; the stranger's brood
No less with Lusian gore their native soil imbrued.





XXXVI.

“The valiant monarch saw the cruel strait
In which bold Nuno, and his troops were placed:
He watched, and moved about to stimulate
The Lusian host; his eye the whole embraced,
And all their hearts his words and presence braced.
A lioness which, with maternal care,
Doth leave her young in quest of food in haste,
If some Massylian shepherd rob her lair,
With fury raves to find her cubs no longer there.

XXXVII.

“She rushes frantic through the forest glade,
She groans, she roars, her cries and yells resound,
The mountains quake, astonished and afraid;
Thus John a band of chosen warriors found,
To aid his vanguard on the battle ground:
“O brave and sure companions, knights in arms!
Than who none ever can be more renowned.
Maintain with fortitude, midst wars’ alarms,
The hope of liberty, which all your bosoms warms!”

XXXVIII.

“You see your faithful comrade, and your king,
Who rushes on the foe, despite a shower
Of spears and arrows, all the arms they bring!
Come on, and bravely strike! This is the hour
For Portuguese to strive, when dangers lower.”
The dauntless hero spoke, and four times threw
His deadly lance, with such resistless power,
And certain aim, that many foemen drew
Their latest breath, sad victims whom he singly slew.

XXXIX.

“This bright achievement with fresh spirit fires
Despondent hearts which feel a noble shame:
An ardent thirst for glory it inspires,
A firm resolve to conquer in the game
Of war, and thus obtain immortal fame:
Now comes the shock; their swords are tinged with gore,
The grandest passions all their hearts inflame,
They wound, they slay, themselves at every pore
Are bleeding fast, but none the loss of life deplore.

XL.

“Great numbers to the Stygian lake they send,
By winged arrows, swords and lances slain;
Here one who fought most bravely met his end,
He was grand master of Saint James of Spain:
Another also fell, but with the stain
Of cruel chief of Calatrava’s knights,
Whose sword with many Lusians strewed the plain;
And death those false Pereiras likewise smites,
Those renegades to Heaven, their king and nation’s rights.

XLI.

“Some men of lowly birth, and name unknown,
As well as some of rank and noble blood,
Into the dark abyss profound were thrown,
Where famished Cerberus insatiate stood
With triple jaws and fangs, in savage mood,
And seized departed souls. Castilian pride
Was on this day quite humbled, and subdued;
Her banners can their shame no longer hide,
And victory is on the Lusitanian side.

XLII.

“The dreadful battle now became more fierce;
They wound, they slay, they fill the air with cries,
Each other's blood they shed; they cut, they pierce;
Upon the field a heap of corpses lies,
The colour fading from their cheeks and eyes:
The victors with their swords and lances smite
The fugitives, not even rage supplies
Sufficient strength to wage a hopeless fight;
The proud Castilian King escapes by hasty flight.

XLIII.

“To his triumphant foes he leaves the field,
Rejoicing that he leaves not life behind:
The sad survivors to the panic yield,
And wings, not feet, their terror makes them find:
Conflicting passions rack the inmost mind
Of all those warriors, once so confident;
For slaughtered friends their grief with shame combined,
Their losses and disorder they lament,
The triumph of their foes is what they most resent.

XLIV.

“But some of them blaspheme, and curse the first
Who brought upon the earth detested war,
Whilst others loudly blame ambition's thirst
Of conquered realms, by which the nations are
Reduced to misery, and deep despair:
The lust of conquest justice overthrows,
Its outrages the people's blessings mar,
Then weeping wives, and mournful mothers lose
Their husbands, and their sons, and suffer endless woes.

XLV.

“Triumphant o’er Castile, king John remained
Upon the tented field the accustomed days;
There pilgrimage devout, and prayers ordained,
And offered costly gifts, in thankful praise
To Him, whom all earth’s states, and realms obey:
Great Nuno still with martial ardour burns,
He seeks for glory in no other way;
All flushed with joy, inactive ease he spurns,
And o’er the Tagus with his valiant troops returns.

XLVI.

“Propitious fate still favoured his design,
The project with complete success was crowned:
He marches to the Vandals’ frontier line,
Where ample wealth and richest spoils abound,
And very slight resistance would be found.
Fair Seville, and the Betis quickly lower
Their banners, whilst the feudal chiefs around
Are forced to yield, and all the people cower
Before the dread assault of Nuno’s mighty power.

XLVII.

“By these and many other dire defeats
The great Castilian realm was much depressed;
At last, both nations longed to taste the sweets
Of peace; the victor granted their request.
That welcome peace by Heaven was surely blest;
Which had decreed the rival kings should wed
Two lovely English sisters, both possessed
Of virtues rare: one graced John’s royal bed,
The other to Castile a joyful bride was led.

XLVIII.

"The Lusian King, to war so long inured,
For some opponent sought on land in vain:
Such indolence was not to be endured,
So he resolved to sail upon the main.
He was the first who signalized his reign
By seeking voluntary banishment,
In arms against the Koran to maintain
How far the holy Christian element
Excelled the dogmas which their prophet did invent.

XLIX.

"A thousand ships, like birds with spreading wings,
Are floating grandly in the silver wave
Of angry Thetis, and the wind soon brings
Them to that famous spot, to which the brave
Alcides once his name and pillars gave,
Mount Abyla and Ceuta are compelled
To bear the Lusians' yoke, for none can save
The herd of Mahomet they thence expelled,
All chance of Julian treason is for ever quelled.

L.

"Grim death did not permit that many years
Should pass ere Portugal should be deprived
Of her great hero, and to heavenly spheres
Removed the glorious king: his sons survived,
Bright scions of their sire, and thus revived
His noble fame: their conquests further spread
To distant regions, and the people thrived
Beneath the issue of that royal bed,
Illustrious princes all to arms and virtue bred!

LI.

“But Providence was not to his next heir
So gracious, for it mixed prosperity
With sad and evil days; it mingled care
And doubt with brightest joy, asperity
With sweet delight; its harsh severity
Still chastened all. Doth any one enjoy
Unmingled bliss? It were temerity
To count on happiness without alloy;
But most unwonted woes King Edward’s peace destroy.

LII.

“He saw his saintly brother Ferdinand,
Whose ardent soul to highest flights aspired,
A lonely captive in a foreign land:
That prince, by pity for the people fired,
To be himself their hostage was inspired,
To gain their liberty he lost his own:
As Ceuta, which the Sarracens required,
Could not be yielded, Edward must postpone
Fraternal love to right, his feelings to his throne.

LIII.

“Athenian Codrus sacrificed his life,
That so his country might defeat its foes,
And Regulus, when vanquished in the strife,
To guard the fame of Rome, a danger chose;
And to endure the worst of woes.
The royal youth a holy martyr died,
Against the Moors the gates of Spain to close:
Let Codrus, Curtius, loyal Decius hide
Their vaunted deeds for one more justly glorified!

LIV.

"The fifth Alfonso next ascends the throne,
Its only heir, in arms of high renown:
The ruthless border warden was o'erthrown
And all his haughty pride was trampled down,
To bow submissive to the Monarch's frown:
But happier far with more unclouded fame
If he had never sought the Spanish crown,
For still the tribes of Africa proclaim
This king's resistless might, and tremble at his name.

LV.

"He could alone the golden apples take,
Which only Hercules did gain before;
Ne'er could the infidels the fetters break,
But on their necks his yoke they humbly bore.
The palm of victory the hero wore,
And glorious laurels decked his kingly brow:
For great Alcacer wrested from the Moor,
When strong Arzila and Tangiers bow
Their heads: no efforts can avert the fatal blow.

LVI.

"These noble cities, entered by main force,
Give up their walls to his resistless might,
Subdued, abandoned, left without resource
Against the Portuguese, long used to slight
All obstacles and perils in the fight:
Here many feats by valiant knights were done,
Most worthy of a place in annals bright,
Which all with noble pride may dwell upon,
And thus the Lusian fame most glorious triumph won.

LVII.

“But vast ambition fired Alfonso’s breast
With boundless lust of conquest’s tempting bait,
To war with Ferdinand, who then possessed
Not only Aragon, but all the power
Of great Castile. This was an evil hour
For Portugal, since every vassal land
Of proud and valiant tribes their legions pour,
In prompt obedience to their King’s command:
From Cadiz to the Pyrenees they take their stand.

LVIII.

“But John, the youthful prince, would not remain
In idle apathy, nor let his sire
Alone encounter all the hosts of Spain:
His reinforcements, full of martial fire,
He marches quickly, as affairs require:
Calm and serene, the youth maintains his post,
And though his father, after struggle dire,
And desperate, retreats before the host,
The long and arduous fight is not completely lost.

LIX.

“’Twas thus the prince, a most accomplished knight,
Of graceful mien, of high and lofty soul,
Throughout that dreadful day sustained the fight,
And caused most deadly carnage in the whole
Array of haughty foes. To like control
Octavius Cæsar was obliged to yield,
Whilst Antony, his friend, remained the sole
And glorious victor on Philippi’s field
Where Julius’ murderers in stern revenge were killed.

LX.

"But when the dismal night had closed the eyes
Of brave Alfonso, and he passed away
From earth unto the pure celestial skies,
His son, the second John, assumed the sway,
The thirtcenth monarch whom we all obey.
His name shall be with brightest glory crowned:
He strove, (sublime, stupendous task!), the way
To find to fair Aurora's native ground,
That eastern land to which my vessels now are bound.

LXI.

"His messengers to distant parts resort,
They traverse Spain, and France, and that far-famed
Italian land, embarking in a port
Which in old times Parthenope was named,
But now fair Naples, which has oft been claimed,
And conquered by contending kings and states,
As if, in reckless sport, blind fortune aimed
The shafts of destiny: Spain subjugates
The lovely realm at last, and now controls its fates.

LXII.

"The deep Sicilian sea they sail along,
And gliding by the Rhodian sandy beach,
Across the midland sea their course prolong,
Until the famous lofty banks they reach
Where Pompey's dying groans such lessons teach:
To gorgeous Memphis' walls their course they wend,
Through Egypt where the Nile enriches each
Glad year, to Ethiopia they ascend
Where many still to Christ their knecs in worship bend.

LXIII.

“They sailed upon that Erythræan sea
Which once God’s chosen people safely crossed
Within a ford, by Pharaoh forced to flee:
They skirt the Nabathean hills, which boast
The name of Ishmael’s son: the Sabean coast,
Whose odoriferous, spicy groves attest,
That it Adonis’ mother honoured most,
All this they passed, with Araby the blest,
But not its rocky soil, nor sandy desert waste.

LXIV.

“The envoys enter now the Persian strait
Where old tradition clearly testifies
To Babel’s sad confusion: there the great
Euphrates and the Tigris take their rise,
And each grand stream those fountains glorifies:
They flow together to the Indus deep,
Whose future history shall reach the skies:
Across that sea no ancient ships did sweep,
E’en Trajan was compelled within those bounds to keep.

LXV.

“They saw some peoples, quite unknown and strange
From India, Caramania’s vast domain,
And great Gedrosia’s realm, for manners change
And customs vary many monarchs’ reign,
And all those regions different laws maintain:
With toils and hardships they pursued their way
Through horrid paths they shall not cross again,
These weary men the debt of nature pay,
Nor reach the land where first they saw the light of day.

LXVI.

"It seems as if almighty heaven reserved
For great Emmanuel this enterprise,
And glorious triumph which he well deserved:
To this the prince, so favoured of the skies,
His constant thoughts and energies applies:
When thus Emmanuel to John succeeded,
On John's great work he fixed his mind and eyes.
And not alone his kingdoms' welfare heeded,
But also to control the Ocean he proceeded.

LXVII.

"Our monarch (ever mindful of the thought,
By which his ancestors were all inspired,
Renowned and most illustrious Kings! Who sought
To add new realms to those they had acquired),
To their great aim, most ardently aspired:
Thus, when the sun's rays earth no longer blest.
And all the stars their brilliant light retired
Beneath the waves by drowsy sleep oppressed,
The eyes of mortal closed, and calmly sank to rest.

LXVIII.

"As on his golden couch the king reclined
(For there imagination truly shows
Her magic force), and pondered in his mind
The load of cares which blood and power impose,
His vast design in vivid colours rose,
Whilst sweet and welcome slumber sealed his eyes,
It could not fancy's glorious visions close,
For, though in prostrate lassitude he lies,
Still Morpheus fills his mind with wondering phantasies.

LXIX.

“He seemed in dreams to soar to such a height,
That with his hand he touched the heavenly sphere,
And then before his rapt, astonished sight,
Unheard of regions, and new worlds appear,
With men so strange, and fierce exciting fear:
And when his eyes their farthest gaze extend,
To where the sun begins his great career,
He sees two mountains to the skies ascend,
Whence two most limpid, deep, and crystal rills descend.

LXX.

“Upon the wild and savage mountains stray
Wild birds and animals of every kind,
With monsters huge, and furious beasts of prey,
Whilst jungle, trees, and lofty grass combined
A barrier make, where none a passage find:
The mountains high all intercourse prevent
Between the nations by this goal confined:
Since Adam sinned, on fatal knowledge bent,
No mortal foot beyond this limit ever went.

LXXI.

“Then suddenly before his wondering eyes,
In those two streams, which from the mountains flow.
Two men, both grave, and aged, seemed to rise:
Their aspect was most venerable, although
Uncouth and wild: their strides were long but slow.
Great drops of water from their hair run down,
And, both their bodies signs of moisture show:
Their skins were dark, their beards had densely grown,
So long, they showed that they had razors never known.

LXXII.

"The brows of both were bent, and gaily crowned
With branches, and with flowers new and strange;
But one looked wearied, just as if the ground
Through which he came was at a distant range:
The waters also suffered mighty change
In their impetuous course, as Alpheus knows
With art his secret current to arrange,
To Syracuse from fair Arcadia flows,
In Arethusa's arms its hidden waters throws.

LXXIII.

"This one who greater gravity displayed,
In accents clear, the Monarch thus addressed:
"O Thou! whose glorious crown and realms have swayed
A wide expanse of earth, by thee possessed,
We now, whose fame a thousand tongues attest,
Who yet, for countless ages, never bowed
Our necks beneath the yoke, by force oppressed,
At last the time has come, we cry aloud,
When tribute vast shall be by us on thee bestowed.

LXXIV.

"I am the far-famed Ganges, and my source
Is in the distant, great, celestial land;
This other is the Indus, whose long course
Begins in those high mountains, truly grand,
Which thou dost now behold: it shall withstand
Thy utmost efforts, but 'tis doomed by fate
To yield at last to thy resistless band,
Whose victories thy kingdom shall dilate,
Subdue the Indian race, and bridle every state!"

LXXV.

“No more the grand and sacred river spoke,
And both the phantoms vanished into space;
Emmanuel from his strange dream awoke,
And pondered still on what had taken place,
And much perplexed his mind: The brilliant rays
Of Phoebus now dispersed the shades of night
Through all the firmament with matchless grace,
The lovely morning dawns diffusing light,
With blushing rosy tints, and flowers purple-bright.

LXXVI.

“His councillors are summoned by the king
Who to them all his wondrous vision told;
The greetings of the holy ancient bring
Delight and admiration uncontrolled,
And all their souls in rapt amazement hold:
The ships of war are ordered to prepare
For ocean-service, manned by seamen bold
Who brave the roaring seas, and only care
To find a different clime, to breathe another air.

LXXVII.

“And I, who little thought that I should see
Accomplished what I cherished in my breast
(For my prophetic soul encouraged me
With ardent hopes that I should yet be blessed
In some great enterprise), I here protest
I cannot tell the reason or the spring,
Or what the qualities which I possessed
That led my gracious and exalted king
To choose my humble self for such an arduous thing.

LXXVIII.

"He spoke in kindest words, which fall so well
From royal lips to stir a vassal's soul,
And deepest love and gratitude compel:
"However hard and dangerous, the whole
By countless toils and courage we control:
The men, who perish or their lives expose,
Shine ever bright and glorious in the roll
Of fame, for, though their course may shortly close,
The shorter is its span, the greater length it shows.

LXXIX.

"I choose thee as most worthy to command
My noble fleet, and lead an enterprize
Of glorious kind, as difficult as grand,
And feel quite confident that thou wilt rise
Above the arduous work: I greatly prize
Thy trust." "At once!" I said, "and undertake
To fight with fire and snow, the seas and skies,
O king! all this is little for thy sake,
I would my life itself could be a greater stake!

LXXX.

"Let such stupendous labours be supposed
As on Alcides, whom Alcmena bore,
By harsh Euristheus were of old imposed,
The fierce Nemean lion, savage boar
Of Erymanthus, Harpies dire, yet more,
The dread descent to gloomy realms below,
Where Stygian waters bathe the infernal shore!
All dangers pain, and woe, that man can know,
My flesh and spirit are prepared to undergo."

LXXXI.

“The King with sumptuous boons rewards my zeal,
And is most kind and lavish in his praise,
For virtue’s commendations make us feel
Redoubled ardour, and our courage raise
To noblest deeds. My brother Paul displays
Fraternal love; he hastens to declare
His firm resolve to go, for friendship sways
His heart, no less than love and hope to share
The fame and glory which will crown our toil and care.

LXXXII.

“Brave Nicholas Coelho, who had been
Long sorely tried by dangers on the sea,
Now likewise joins me! both of them have seen
Experience in war and strategy,
Both wise and valiant in a high degree:
A band of youthful mariners supplied
The vessels’ crews of reckless bravery
And fortitude, and this they testified
When eagerly for such a service they applied.

LXXXIII.

“Emmanuel these gallant youths rewarded
With costly gifts to stimulate their love
For hardships dire, to which they saw awarded
Such recompense, whilst royal praises move
Their inmost hearts. Thus valiant Jason strove
To urge the Argonauts to sail in quest
Of that rich golden fleece, and soar above
The perils of the Euxine, when the best
Of Grecian youths embarked at Jason’s own request.

LXXXIV.

“In that great city, which Ulysses founded
The armament equipped, and fully manned,
With much excitement, but with joy unbounded,
Was proudly anchored near the noble strand,
Where Tagus, rolling o’er the golden sand,
Its waters mingles with the boundless deep:
No doubts restrain, no dangers fright my band
Of warriors, or the seamen prompt to sweep
The seas with me, and all the glorious harvest reap!

LXXXV.

“Along the beach the hardy soldiers crowd,
In garb of various shapes, and coloured vest,
Of their superior valour justly proud;
The hearts of all with joyous hopes impressed
To roam in other lands: the ships are dressed
With gaudy flags, and standards, which the breeze
Most gently floats above: the men protest
That, when their ships have traversed all the seas,
Like Argo’s brightest stars, to shine they shall not cease.

LXXXVI.

“When we had thus most carefully prepared
Whatever such a distant course required,
Our souls demanded care: and nought was spared
To meet our death, which holy faith inspired,
For death pursues our course with steps untired:
To that benign, supreme, almighty power,
Whose glance obedience from the heavens required,
Our humble prayers, and orisons we pour,
That on our enterprize he may his blessings shower.

LXXXVII.

“We then departed from the holy fane,
Erected grand and stately on the site
Called Bethlehem, which doth the name retain
Of that poor place, where Jesus saw the light,
An infant God. My word, Great King! I plight,
That, when this parting scene once more appears
Before my memory (a thrilling sight! —
Where all were racked with anxious doubts, and fears),
My eyes with anguish swell, and scarce refrain from tears.

LXXXVIII.

“The people of the city, on that day,
Assembled in great numbers: some are friends,
Some relatives, whilst many the display
Of splendour, which such parting scenes attends,
Attracted to the spot. Far other ends
We contemplate: a thousand holy men
Accompanied, our gallant crew, which wends
Its way on board, a grave procession; then,
We pray to Him who is above all mortal ken.

LXXXIX.

The route was long, and to such risks exposed,
That all looked gloomy, sad, and quite depressed,
Foreboding that our mortal days were closed:
Whilst wailing womens’ tears their grief expressed,
A frequent sigh came from each manly breast:
Wives, mothers, sisters, whom their loving care
With deep despondency, and doubts impressed —
For chilling dread was joined with their despair —
That, during many years, they must our absence bear.

XC.

"One lonely mother cried: "O dearest son!
The sole support, and solace of my years,
Of wretched life, whose course shall soon be run
In hopeless grief, and unavailing tears,
Why rob me thus of all that life endears,
And leave me desolate to pine away!
Why dost thou go? My heart is racked with fears,
That thou wilt perish on the trackless way,
And monsters of the deep upon thy corpse shall prey!

XCI.

"A wife exclaims, with long, dishevelled hair:—
"Most fondly loved, sole treasure of my heart!
Since love first placed thy cherished image there,
My life itself must cease if once we part:
On ocean's furious waves why dost thou start?
Why risk a life which is no longer thine,
Why thus on me inflict this cruel smart?
Why calm content, domestic joys resign
To be the sport of sails, and winds upon the brine?

XCII.

"Such touching words afflicted women spoke,
Which love, and kind humanity revealed:
Like accents from the old and children broke,
Whose feeble helplessness is unconcealed,
And vents itself in sobs. Th'adjacent field
And lofty mountains, which that place surround,
Are nearly moved a sad response to yield,
Whilst dark and lovely eyes bedew the ground
And tears as countless as the golden sands abound.

XCIII.

“But we ourselves dare not to lift our eyes
To look upon our mothers or our wives,
Behold their tears, or hear their piteous cries;
For nature all our agony revives,
And love against our firmest purpose strives:
I then resolved this parting to forego
With those most cherished darlings of our lives,
For such farewells though they from love may flow,
But grieve all those who stay no less than those who go.

XCIV.

“An aged man, whose aspect awe inspired,
Amidst the crowd was standing on the beach:
His gestures gravest discontent respired:
He raised his warning voice in ominous speech,
His words the vessels could distinctly reach,
And speaking (thrice he shook his drooping head)
What long experience alone could teach,
His breast a torrent of reproaches shed,
And his forebodings dire in angry tones he said:

XCV.

“O great ambition! vile and base desire
Of idle vanity or earthly fame!
Delusive hopes, which sets our souls on fire!—
We call thee honour, when the mobs acclaim
With feeble praise, and gain an empty name—
What heavy chastisements dost thou impose
On all those men, whose breasts such thoughts inflame,
What troubles, slights, what dangers, deaths and woes!
At every step they feel severe and cruel blows.

XCVI.

“O restless perturbation of the soul,
And human life! thou causest desolation,
Adulteries, ruin, where thou hast control,
Thou art the gulf, which swallows fortune, nation,
Empire, and kingdoms by thy fascination!
As grand, sublime and lofty, thou art greeted,
When thou deservest only detestation:
Thy wicked acts, like fame and glory treated,
Illusions spread by which unwary men are cheated.

XCVII.

“What new misfortunes dire dost thou intend
Against these realms or men? Are thy designs
To cause them perils or untimely end?
What promise of strange lands or golden mines
Their minds to thy deceitful snares inclines?
Is it some feat, renowned in future days,
Achieved with ease, which with such glitter shines?
What splendid triumph or great victory?
What fame’s immortal palms, and bright undying glory?

XCVIII.

“But thou, perverse, unhappy generation,
Which sprang from him whose disobedient will,
And sin provoked our dismal condemnation
From those bright heavenly realms of light, which fill
All hearts with bliss, to banishment where still
We linger sadly, man no longer knows
The sweets of Paradise, but only ill,
The golden age of innocent repose
For that of iron changed with war and all its woes.

XCIX.

“Since thou to cheating fancy’s wildest dreams
With recklessness dost throw the loosened reins,
Since glory is a name which ill beseems
Ferocity and rage with all their stains,
Since fear of death no longer men restrains,
Who thus despise that life, which is the best
And greatest boon which sinful man obtains.
This truth by life’s great author was confessed
When death’s cold agony the lord of life oppressed.

C.

“Art thou not close upon the Ismaelite,
With whom thou canst in constant wars engage?
If thou for Christ alone dost wish to fight,
Why not on cursed Moslems vent thy rage?
Will not their many towns, and lands assuage
Thy thirst, if thou desirest to have more?
Are not these infidels inured to wage
Most dreadful wars, like valiant men? What store
Of glory canst thou gain by shedding human gore?

CI.

“Whilst troops to distant regions thou dost send,
To seek new foes, thy ancient ones increase
At thine own gates: thou may’st indeed extend
Thy conquests; but thy people will decrease,
And in thy native realm thy power must cease:
By perils, both uncertain and unknown,
Thou seek’st thy greed of glory to appease,
If India, Persia, and Arabia, own
Themselves and Africa beneath the Lusian throne.

CII.

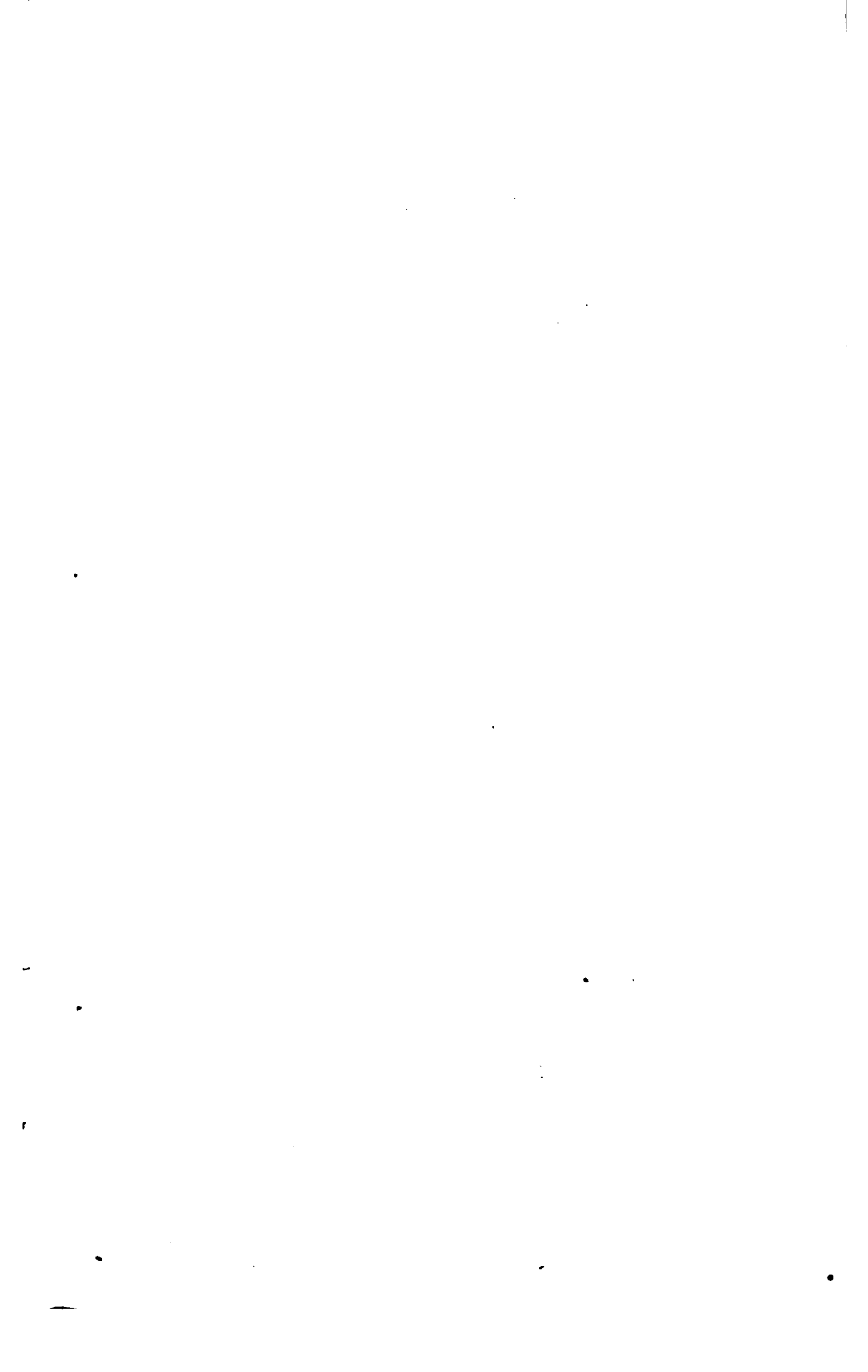
"Accursed be he who first did hoist a mast,
And spread his sails upon the boisterous sea!
Into the deep profound he should be cast,
For punishment, if any truth there be
In what I hold, and that was taught to me.
Let no great bard, nor lofty wit proclaim,
Thy praise, nor sounding lyre ennoble thee!
Let none admire, let no one spread thy fame,
Let dark oblivion blot thy memory and name!

CIII.

"The fire from heaven, by Prometheus brought,
Enkindled fury in the human breast,
By which foul murders, rapines, rapes were wrought;
To mortals this has proved a dreadful pest,
Whose deadly poison doth the world infest.
How much Prometheus must we all desire,
And much the more the earth would now be blest,
That thy famed statue ne'er inhaled that fire,
Which roused its energy, and taught it to aspire!

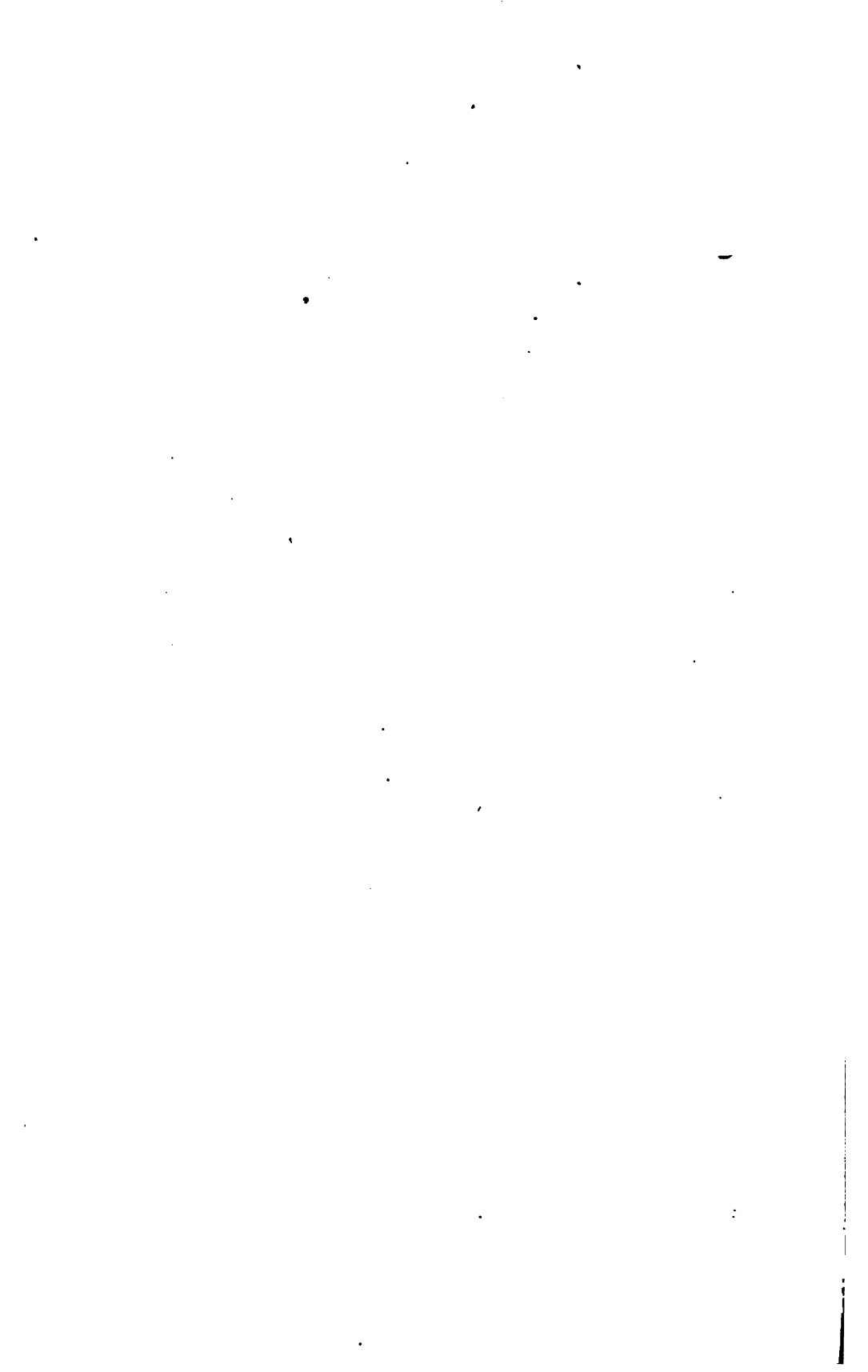
CIV.

"The wretched youth would never then have tried
To drive Apollo's chariot through the air,
The architect would not have sought to glide
With Icarus, whose name that sea doth bear:
His sire denotes a famous river there:
On conflict dire, a foul, nefarious deed,
Through fire and sword no one would rashly dare:
Nor heat, nor cold, nor water mortals heed,
Most wretched races all! in strangest course proceed!



THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIFTH.



THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Stanzas I. to IV.—The fleet leaves the Tagus, and Cintra's mountains are seen far away. V.—The Island of Madeira described. VI. and VII.—They pass the land of the Azenegues. VIII.—Their country described. IX.—Cape Verde islands. X.—The coast of Africa. XI.—The land of Gorgans. XII.—Sierra Leone and Cape Palma. XIII.—Congo and the equinoctial line. XIV. and XV.—Various stars and constellations. XVI. to XVII.—Storms with thunder and lightning. XVIII.—Saint Elmo's light. XIX. to XXIII.—Description of a water-spout. XXIV. to XXXVI.—Land is discovered, treachery of the blacks, and ludicrous adventure of Veloso; in the conflict Gama is slightly wounded. XXXVII. and XXXVIII.—Terrible appearance of an enormous cloud, and prayer of Gama. XXXIX. and XL.—Description of the Giant Adamastor. XLI. to XLIV.—Speech of Adamastor. XLV.—He foretells the fate of D. Francisco de Almeida. XLVI. to XLVIII.—Heart-rending account of the shipwreck and death of a young Portuguese with his wife and children. XLIX.—Gama interrupts the Giant to ask his name and history. L. to LIX.—Adamastor relates his amorous adventure with Thetis, and his sad transformation. LX.—Adamastor disappears, and Gama prays to God that his prophecy may not be fulfilled. LXI. to LXIV.—Arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, where the natives are very kind and gentle. LXV. to LXVII.—Contrary currents overcome by a strong southerly wind. LXVII. to LXIX.—They arrive at the river "Dos Reis". LXX. to LXXII.—Gama dilates upon the courage and constancy of the Portuguese. LXXIII. to LXXIX.—They pass Sofala, and enter a small harbour. LXXX. to LXXXIX.—Terrible ravages of scurvy. LXXXV. to LXXXIX.—Gama makes a comparison between his own exploits, and those of the Heroes celebrated by

Homer and Virgil. XC. to XCIII.—The king and people of Melinda are struck with wonder at the adventures of the Portuguese. XCIV. and XCV.—Regret is expressed that Portugal, which can boast of most valiant warriors, does not possess bards to celebrate their deeds. XCVI. and XCVII.—All great captains have been distinguished for their cultivation of Literature. XCVIII. to the end.—The poet censures his countrymen for their harshness, and austerity, and their contempt for the Muses.



THE LUSIAD.

CANTO V.

I.

“The old man still continued his discourse
In shrillest accents, whilst we spread our sails
To leave the port so loved, and steer our course
To distant climes, with fair and gentle gales:
According to a custom which prevails,
And yet is never seen without emotion,
A shout of “Good and prosperous voyage” hails
The parting ships, which now, with easy motion,
Are wafted by the wind upon the boundless ocean.

II.

“The bright eternal sun had entered now
The zodiac, where the fierce lion stands,
The world, which time consumes, infirm and slow,
Had reached six ages since the seas and lands
First issued from their Great Creator’s hands;
Ten times fourteen, four score and seventeen,
The year of grace, when, by our King’s commands,
Upon the world of waters there was seen
His great armada, proud of all its strength and sheen.

III.

“But as we sailed along, our native mountains,
And much loved country, disappeared from sight;
Whilst Cintra’s Sierra, with its icy fountains,
On which we fondly gazed with deep delight,
Was left behind; but soon was thrown a blight
Upon our drooping hearts, which backward fly
To those we leave, and whom love’s ties unite:
Receding shores no longer meet the eye,
We naught behold but wide expanse of sea and sky.

IV.

“We thus proceeded boldly on our way
Through seas, which none had ever known before,
And saw new islands, and new climes which lay
Before us, as we sailed along the shore
Which noble Henry taught us to explore:
Those mountains, places, on the Moorish coast,
Which huge Antaeus held in days of yore,
All stand upon our left: the right can boast
Of nothing surely known; all’s in conjecture lost.

V.

“We pass Madeira’s lordly isle with trees
Abounding, whence the island takes its name,
The first inhabited by Portuguese:
It owes much more to name than to its fame;
But, though the last of all the isles that came
Within the reach of Venus lovely eyes,
None to her love can have a better claim:
Cythera, Gnidus, Cyprus lose the prize,
And even Paphos, quite forgotten, lonely lies.

VI.

"We shunned Massylia's wild and sterile waste,
Where Azenegues their flocks to pasture lead,
A race that limpid water never taste :
The herbage growing wild, on which they feed,
Subsistence scarcely yields; nor trees nor seed
Repay the husbandmen: some birds digest
The iron which they swallow in their need:
By such, this tract, by utmost want depressed,
Twixt Barbary and Ethiopia, is possessed.

VII.

"We cross the goal to which Apollo drives
His flaming chariot on his northern way,
Where dwell those whom Climene's son deprives
Of clear, white face, and colour like the day;
Here strange and savage nations hold the sway:
Great blessings black Sanaga hath conferred,
Cool currents bathe the land, and heats allay,
Cape Arsinarius is no longer heard,
Since Lusian sailors changed its name into Cape Verde.

VIII.

"The beautiful Canaries came in sight,
Isles called the Fortunate, in days of old,
If we believe what ancient poets write:
The rich Hesperides we next behold,
Which aged Hesperus' fair daughters hold;
Our ships frequent them, and most wonderful tales
Of what they see, by mariners are told;
To their fine port direct the armada sails,
And there abundant store the exhausted fleet avails.

IX.

“We reached the island, which derives its name
From Saint Iago, warrior-Saint, who fought
So bravely on the Spanish side, and fame
Achieved by dreadful woes and carnage wrought
Upon the Moorish ranks. From thence we sought
The mighty ocean’s broad extensive lake,
When Boreas his welcome breezes brought:
We thus that safe and friendly port forsake
From which an ample stock of food and stores we take.

X.

“Whilst sailing round that part of Afric’s coast
Which there recedes towards the eastern side,
Jalofa’s wide spread province here we crost—
Whence distant realms with negroes are supplied—
And now Mandinga’s region descried,
Whence man obtains the metal which he craves,
That rich resplendent gold: here also glide
The waters of the Gambia’s stream, which laves
The land, until it rolls into the Atlantic waves.

XI.

“We passed the Dorcades: in ancient days,
Here dwelt three sisters, all deprived of sight,
Who had one only eye to see the rays
Which darted from the sun, which each one might
Make use of in her turn to see the light:
But thou, whose curly locks of hair, alone,
Entangled Neptune, thou hast felt the blight
Of wrinkled age, and hast the ugliest grown,
And hast upon the sands most deadly vipers thrown!

XII.

"Still to the south we always turned the prow,
 Advancing through that gulf of vast extent
 With gentle speed; we left behind us now
 Leoa's rugged heights; our course we bent
 Beyond the Cape of Palms; and then we went
 To that broad river, where the ocean's tide
 Resounds aloud, an island's settlement,
 Surnamed from him who still the truth denied,
 Until he touched the wound in his Redeemer's side.

XIII.

"The mighty realm of Congo here is reached,
 Whose docile natives readily believed
 The faith of Christ by zealous pastors preached:
 Their lands the long and limpid Zaire received,
 The sight of which the ancients ne'er achieved:
 Upon the boundless sea the armada rides,
 Callisto's well known pole was then perceived; No
 We crossed the Line where scorching heat abides,
 Which this terrestrial globe in equal parts divides.

XIV.

"We had observed in this new hemisphere
 A star, to many persons, yet unknown,
 Which hitherto uncertain did appear;
 The ignorant its existence would not own:
 We saw in that far less resplendent zone
 The heavens displayed faint brilliancy and light,
 Because the stars in smaller numbers shone
 At the south pole, where no one knows aright
 If ocean terminates, or new lands greet the sight.

XV.

“We passed the regions, which the glorious sun
Doth traverse twice in each successive year,
And brings two summers’ heats instead of one,
With double winter’s cold: he must, so, steer
His annual course, that so he may appear
At both the poles. We suffered many woes
From winds and storms, which mariners must fear,
And saw the Bears, though Juno’s threats oppose,
Plunge into Neptune’s arms which round them quickly close.

XVI.

“Had I the will at greater length to dwell
On Ocean scenes, which men can scarcely know,
Nor clearly comprehend, ’twere mine to tell
Of thunder-storms above, of rains below,
Of lightning’s flash with which the sky doth glow,
When claps of thunder through the air resound,
Of darkest nights, of gloomy dread, and woe:
This wearisome and bootless would be found,
Although my voice and lungs were all with iron bound.

XVII.

“Things strange and wonderful appeared in sight,
Which rude, experienced seamen all believe,
And as quite true recount them with delight:
But such appearances do not deceive
The men of sober judgment, who will leave
No single fact unproved, but go in quest
Of nature’s secret works, and soon perceive,
Those wondrous stories cannot stand the test
Of patient search, and treat them as an idle jest.

XVIII.

"I also saw the strange and vivid lights,
So often seen in tempests, and which seem
To burn upon the seas in stormy nights,
When howling winds resound, without a gleam
Of hope — these mariners most holy deem —,
Likewise that sight, which many have a notion
That 'tis miraculous and quite supreme,
When clouds suck water from the trackless ocean
With their long spouts, which none behold without emotion.

XIX.

'Another wonder came before my eyes
(This vision I do not presume to doubt);
Thin fumes and vapours from the waters rise,
By gentle breezes moved and spread about,
Till, from the surface of the deep drawn out,
They reach the firmament; these are so fine
And delicate in texture all throughout,
That e'en keen — sighted men cannot define .
If these in substance with the airy clouds combine.

XX.

"These spouts much larger grow, by slow degrees,
And to the thickness of a mast attain,
More slender in some parts, but still increase
In others, as they suck in from the main
Large quantities of water; still they did sustain
Great oscillations as the billows do:
A dense, black cloud doth e'er the post remain,
Which larger, thicker, and much heavier grew
With that enormous load which it from ocean drew.

XXI.

“So might a purple leech most firmly hold
The tortured lips of some unlucky beast
(Which came to drink the water of the cold
And limpid fount), and thus delighted feast
Upon the crimson blood, and, so much pleased
To quench its thirst, the reptile larger grows:
’Twas thus this spout in magnitude increased,
And, as the water from the Ocean rose,
Those columns, largely swollen, those black clouds engross.

XXII.

“But when the cloud was gorged completely there,
The sucking columns’ feet relaxed their hold;
They drop down rain whilst flying through the air,
In spouts the waters back to water rolled,
The waves returned to waves you may behold:
The taste is changed, for, in some curious ways,
It loses all its salt: such wonders told
May fill the wise and learned with amaze
To know what secret things pure nature still displays.

XXIII.

“If those philosophers of old, who spent
Their lives in travels, seeking all unknown
And hidden secrets, ever underwent
What I endured, by winds tempestuous blown,
Or saw the strange and rare which I was shown,
What grand descriptions should we not have heard!
How many signs, and stars would then be known!
How very strange would be what they record!—
Unnumbered mysteries, but true in every word.

XXIV.

"The planet, which the first of all the spheres
Inhabits, now presenting all her face,
Now only part, once more in heaven appears
Approaching, with accelerated pace,
Five times, since mighty Ocean's boundless space
We first began to cross: the joyful cry
Of "Land!" by lynx-eyed seamen seen they raise;
With eager haste on deck the sailors fly,
And to the glorious East they turn an anxious eye.

XXV.

"At first the mountains high like clouds appear
Upon the land, which all our eyes regales;
We raise the heavy anchors with their gear,
And soon we furl the closely reefed sails,
Throughout the fleet, the utmost care prevails:
The better any danger to prevent,
And known the truth, the astrolabe avails
Us greatly now: this is an instrument
Which wise and skilful men did recently invent.

XXVI.

"Our crews all rush most joyfully on shore,
Inflamed with eager curiosity,
To go where none had ever trod before,
And those strange lands and novel customs see;
But very different cares devolved on me:
I took the pilot on the sandy strand,
To try and ascertain where we might be,
By solar altitude to understand
The marks and bearings with the features of the land.

XXVII.

“We noted that we were beyond the goal
Half goat, half fish, as on our course we glide
Between that and the icy southern pole,
Where nature doth her greatest secrets hide:
A stranger, then, I suddenly descried,
A black in colour whom our men surround;
He was discovered on the mountain side
When taking honey-combs; by force they bound
The man, and brought him here from where he had been found.

XXVIII.

“He looked perturbed and overcome with fear,
As one who felt perplexity extreme;
His gait and gesture made the black appear
More savage than the monster, Polypheme:
His speech is strange, and ours as strange must seem;
I showed him what had covered erst the fleece
Of Colchos, first of metals as we deem;
The brute the silver, gold, and spices sees,
He gazes, listless quite, and moved by none of these.

XXIX.

“I bade them show him things of little price,
Transparent beads, as crystal pure and clear,
With little tinkling varvels neat and nice
A scarlet cap, a colour which is dear
To many people: Then at once appear
The looks of pleasure and of great delight,
Which prove his hopes and thoughts are centred here:
He is released and runs with all his might
To his own hamlet which is very near the site.

XXX.

"On the next day, his friends and kindred throng,
Quite naked, with their skins as dark as night;
With utmost speed in crowds they rush along,
Descending quickly from each neighbouring height,
And take those trifling things, with much delight:
The blacks look tame, and marks of kindness show,
And everything appears so safe and bright,
That Ferdinand Velloso wished to know
Them better, and resolved into the woods to go.

XXXI.

Velloso mainly on his strength relies,
Through arrogance believes himself secure:
As time elapsed, I strained my anxious eyes,
To catch some sign that all was safe and sure;
In vain I sought the signal I procure:
Lo! down the mountain's rough and steep descent,
With all the speed his limbs could scarce endure,
The adventurer, on his escape intent,
Runs back towards the sea much faster than he went.

XXXII.

"Coelho's boat rows off at once to save.
The fugitive; but, ere it can arrive,
An African advances, stout and brave,
Resolved that he shall not escape alive,
Whilst many others come prepared to strive:
Velloso was in straits, and quite alone:
I rowed with all my strength, so to arrive
In time to rescue him; for they had shown
Themselves in open day prepared to aid their own.

XXXIII.

Dense clouds of stones and arrows quickly showered
Upon us, nor were these untruly aimed,
For I myself received a wound untoward
By which my leg was slightly hurt and lamed:
But their rude insolence was promptly tamed,
For our brave fellows many negroes sped,
By indignation, wrath and rage inflamed;
So great the slaughter, that the blacks seem red,
Not only in their caps, but wounds which freely bled.

XXXIV.

Velloso thus was rescued from their hands,
And all in haste returned on board the fleet:
As then those brutal, bestial, wicked bands,
In such a base and cruel fashion treat
The harmless guests, we have no chance to meet
With any tidings which we still require
Of India's glorious land; the distant seat
To which our ardent wish and hope aspire;
Our seamen spread the sails at once at my desire.

XXXV.

Velloso by a comrade was addressed
(Whilst many others laughing stood around),
"My friend Velloso! it must be confessed
That you in this attempt it easier found
To scramble down than climb up yonder mound,"
Velloso thus replied: "It is quite true
That I with utmost swiftness cleared the ground,
Because I saw so many hounds pursue
Who might without my arm have proved too much for you.

XXXVI.

"He then related all that had occurred
Amongst the blacks who did not let him go
Beyond that hill, and seeing he demurred,
Their firm resolve and purpose clearly show
To take his life; but when he did forego
The vain attempt, an ambush they prepare
For those who came for him, to send below
To darksome regions all our crews, and share
The booty thus obtained without a risk or care.

XXXVII.

Five times the sun had set since we departed
From that unhallowed coast; with prosperous gales
We moved along, quite joyous and light hearted,
Through seas, where none had ever spread their sails.
At night, as no anxiety assails,
Upon the vessel's prow the sailors crowd
To watch our progress confidence prevails —
When suddenly we saw a heavy cloud
Above our heads, which did the air with darkness shroud.

XXXVIII.

So terrible and awful this appeared,
That all were struck with terror at the sight;
The distant roaring of the sea was heard,
As if the waves were dashed with utmost might,
Against a rock: "Great Power, which has the right
To rule supreme!" I cried "what dire alarms
From heaven! What awful secrets to affright!
What clime! what sea in all its dreadful forms
To crush us, which exceeds in force the grandest storms!"

XXXIX.

"His hideous deep set eyes are sunken back;
 His look of pallid, clayish hue, and strung
 With filth his clotted hair, his mouth was black
 And for large yellow teeth the monster did not lack.
 I had not ceased, when high in air arose
 A lofty figure, huge, robust, and strong:
 The horrid shape enormous stature shows
 A frown upon his face; his beard is long
 And squalid; his demeanour seeming wrong;

Obviously
 these two
 sections
 should be
 in reverse
 order, both
 non-joining
 with the
 grand, in
 sense, and
 in rhyme &
 rhythm pattern

XL.

"His limbs, were so enormous, that I may
 With truth assure you, he could not pass under
 The Rhodian huge Colossus, in its day
 Most justly deemed to be the seventh wonder
 In all the world: his voice resounds like thunder,
 So thick and hoarse as if it did ascend
 From Ocean's depths, and rocks might break as under:
 We quake in every limb, hair stands on end,
 So much his look and voice our eyes and ears offend.

XLI.

He spoke: "O daring people! whose great deeds,
 And vast achievements surpass to those
 Of all the universe, your fame exceeds
 The rest by grandest conflicts with your foes,
 And such incessant toils, without repose:
 Beyond these bounds you boldly venture now,
 Though nature's barriers your attempt oppose;
 These seas were always mine, which native prow,
 Nor one by strangers built, was ever known to plough."

XLII.

"You seek the hidden secrets to discover,
Dark mysteries of Ocean's realm profound,
Which nature with a veil has covered over,
That no one born on that terrestrial ground,
Though noble or immortal, ever found:
Then learn from me, that you may be aware,
The dangers which your rash design surround;
This sea and land shall fill your minds with care,
And India's conquest shall be won by dreadful war!

XLIII.

"Know then that all the ships of war which sail
Upon that route, which you have dared to take,
Shall most tempestuous winds and waves assail,
And saddest havoc and destruction make:
My just revenge I never shall forsake,
Nor shall that first and proud Armada shun:
The raging seas with awful might shall break
Against your ships; such damage shall be done,
The losses shall exceed the danger that you run!

XLIV.

"And here I hope, if I am not deceived,
To wreak my vengeance on your reckless fleet,
By which I am of privacy bereaved,
Nor this the only retribution meet
For such audacity: the waves shall beat
Against your ships, to yearly wrecks resigned,
(If that I judge be true): beneath their feet
They will encounter woes of every kind,
That death itself they will a lesser evil find.

XLV.

“Of that illustrious chief, the first in fame,
As well as fortune, whose most certain doom
(By God’s most wise decrees) I now proclaim,
Though his great spirit shall in heaven bloom,
This land shall be his strange eternal tomb:
The glorious trophies which his arms obtain,
From Turkish ships shall sink in darkest gloom:
A league Quiloa and Mombaça shall maintain
To punish him for all their people he had slain.

XLVI.

“Another warrior bold, of high renown,
A brave, most generous, enamoured knight,
Shall bring a dame whom love has made his own;
But Ocean’s angry storm, with envious spite,
Their earthly happiness and bliss shall blight:
Though wrecked, they shall not die beneath the waves,
But linger sadly in the realms of light;
From present death the loving pair he saves,
Dut still condemns them both to pine in living graves.

XLVII.

“The children, whom they both so dearly prize,
In love begotten, nursed with tender care,
By hunger racked, expire before their eyes;
The ruthless, greedy Caffres roughly tear
The scanty garments from that lady fair;
With limbs as ivory white, she naked stands
Exposed to heat and cold, in open air;
Thus wretched, and forlorn, in cruel hands,
They tread with weary feet along the burning sands.

XLVIII.

The eyes which witnessed this most piteous scene
 And still the utmost wretchedness withstood,
 Beheld those hapless lovers slowly screen
 Themselves in some most dense and gloomy wood:
 And when they had the hardest rocks bedewed,
 And suffered all the pangs of anguish dire,
 With poignant grief, at last by death subdued—
 Their hearts still burn with love's exhaustless fire—
 From fair but wretched jail, their souls in peace retire."

XLIX.

"The horrid monster would no doubt have spoken
 Much more of destiny and deadly harm,
 Had I not interrupted him, and silence broken:
 "What then art thou? Whose huge unwieldy form
 And hideous aspect fill me with alarm!"
 But twisting back his ghastly mouth and eyes,
 He shouts more loudly than the wintry storm,
 And in lugubrious, bitter, terms replies,
 Like one whose tortured mind my question sorely tries:

L.

"I am the hidden, great, tremendous Cape,
 Which, by your race the "Stormy Cape" was named,
 And my existence did search escape
 Of Pliny, Strabo, Ptolemy, with famed
 Pomponius Mela, all who knowledge claimed:
 The coast of Africa, by this indented,
 Where I lord paramount have been proclaimed,
 My rule to that Antarctic Pole extended,
 Which your audacity so greatly hath offended.

LI.

“Like huge Enceladus, a son of earth,
Ægean, Centimanus in the old world,
I was called Adamastor from my birth:
In deadly war our banners were unfurled
Against the mighty Jove, whose fury hurled
The thunder-bolts of Vulcan; but I brought
No mountains upon mountains, for I whirled
My might as Captain of the sea, and sought
Through Ocean’s bounds to bring great Neptune’s fleet to naught.

LII.

“The love, which Peleus’ lofty spouse inspired,
Involved me in that mighty enterprise:
This ocean princess, I so much admired
Beyond all other beauties of the skies,
Had taught me all to scorn, and to despise:
I saw old Nereus’ daughters with their charms,
One day, quite naked from the waters rise;
Fond memory still retains those lovely forms,
No other sight so much my aged bosom warms.

LIII.

“Excessive hideousness of all resource
Or hope depriving me to win her love,
I swore to carry her away by force:
When Doris learnt my foul design, she strove
By gentle means the maiden’s heart to move:
The Goddess, quite untouched, replied in sport,
With sweet bewitching smile: “What nymph can prove
Sufficient love or wish, of any sort,
So huge a giant’s rude caresses to support?”

LIV.

"But still, to free the Ocean from this war,
I will do all that honour doth permit
To heal his wounds, and injuries repair,
And to the dreadful consequence submit:" —
This message Doris hastened to transmit—
Her speech with anxious doubts perplexed my mind,
And yet I could not help believing it;
When love subdues the heart, we are quite blind,
And here my strong desire with ardent hope combined.

LV.

"Completely duped, I ceased the deadly fight
To wage, and saw, as Doris promised me,
The fair, enchanting Thetis, in the night,
Arise in splendid beauty from the sea,
With all her charms in perfect nudity:
I rush inflamed with passion to the place,
In which I seem my body's life to see,
Her slender form I eagerly embrace,
With burning love I kiss her hair, her eyes, and face.

LVI.

"Without great loathing, how can I impart
This shameful, horrid tale, which must be told?
I thought to press my darling to my heart,
Her form in love's delusion to infold:
My arms a hard and rugged mountain hold,
Enormous stones and densest forests lock
Me fast, with all their vigour uncontrolled:
No longer man, but speechless from the shock,
I now became a rock beside another rock.

LVII.

“O thou! of all the nymphs that ocean knows
Most lovely, if my presence did not please,
Why didst thou with deceitful wiles impose?
Why couldst thou not my loving anguish ease?
Like mountain, cloud, a dream, or none of these,
Why not delude me still? Then nearly mad
With wrath, from shame and grief I seek release
In other worlds, where I may shun those bad,
And heartless creatures, whom my woes and sorrows glad.

LVIII.

“My brothers had been vanquished at this time,
Compelled the dregs of misery to drain:
Vain-glorious Gods chastised them for their crime,
By forcing some huge mountains to sustain
Upon their shoulders. Mortal hands in vain
Assail the skies, and I, in constant tears,
And anguish pined, nor did I long remain
Unpunished, since relentless fate appears
My daring soul to crush with woe, for endless years.

LIX.

“My flesh like hardened clods of earth became,
My bones like rugged rocks of granite grew,
My limbs, and all this vast enormous frame,
As thou beholdest, were extended through
Far-spreading waters which around me drew:
In fine, this huge portentous bulk they change
Into this Cape remote from human view,
And, to increase my woe, the Gods arrange
That Thetis in their waves shall ever round me range.”

LX.

“He said no more; but wept, and sobbed aloud
In frightful mood, then vanished from our eyes
Quite suddenly, and soon the dense dark cloud
Dissolved itself in air: now sounds arise
Sonorous from the ocean to the skies;
And lifting up my hands to that bright choir
Of Angels, which to guide us Heaven supplies,
I prayed to God that these misfortunes dire,
By Adamastor told, his pity would inspire.

LXI.

“Phlegon and Pyrois now proudly draw,
With two more steeds, the radiant car of day,
When we the table-land distinctly saw,
Whose lofty mountain-sides the shape display
Of that huge giant erst transformed to clay:
The cape is doubled, and our vessels glide
Along the coast; the Indian ocean lay
Before our eyes; approaching on that side,
A second time our ships at anchor safely ride.

LXII.

“Though all were of the Ethiopian race,
The men, by whom this region is possessed,
Seemed more humane, and, with far better grace
Received us, than those blacks who could molest,
And sought to kill, an unoffending guest:
With dances, feasts, and gladness they proceed
And bring their wives their friendship to attest:
Tame herds of oxen crop the grassy mead,
And seem to grow quite fat, and sleek on what they feed.

LXIII.

“The sunburnt women all came nicely mounted
Upon the sluggish oxen, here preferred
To other animals, and are accounted
The first, and finest cattle of the herd;
Their simple pastorals, with pleasure heard
In their own native tongue, in rhyme or prose
Were sung, accompanied by reeds which stirred
The hearts with sweetest melody, like those
Sicilian Muses taught rude Tityrus to compose.

LXIV.

“Good nature, which was on their faces seated,
Evinced itself in every act and thought
Of kind regard, with which our crews were treated:
Their fattened fowls, and sheep they freely brought,
And these, for any goods they liked, we bought;
But still no tidings were by them conveyed
Of that far distant country, which we sought:
It would have been quite useless to have stayed,
And so, the sails were spread, and heavy anchors weighed.

LXV.

“We had already sailed a long way round
Black Africa’s sad, gloomy southern lands,
Our prows were turned again, and we were bound
Towards the centre line of burning sands;
No more the Antarctic pole our course commands:
The islet on the coast we leave behind,
The limit there of that Armada stands,
Which was the first the Cape of Storms to find;
Beyond this bound to pass, those men were not inclined.

LXVI.

"With awful storms and calms we had to cope,
As we proceeded, during many days,
Upon the boundless ocean, buoyed with hope
To steer our destined course by trackless ways,
Through seas, whose constant changes much amaze:
With these an arduous struggle we sustain,
A mighty current our advance delays;
Against its violence we scarce maintain
Our course, and thus are forced inactive to remain.

LXVII.

"The current runs with such tremendous force,
That all our vessels backwards are impelled,
Constrained to yield, almost without resource
From friendly breezes, which our ships propelled,
Till Notus, in his fury, was compelled
To send terrific blasts, as it defied
His mighty power: he thus the current quelled;
And when opposing waters did subside,
Upon the tranquil deep our ships triumphant ride.

LXVIII.

"The sun had brought about the festive day,
On which three Eastern kings in homage knelt
Before another King, just born, who lay
In lowly crib, in whom the wise men felt
Three self-subsisting monarchs truly dwelt:
To a large river with a port we came,
Belonging to the natives, who had dealt
So kindly towards us all, and this we name
Natal (Nativity) in honour of the same.

LXIX.

“We here obtained a good, and ample store
Of all provisions, with a fresh supply
Of water from the river; but no more
These, nearly dumb to us, could gratify
Our wish, how muchsoever they might try:
Think then, O King! how many lands where crossed,
Where only rudest mortals we descry,
Without a hint, or word or signal-post
To teach or guide us to the Oriental coast!

LXX.

“Imagine next what dreadful hardships test
Our spirits, overwhelmed with anxious care,
By tempests tossed, with hunger, thirst, oppressed!
Through earth and trackless seas we wander there,
And hope, so long deferred, becomes despair,
As ways unknown, unlooked for woes arise;
Unhealthy clime with pestilential air,
Our much enfeebled constitutions tries,
Till human nature, weak, forlorn, and prostrate lies.

LXXI.

The victuals tainted, and corrupted grew,
Most noxious, and unfit for human food;
Content or joy the men no longer knew,
No faint illusions of some future good
Against the weight of present evils stood:
If then these bands (let this be thy belief!),
Had not been men of Lusian race and blood,
They would have yielded to their fear and grief,
And disobeyed their King, and his appointed chief.

LXXII.

“All other soldiers, you may well suppose,
Against their Captain basely would conspire
If he had dared their wishes to oppose,
Or, turning pirates, odious fame acquire,
Compelled by famine, toils and vengeful ire:
How much these Portuguese, who do not quake
Before impending fate, you must admire!
Obedience excellent, which naught can shake,
Unweary loyalty, which they do never break! -

LXXIII.

“We quit the port of that fresh water stream
To sail upon the salt, unfathomed deep,
With all our grand Armada, which we deem
It prudent far from shore at once to keep,
Lest Notus, blowing cold and mild, might sweep
The men of war again into the bay
Which that receding coast, so high and steep,
Has formed; and so, our vessels sailed away,
And left the land where rich Sofala's treasures lay.

LXXIV.

“When this was passed, the rudders strong and light,
(Which to Saint Nicholas our sailors vow)
Were steering to that point within our sight,
Where loud resounding waves were dashing now;
And thither every ship directs its prow.
Whilst hope and fear alternate rule our hearts,
Which could their trust in fragile wood avow
With all the courage which despair imparts,
At sight of sudden change the soul in wonder starts.

LXXV.

“As we approached the land, and came so near,
That all the sandy beach and valleys see,
A river did most suddenly appear,
From which some vessels reach the open sea,
Whilst others entered, filling us with glee,
And sanguine expectation here to meet
A person fit to give, with certainty,
Some information useful to the fleet;
Nor did the true result our ardent wishes cheat.

LXXVI.

They all are Ethiopians, but appear
To hold much intercourse with others more
Advanced, and civilised; we did not hear
A word that savoured of Arabian lore
In all their barbarous speech: they merely wore
A piece of cloth of cotton texture tied
About their heads; and, hanging down before
Their loins, another apron, bluely dyed,
Concealed the shameful parts which modesty doth hide.

LXXVII.

“They spoke in Arabic, but far from well,
With Ferdinand Martins, who knows that tongue
Most perfectly; and then the natives tell
That ships, as large as ours, proceed along
That sea, and do their voyages prolong
From eastern climes, where first the sun doth light
The world, to Afric stretching broad and long,
And back from south to east they wing their flight,
Until they reach a land, where all the men are white.

LXXVIII.

"Their kind reception filled us all with joy,
Still more the happy tidings just proclaimed,
Which raised the highest hopes without alloy:
Our hearts such joy and gratitude inflamed,
That this "The river of good signs" was named;
A monumental stone upon the shore
Was placed, and with solemnity acclaimed;
This stone the name of that Archangel bore,
Who led Tobias up to Gabael's friendly door.

LXXIX.

"From slime, shells, oysters, all the filthy things
Which in the depth of ocean's waters breed,
Together with the weed or dirt which clings
To vessels' bottoms we at once proceed
To cleanse the ships, for which there was much need:
From our kind hosts, whose faces, wreathed in smiles
And cheerful candour, from these friends indeed
We got provisions heaped in goodly piles,
Produced with courtesy, quite free from secret wiles.

LXXX.

"Yet, all that joy and hope we had conceived
From what those friendly mariners foreshow,
Proved quite delusive; we were undeceived
By a most sudden, unexpected blow,
Which served the grand result to overthrow:
It is ordained by Providence divine,
That mortals must misfortunes undergo;
Beneath appointed woes we always pine,
Whilst good and happy days with transient brightness shine.

LXXXI.

“A scourge was sent, a cruel, foul disease,
By far the worst that I have ever known;
The pangs of death the wretched victims seize,
And when the soul to other worlds hath flown,
Their bones in strange and foreign graves are thrown:
Who will believe that ne’er beheld such woes!
The swollen mouth and gums, enormous grown,
Are racked with pain, and, though the flesh still grows,
The sores much greater stench, and rottenness disclose.

LXXXII.

“It rotted, and the horrid, stinking smell
Infected quickly all the air around;
And when this dire calamity befell
Our crews, no doctor skilful, and profound,
Still less a practised surgeon, could be found:
Although unskilled, and stupid leeches tried
To cut the putrid parts, they slash and wound,
As if the men were dead; what they applied
Produced the same result, for all their patients died.

LXXXIII.

“’Twas thus in that most gloomy, dark abode,
We buried those companions justly dear,
Who long with us had traversed this same road,
Who shared our toils, and hardships so severe,
And still as friends and comrades did appear:
How easily our bodies find a grave!!
The ocean’s billows, or some hillocks near,
Have oft received the noble, great, and brave,
And now a resting place to our dead comrades gave!

LXXXIV.

"At last, we left the port, and sailed away
With sanguine hopes, but sorrow in our mind,
Along the coast the ships pursued their way;
By every means and art we sought to find
Some dearer signs with certainty combined:
We entered Mozambique, and you well know
Their base and dastard villainy refined,
And vile Mombaça's plot, I need not show,
Where people proved itself, a cursed inhuman foe.

LXXXV.

"At length, we reached thy harbour safe and sure,
By God's protecting goodness hither led,
Where gentleness and friendly cares secure
Us rest, with ease and comfort free from dread,
To heal the sick, reanimate the dead:
Here perfect quiet, calm and sweet repose
Around us by thy royal bounty spread,
As thou didst wish of perils, sorrows, woes,
With all our toils, to hear, I did the tale disclose.

LXXXVI.

"Judge then if any race beneath the skies
Did ever venture on such distant ways!
Dost thou believe Æneas or the wise
Ulysses, so renowned in ancient days
For travels, could have rivalled such displays?
To face the boundless deep, who have the heart?
(Albeit 'twere sung in grand, poetic lays)
What mortal ever saw the smallest part
Of what I overcame by courage, skill, and art?

LXXXVII.

“The bard who drank of that Aonian spring,
For whom the seven Grecian cities did contend,
Rhodes, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, all bring
Their claims; no less than Salamis, defend
The point; but Athens, Argos will not bend:
The Mantuan poet, whose harmonious lyre
A thrill of joy through Italy did send,
His native Mincius’ slumber might inspire,
But noble Tiber glowed with grand heroic fire.

LXXXVIII.

“Ye may all sing, exalt, and praise your theme,
The feats of demigods which you invent,
The magic arts of Circe, Polypheme,
The Sirens, whose melodious voices septe
The crews to sleep, benumbed and indolent:
Then, tell us how, by sails and oars propelled,
Your hero to the dread Ciconians went,
Or how the men, by eating lotus quelled,
No thought of country or their drowning pilot held!

LXXXIX.

“Let them imagine winds tied up in bags,
And then let loose; or fair Calypso’s love,
Or filthy Harpies, those most hideous hags,
Who with their claws to foul the victuals strove,
Amongst departed shades let heroes rove!
They may indulge in false, fictitious tales:
My simple naked truth will soar above
Their fables; truthful majesty prevails
When language haughty, stern, grandiloquent, all fails!

XC.

The audience all were wrapt in admiration
Of what the Captain eloquently told,
Until he closed his glowing long narration
Of toils and perils dire, and actions bold:
The King his meed of praise did not withhold,
The hearts of Lusian Monarchs he admired,
Their valiant deeds in glorious wars enrolled,
Nor less the people's ancient might inspired
His wonder, loyalty, and nobleness untired.

XCI.

Each auditor repeats some moving story,
By which his mind or heart was most impressed;
But all intently eye the men, whose glory
And noble resolution in their breast
Such voyages o'er boundless seas attest:
The reins, Lampecias's brother could not keep,
The youth of Dilos turns, that he may rest
In Thetis' arms the bosom of the deep,
And to his royal halls the King retires to sleep.

XCII.

Just tribute to our own heroic deeds,
How sweet the voice of praise and commendation!
Each toil that on the path of glory leads
To dazzling feats which fill with admiration,
Surpassing those of any ancient nation!
Aspiring greatness soars in loftiest flight,
Impelled by just and worthy emulation:
To highest courage, and to actions bright,
Applause and praise of men will oft our souls excite.

XCIII.

'Twas not Achilles' valiant feats in war
Which Alexander's mind with grief oppressed;
But that great bard whose verses spread so far
The hero's fame; the envy in his breast
The Macedonian king with tears expressed:
His envy of Miltiades' renown
And trophies gained, Themistocles confessed:
That foremost man in Greece was forced to own
How much he loved the voice, which made his glory known.

XCIV.

Great Vasco laboured much to show the king,
That not a single boasted enterprise
Of those which poets with such rapture sing,
And all the world admires, in grandeur vies
With his, which must astound the earth and skies:
The chief, who loads with praise
With honours, gifts and all that mortals prize,
Of that great Mantuan bard inspired the lays,
Which Rome and wise Æneas to bright glory raise.

XCV.

Her Scipios, Cæsars, Lusitania knows,
Augustus, Alexander here is found;
But still no gentle arts or gifts bestows,
For want of which her sons, in war renowned,
In rough and hardy qualities abound:
Octavius, burdened with imperial cares,
With sweetest verses made his lyre resound;
This truth fierce Fulvia in her wrath declares,
When fair Galphya's face her Anthony ensnares.

XCVI.

Whilst Cæsar with his legions conquered France,
He still his scientific labours plied
One hand a pen, the other held a lance;
The warrior borne on conquest's glorious tide
In eloquence with mighty Tully vied:
And not alone in arms did Scipio shine,
But comedy his wit and genius tried:
Great Alexander, Homer thought divine,
The Illiad underneath his pillow did recline.

XCVII.

No great commander ever shone in wars
Who did not art and learning cultivate
From Greece or Latium's bright, resplendent stars
Down to the leaders in a barbarous state:
Of Portuguese alone, I must relate,
With bitter shame, they have such lore despised;
Hence none in poetry are truly great,
Because nor verse, nor rhyme will e'er be prized
By men whom ignorance has wholly brutalized.

XCVIII.

'Tis not that Nature here her gifts denies:
No Virgil and no Homer doth appear;
Soon no Achilles or Æneas will arise
If we in such behaviour persevere:
But worst of all, kind Fortune's favours sear
Their hearts, and make them ruthless, hard and rude,
With ignorance so savage and austere:
Hence 'tis the Muses are so little wooed,
Their charms are never felt, nor even understood.

XCIX.

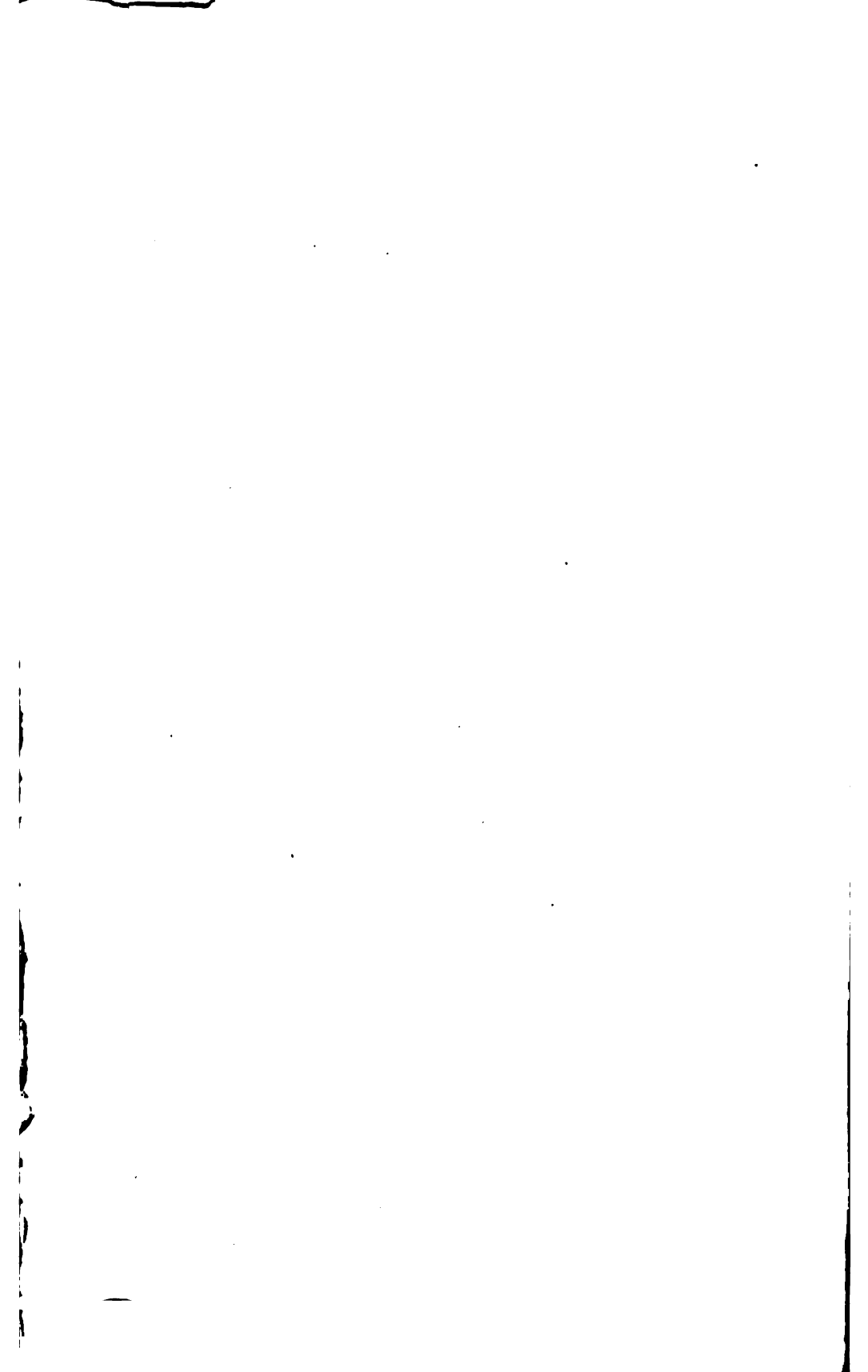
Let Gama to the Muse his thanks return,
 Whom ardent love of country doth inspire,
 In verse sublime, and words that inly burn,
 His glorious fame to strike upon the lyre,
 That men such grand achievements may admire!
 Nor he nor any of his race would bring
 Calliope, or her immortal choir,
 Nor Tagus' lovely daughters, d'er to sing
 Away their golden webs, his lofty praise to sing.

C.

The nymphs of Tagus have no inspiration,
 Save sweet fraternal love and purest zeal,
 To spread the fame and glory of their nation,
 And teach the Lusian people how to feel
 For all the feats, which aid the common weal:
 Let none, however, shrink from noble deeds
 Which, soaring high, heroic breast reveal!
 Though fame in many various ways proceeds
 The path, by valour trod, to worth and honour leads!

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

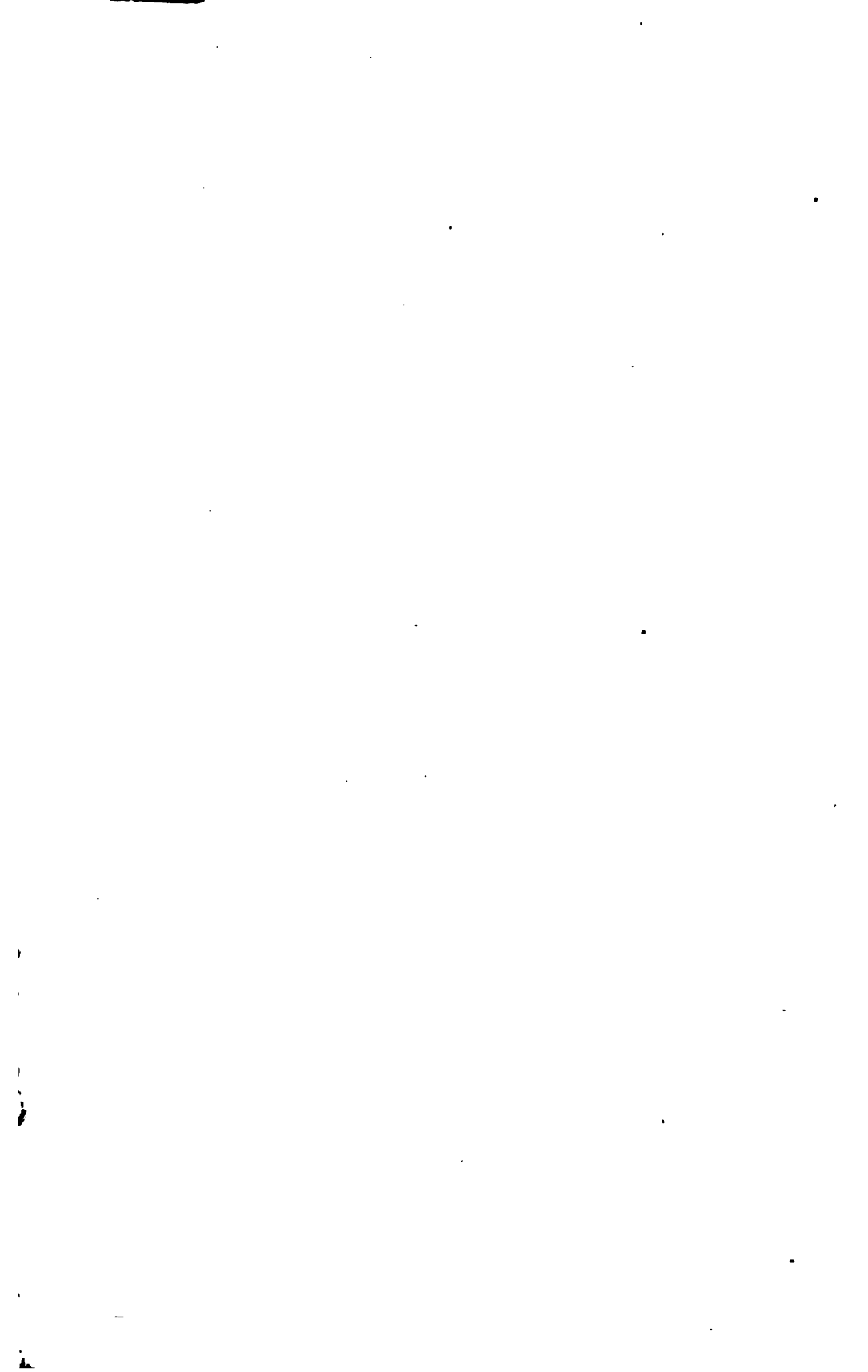


THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Stanzas I. to V.—Gama entertains the king of Melinda on board, and then proceeds on his voyage. VI. to VIII.—Envy and jealousy of Bacchus. IX. to XV.—Description of the palace of Neptune. XVI. to XIX.—Triton is described, when he summons all the gods and nymphs of the sea. XX. and XXVI.—Assembly of the Gods, and their figures are finely delineated. XXVIII. to XXXVI.—Speech of Bacchus against the Lusian navigators. XXXVII.—Aeolus lets loose the winds. XXXVIII. to XLII.—The sailors keep watch and amuse themselves with tales. XLIII. to LVII.—Velloso relates the adventures of Magriço, and the eleven Portuguese who accept the challenge of the English knights. LVIII. to LXVI.—The tournament. LXVII. to LXIX.—The hospitable entertainment of the Portuguese champions by the Duke of Lancaster, and the ladies whose quarrel they had victoriously maintained, and the return of Magriço. LXX. to LXXIX.—A terrible storm is described. LXXX. to LXXXIII.—The storm still rages, until Venus interposes to quell it by summoning the nymphs to her aid. LXXXIX. to XCI.—Speech of Orithya to Aeolus and those of the other nymphs to their several lovers amongst the winds, who were thus prevailed upon to cease their fury. XCII. to XCIV.—Calecut comes in sight of the navigators and Gama returns thanks to the Almighty. XCV. to XCIX.—The canto concludes with reflections on the necessity of undergoing toils and hardships to obtain fame and glory.







D. JOÃO II,
13.^o REI DE PORTUGAL

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO VI.

I.

The pagan monarch sought, in every way,
His guests from distant parts to entertain,
That thus a courteous tribute he might pay
To their great Christian king, and friendship gain
Of one appointed o'er such men to reign:
It grieves him much that Fortune's mandates placed
His realm so far from Europe's rich domain,
He would have wished his lot to have been cast
Where Hercules the way to ocean's borders traced.

II.

With dances, games, and other joyous sports,
While all Melinda's court is wreathed in smiles,
With pleasant fishing, and such gay resorts,
As Cleopatra by her wanton wiles
Her Anthony bewitches and beguiles,
The bounteous prince regales them, taking care
To feast them daily with enormous piles
Of roasted beef, and viands rich and rare,
With poultry, game, and fish, good cheer and dainty fare.

III.

The Captain thinking too much time was lost,
And anxious now of that propitious wind
To profit, and to quit the friendly coast
With promptitude, his various plans combined
To get his pilots, and provisions find:
His lengthened course across that silvery lake
With overwhelming care oppressed his mind;
Of the benignant pagan leave they take,
He begs them all the bonds of lasting love to make.

IV.

Moreover, he entreats that in his port
The Lusian fleets might always have a station
To which their passing vessels could resort;
To such heroic men, his throne and nation
To yield at once he had no hesitation:
So long as he of living soul could boast
To breathe into his body animation,
He wished his life and realm, at any cost,
To give for their good king and his exalted host.

V.

Gama in words of courtesy replied,
And then with eager haste the canvas spread,
And sailed with all his vessels in their pride,
To seek the land he so much longed to tread:
Nor in base falsehood was the pilot bred,
But practised skill with loyalty displayed,
So that the fleet by surest route was led,
Safe navigation, rapid progress made,
While perfect confidence their previous fears allayed.

VI.

The Lusians, o'er the waters of the East,
Have crossed the Indian sea: their ravished eyes
Upon the splendid couch now nearly feast
From which the burning sun doth daily rise,
And triumph almost crowns their enterprise:
But vile Thyoneus sees, with envious spite,
The Lusitanian glories reach the skies;
Their noble efforts vengeful wrath excite,
He rages, burns, blasphemes, to madness driven quite.

VII.

He knew that all celestial powers agreed
That Lisbon now a second Rome should be;
He cannot hinder what has been decreed
By those who rule with great supremacy,
To which the universe must bend the knee:
Unable his wild passions to restrain,
He drops from High Olympus to the sea,
And seeks the court of him, for whose domain,
Resistless fate by lot assigned the boundless main.

VIII.

Beneath the depths of that vast sea profound,
In large recesses of the lofty caves,
Where they have reached the ocean's utmost bound
Whence grandly roll the agitated waves —
When howling loud the wind with fury raves —
There Neptune with the Nereids doth abide,
And other Sea-Gods, and the water laves
The spacious ground by cities occupied,
In which those humid Sea-Divinities reside.

IX.

He next discovered what was still unknown,
The sandy beach with finest silver bright.
Profusely mixed; some lofty turrets crown
The open space, most dazzling in the light,
For all were crystalline: the gazer's sight
Remained perplexed, for, on approaching near,
The more he looked, the less he knew aright
If they were diamonds or of crystal clear,
So radiant, beautiful, and brilliant they appear.

X.

The gates of finest gold were all inlaid
With seed-pearl in the shells from ocean brought,
Most splendid works of sculpture they displayed,
Rich ornaments by skilful artists wrought:
The furious Bacchus each fresh wonder sought:
He saw old Chaos much diversified
In colour, quite confused in mind and thought:
The elements, transferred from every side,
Where there in various tasks and labours occupied.

XI.

The flames of quenchless fire sublimely rise,
To feed these flames no fuel is required,
This, by Prometheus stolen from the skies,
Has ever since all living things inspired,
For, otherwise, they would have soon expired.
The air, invisible in the world of space,
Appeared the next, by heat or cold untired;
Through all creation we its presence trace,
It fills the universe, and leaves no vacant place.

XII.

The Earth appeared with mountains richly dressed,
With trees in blossom, and most verdant meads,
Producing life, and all that gives the rest
With which her sons that tender mother feeds.
Another sculpture round the earth proceeds,
In all the loveliness of beauty glows —
The ponds of water, with the various breeds
Of fish for nutriment which it bestows,
Whilst through the thirsty earth its welcome moisture flows.

XIII.

With skilful art the sculptor also showed
The war against the Gods by giants fought,
Beneath Mount Etna's weight Typhœus bowed
His haughty head, with mad ambition fraught,
By Etna's crackling flames to anguish brought:
Here sculptured, Neptune's trident strikes the ground,
The warlike horse comes forth, the rude are taught
To mount the noble courser, whilst around,
The fruitful olive-tree, Minerva's gift, is found.

XIV.

Nor was much time by fierce Lyæus lost
In admiration of the splendid sight,
With hasty steps the princely halls he crossed
Where Neptune stood desirous to invite,
And welcome him with courtesy polite.
He was accompanied by nymphs divine
Whom wonder and astonishment excite,
To see thus entered, by that distant line,
The realms of water by the rosy king of wine.

XV.

"Great Neptune!" thus he cried, "be not surprised
That thou receivest Bacchus here below;
Capricious fortune oft has exercised
Her lawless might, by unexpected blow,
'The great and powerful to overthrow:
It will be well the other Gods to call,
Before I tell (if thou wilt hear) my woe:
When dire misfortune is about to fall,
It should by all be heard, because it threatens all."

XVI.

As Neptune judged that something was at hand
Of vast importance, wonderful, and rare,
He ordered Triton to seek out the band
Of Sea-Divinities residing there,
And ask them to his palace to repair.
'Tis Triton's boast that Neptune is his sire
By much-revered Salacia, good and fair:
The ugly, huge, and black youth's sole desire
Is trumpeter and post to be when they require.

XVII.

His bushy beard and long dishevelled hair,
Which fell upon his shoulders from his head,
Unkempt, had never known a comb or care,
But like weeds spongy, soaked in marshy bed,
Continual drops of filthy water shed;
From their extremities were hanging down
Black mussels in his beard profusely bred,
His head no cap or cowl had ever known,
A large, red lobster-shell now served him for a crown.

XVIII.

His body naked — e'en the parts obscene —
That he might swim with greater speed and ease.
Was covered o'er with shells which could be seen
In hundreds, all engendered in the seas,
And little animals of all degrees,
Produced and nurtured by the burning sun,
And which in water flourish and increase,
Shrimps, oysters, crabs, and periwinkles dun;
With slimy snails his back and limbs were over-run.

XIX.

The trumpet-shell in his right hand he bore,
Was long and twisted round, and this he sounded
So loud, that it was heard from shore to shore;
The shrillest echoes through the sea resounded,
Till all the world was startled and astounded:
Obedient to the call of the envoy,
The Gods into the palace quickly bounded
Of him, who raised the walls of mighty Troy,
Which furious Grecian hosts were destined to destroy.

XX.

Old Ocean came with all his sons and daughters,
A wonderful and numerous progeny,
Nereus, with Doris wedded in the waters,
Who with fair nymphs had peopled all the sea;
The prophet Proteus, able to foresee
Coming events, now left his flock behind
To seek for pasture, as he wished to see
The council, though he readily divined
The project and design which Bacchus had in mind.

XXI.

Amongst them, mighty Neptune's lovely wife,
 Coelus and Vesta's daughter, also came;
 Her grave demeanour, with sweet mildness rife,
 Could angry ocean's wildest fury tame
 To bow submissive to the gentle dame:
 Of finest texture was her robe, I ween,
 A splendid dress, due fitting to her frame;
 It covers, but her beauties does not screen,
 It were a shame indeed such charms should pass unseen:

XXII.

But Amphitrite, fair as any flower,
 On this occasion would not keep away;
 She brought the Dolphin, who, in happier hour,
 Advised her Neptune's wishes to obey,
 And with her love his passion to repay:
 With the bright eyes of neither can compare
 The lustre of the sun's most piercing ray;
 Lo! hand in hand they come, and equal pair,
 For both these beauteous dames one only husband share.

XXIII.

She who from Athamas, affrighted fled,
 To shun his rage and thus became divine,
 With her that lovely little infant led,
 To whom the same high honour they assign:
 The urchin played with shells which oft the brine
 Doth leave upon the beach; his little hand
 Was filled with pretty shells so bright and fine,
 And, sometimes, as they walked upon the sand,
 Fair Panopaea carried him along the strand.

XXIV.

Next came the God who from a human form,
 By magic arts and potent herbs, was turned
 Into a fish, and by this cruel harm
 Of Sea-Divinity the title earned,
 And glorious rank of God. But still he burned
 With bitter sorrow, and to tears was moved,
 So much vile Circe's dreadful wiles he spurned
 'Gainst Scylla, ever loving and beloved;
 For love-misplaced still more to suffer it behoved.

XXV.

At last the assembled guests and deities
 In their respective places were all seated;
 The higher for the fair divinities,
 The Gods had crystal chairs, and they were greeted
 By Neptune, who like Bacchus would be treated
 On equal terms of friendly courtesy:
 Throughout the hall, in vases duly heated,
 A rich perfume, the produce of the sea,
 Was burnt, which far surpassed the scents of Araby.

XXVI.

When all the noise and tumult had subsided,
 And Neptune greeted every honoured guest,
 The envy and despite, which Bacchus hid
 In secret mystery within his breast
 By sullen looks and gestures were expressed:
 And first he showed his shame and bitter pain,
 That he was forced another to request
 For aid, that all the Lusians might be slain
 By cruel deaths, and then he spoke in angry strain:

XXVII.

"Most glorious Prince! who hast supreme command
O'er all the boisterous seas, from pole to pole,
And, by the laws proclaimed to all the land,
Hast fixed a certain limit, to control
The daring deeds of each aspiring soul,
Thou, father Ocean! whose vast waters round
The universal globe incessant roll
By just decree thou hast ordained the bound
Beyond whose final goal no mortal must be found:

XXVIII.

"Ye Goddesses! who make your habitation
And constant dwelling in the wavy deep,
Who visit with severest castigation
The ships which in the limits do not keep,
But would forbidden wealth or glories reap,
What made you so insensible and cold?
What set your wonted jealousy asleep,
Or softened breasts so hardened, used to hold
Weak timid men in awe, restrain the rash and bold?

XXIX.

"You have beheld the great audacity
With which the sky itself has been defied;
You have beheld with what tenacity
Mere mortal men have oft and vainly tried
With sails and oars to stem the ocean tide;
You see all this, which grows from year to year
With even greater insolence and pride,
While I foresee we shall have cause to fear
That they will be the Gods, whilst we but men appear!

XXX.

"Before your eyes a feeble generation,
Sprung from a former vassal of my own,
With lofty pride and boastful emulation,
Both you and me and vested rights disown,
To raise upon the seas their glorious throne:
Such wide dominion and extensive sway
By high imperial Rome was never known;
For this through your domains they force their way
Your ancient usages, and statutes disobey.

XXXI.

"When daringly the Minial first essayed
Into your sacred realm to penetrate,
I saw the winds in hostile ranks arrayed,
Rude blustering Boreas, and his worthy mate,
Fierce Aquilo, pursue them in their hate:
If they, so slightly injured, could display
Such direful rage which naught could mitigate,
What doth so long your rightful vengeance stay,
Or how can you, unvexed, endure such great delay?

XXXII.

"But I will not permit you to suppose,
Ye Gods! that any love of you alone,
Or any wrong or outrage from your foes,
Has brought me from my bright, celestial throne:
I must avenge a quarrel of my own;
The splendid honours, which I once obtained
Throughout the universe, are widely known;
My triumphs in the East, o'er India gained,
Will be by this new race derided, and disdained.

XXXIII.

"Let then the mighty Lord and fates supreme,
 Who over all the lower world preside,
 Shed glory, fame, as best it may beseem,
 And grant to heroes, new and yet untried,
 Dominion o'er the waves in all their pride!
 Behold, Ye Gods that teach them to despise,
 The other Gods unjustly set aside!
 And thus contemned and scorned that greatness lies,
 Which ought to be most prized, and valued in their eyes.

XXXIV.

"This is the reason that I fled away
 From high Olympus, where they do not show
 Respect and homage which they used to pay:
 I seek some consolation for my woe,
 And that I lost in heaven to gain below."
 He would have spoken more—a vain desire!—
 No words would come, and tears began to flow
 In torrents from his eyes, which caused such ire,
 That all the Water-Gods were quickly set on fire.

XXXV.

The furious wrath, enkindled in a trice,
 Of all those Gods so much inflamed the breast,
 That they, rejecting counsel and advice,
 Resolved, without delay, suspense or rest,
 To punish daring men, whom they detest.
 A strict command to loose the furious wind
 To Æolus from Neptune was addressed,
 To loose the wind with fury unconfined,
 To sweep the seas of all the ships they there ^a find.

XXXVI.

Prophetic Proteus seemed, at first, resolved
To speak to them, and that he knew to tell,
Which many thought would surely have involved
Some prophecy profound—for they are well
Aware that he all augurs doth excel—
But such a tumult instantly arose,
And anger fierce so made their bosom swell,
That Tethys irate thus did interpose
“His mandates’ full extent great Neptune clearly knows.”

XXXVII.

The proud Hippotades had now released
The angry winds from forced imprisonment,
With sharp and stinging words he never ceased
To rouse them to wild fury, that the intent
Against the Lusians nothing might prevent.
The sky serene is quickly overcast,
The winds with fast-increasing forces vent
Their rage; towers, houses, mountains are down cast,
Uptorn, and all destroyed by that tremendous blast.

XXXVIII.

But whilst the angry Gods in council sat,
The glad, though wearied, fleet through ocean sails;
The sea was calm; the waves, in tranquil state,
Impelled them on their course with gentle gales,
While through the ships a gladsome hope prevails
The sun was far from western hemisphere
His rising now the drowsy seaman hails,
The first who keep their watch all disappear,
The second watch succeeds, the ship to guard and steer.

XXXIX.

By drowsiness oppressed and scarce awake,
With frequent yawns the men on deck repair
To keep the second watch: some rest they take
By leaning on the yards: the clothes they wear
Scarce guard them from the chilly morning air:
Their eyes they open much against the grain
And often rub and stretch their limbs with care;
Tired Nature then from slumber to restrain,
The hours with countless tales and feats they entertain.

XL.

"How can we better" some bold seaman cries,
"These hours which pass so heavily employ,
Or drive this slumber from our drowsy eyes,
Than by some tale replete with mirth and joy?"
To this replied young Leonard, amorous boy,
Whose thoughts upon the fair ones always dwell,
"How shall we find a tale, without alloy,
To while away the idle hours so well
As one of sweetest love, if any such will tell?"

XLI.

Velloso then exclaimed: "It is not right
Or just, when we such dreadful hardships bear,
To hear soft tales of dalliance and delight,
Which do not suit a life so full of care,
Of toils, and wiles for which we must prepare:
Methinks of some grand war, or valiant feat,
Some tale of that brave warriors do and dare,
Of such our way of life should always treat;
For I foresee we shall some sudden peril meet."

XLII.

To this proposal all at once agreed,
And begged he would some tale, he did approve,
Recount Velloso said, "I will proceed
To tell a story which your hearts will move,
With nothing false or novel to reprove,
In hope that noble deeds, so justly famed,
May rouse you worthy countrymen to prove
Of men who valour's prize most rightly claimed,
All true-born Portuguese, the twelve of England named.

XLIII.

"In days when John, the son of Peter, reigned,
And ruled the realm with mild and gentle sway,
After its peace and freedom were regained,
And his victorious arms had driven away
The hosts, who wished to make this land their prey,
In mighty England, where perpetual snow
And frost abound Erynnys, friend of fray,
Did grievous, shameful fierce dissensions sow,
Which on our Lusian knights the brightest lustre throw.

XLIV.

"Between the lovely ladies of the court
And English courtiers, grave dispute arose;
With acrimonious words both sides support
Their argument, much anger each one shows,
Which from great passion and contention flows.
The courtiers, whom blind rage and wrath inflame
With insolence to taunt defenceless foes,
To fame and honour they deny their claim,
And say that such of Dame do not deserve the name.

XLV.

"If any then, with sword or lance, insist
 By arms your cause and quarrel to defend
 Upon the open field or tilted list,
 We swear these daring vaunts in shame shall end,
 Or they themselves to gloomy realms descend!
 The dames, who such opprobrium seldom heard,
 Or never knew their feeble sex must bend
 To brutal force, this humble suit preferred,
 That friends or kinsmen unto pity might be stirred.

XLVI.

"Their foes were far too powerful and great
 Throughout the realm, too famous and renowned
 For any one to rush against their fate:
 Nor relatives nor lovers could be found
 To lift the gauntlet, as in duty bound.
 With sighs and tears they mourn their sad disaster,
 And fervent prayers to God for help resound;
 The suppliant dames, with necks of alabaster,
 Entreat good John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.

XLVII.

"He was a mighty Baron who had fought
 Against Castile in that most glorious war
 For which to Portugal his aid he brought,
 And well he knew how brave the Lusians are,
 Magnanimous with most benignant star:
 And he no less their courtesy had seen,
 Devoted love, the rest surpassing far,
 When his fair daughter, in her beauty's sheen,
 Subdued that kingly heart which chose her for its Queen.

XLVIII.

"The valiant warrior who was inclined
 To succour them, but shunned intestine strife,
 Thus, to his lovely hearers spoke his mind :
 "When I invaded Spain, in early life,
 To claim the kingdom justly for my wife,
 I saw that Portuguese so highly soared
 Above the rest, with dauntless valour rife
 And gifts divine, that they can well afford,
 Alone, your quarrel to maintain with fire and sword.

XLIX.

"But if you please, fair ladies much aggrieved,
 On your behalf kind letters I will write,
 In terms most polished and discreet conceived,
 And send ambassadors, who will invite
 Them to avenge your injury and slight.
 If you will condescend, with mingled tears,
 Some loving words and tender to indite,
 You need not entertain the smallest fears,
 But place your hope and stay in their resistless spears.

L.

"'Twas thus the wary Duke addressed these dames,
 And as they numbered just twelve ladies fair,
 Of twelve most gallant knights he gave the names,
 And lots were cast, that each might be aware
 Of him who was to be her champion there.
 Now then each lady fair two letters writes,
 Whose varied phrases her fond hopes declare,
 One to the king; the second her knight invites;
 The courteous Duke addressed the king and all the knights.

LI.

"No sooner had the messenger appeared
 In Portugal, than all the court, was thrown
 Into most wild excitement: greatly stirred;
 The first to arms the Monarch would have flown,
 But was restrained by duty to his throne;
 Each valiant knight and noble courtier claimed
 The chivalrous adventure as his own,
 And only those were fortunate proclaimed,
 Who champions by the Duke had been already named!

LII.

"In that most loyal city whence the land
 Of Portugal derives its glorious name,
 The chief, who holds the helm of state in hand,
 Bade them a light and speedy galley frame:
 The chosen twelve equipped and ready came,
 With arms and robes of newest fashion made,
 Emblems and mettoes proud their rank proclaim
 Bright helmets, crests and armour are displayed
 Steeds with caparisons of every varying shade.

LIII.

"Permission from their sovereign was obtained
 For those selected by the experienced Duke
 To sail from Douro, as had been ordained,
 And their departure then the champions took:
 'Twere vain for difference or degree to look:
 Of skill or valour in the noble band;
 Though superiority they would not brook,
 Still less submit to mandate or command:
 Magriço spoke his mind in terms sedate and bland:

LIV.

"Companions brave and dear! some other streams
 Than Tagus, or the Douro, your desire,
 For years, has been to view, because it seems,
 By seeing lands, laws, customs, we acquire
 The varied knowledge which we all require:
 I would of this occasion opportune
 (The world presents such objects to admire),
 Avail myself, if you will grant the boon.
 To go by land, alone: we'll meet in England soon."

LV.

"But should I be, against my will, impeded
 By him whom all created things obey,
 My absence will, I know, be scarcely heeded
 By you, brave comrades! on the appointed day:
 For me, without my aid, the battle's fray
 You will sustain. But if I augur right,
 Nor streams nor mountains shall my progress stay;
 Defying fickle fortune's envious spite,
 I shall be then with you, to share the glorious fight."

LVI.

"When this was said, his friends were all embraced,
 And then upon his lonely route he started:
 Through rich Leon, Castile, his way he traced,
 Through conquered places and which lion-hearted
 Lusians from their haughty foes extorted:
 He crossed Navarre, and dangerous Pyrenees,
 By which the realms of Gaul and Spain are parted,
 The realm of France in all its grandeur sees,
 And the grand mart where Flanders' banner flouts the breeze."

LVII.

“But there by accident or through design,
Magriço was detained for many days:
The brave eleven sailed upon the brine,
And, as the vessel met with no delays,
Their heads the cliffs of England quickly raise:
To London they proceed and safely rest,
When John of Gaunt his courtesy displays
In feasts and banquets, whilst the dames expressed
Their joy, and each her knight encouraged and carressed.

LVIII.

“At last the great appointed day arrives
On which with Englishmen they are to fight,
Who to their king have pledged their word and lives:
These wear their helmets, greaves and armour bright:
Those lovely ladies have, most splendid sight!
The chivalry of Portugal in arms
And quite prepared. The dames, in great delight,
In silk and coloured robes display their charms,
Adorned with gold and gems in rich and brilliant forms.

LIX.

“But she, to whom unlucky chance assigned
Magriço, was in sombre mourning dressed,
And could not hide the anguish of her mind
To see herself abandoned, and distressed,
Without a knight to set his lance in rest,
Although his bold companions then proclaimed,
Alone, they would fulfil their king's behest,
Nor quit the lists (though two or three were maimed)
Till all the injured dames victorious were acclaimed.

LX.

"Upon a throne the King of England sat,
And all the splendid court was ranged around;
In threes and fours, in proud and martial state,
Within the lists the combatants were found;
Each champion on his own allotted ground:
From Tagus to the Bactros, in his course,
The sun has never seen men more renowned;
Than those twelve warriors, England's proud resource,
And those eleven knights, for valour and great force.

LXI.

"The coursers clamp the golden bridles white
With froth and foam; the sun, with dazzling rays
Upon their armour as pure crystal bright,
Or finest diamonds, quite resplendent plays:
The glittering arms reflect his glorious blaze:
On both the bands all gaze in admiration,
Eleven knights, confronting twelve, amaze;
But suddenly there was a great sensation,
The vast assemblage show surprise and agitation.

LXII.

"Most anxious eyes are turned upon the face
Of him whose presence such impression made;
A gallant knight had entered now the place
With noble steed, completely armed, arrayed
For mortal combat. Bowing down, he paid
His homage to the King and lovely dames:
Embraces, greetings were not long delayed
With all his friends, and then, his post he claims,
For zeal, to share their fate, Magriço's heart inflames.

LXIII.

“As soon as they had told the weeping dame,
That this new-comer was her champion bold,
Determined to defend her spotless fame,
She doffed her weeds, and dressed in robes of gold,
Which men more precious far than virtue hold:
They give the signal, loud the trumpets sound,
The martial notes the warriors’ hearts inflame,
With spur and loosened rein, the chargers bound,
Each lance is lowered, fire flashes from the ground.

LXIV.

The furious charge of noble heroes makes
The solid earth to tremble with the sound,
The heart of each spectator beats and quakes,
Alternate joy and hope with fear rebound.
Some ne’er dismount, but flying, at one bound,
Are thrown above their horses’ heads, some dashed,
With deadly shock, lie groaning on the ground,
White arms with blood and crimson dyes are splashed,
By helmets’ nodding plumes their coursers’ croups are lashed.

LXV.

“In everlasting sleep one falls a corse,
’Twixt life and death the space is short indeed,
A moment terminates his mortal course:
Some steeds their fallen masters do not heed,
Dismounted riders cannot catch a steed,
At last succumbs the vaunted English pride,
For two or three beyond the lists recede,
And those, who with their swords the battle tried,
Encounter armour, shields, and Lusian breasts beside.

LXVI.

"'Twere waste of words to dwell on thrusts of lances,
The cuts of trenchant swords, of wounds and blows,
Like those who lose their time in idle fancies
Or tales and fables, such as one well knows:
It may suffice to say that o'er their foes
The Portuguese obtained the palm of victory;
Their skill, with lofty courage, overthrows
All adversaries in feats renowned in story;
The outraged dames are crowned with bright success and glory.

LXVII.

"The Duke did in his stately palace greet
Those twelve brave victors with great merriment;
The noble Dames, whose hearts and bosoms beat
With gratitude, for cooks and sportsmen sent
Rich banquets to provide, for they were bent
On feasts and joyousness to entertain
Their liberators; daily they invent,
Each hour, fresh pleasures whilst their knights remain
In England, till they go to their dear land again.

LXVIII.

"'Tis said that great Magriço staid behind,
Because to see the wonders high and grand
Of strange and foreign realms he had a mind, 
And that in Flanders, he, with sword in hand,
Most bravely served the Countess of the land.
Like one who all the feats in arms has dared,
And knew whatever, Mars, thou dost command,
He slew a Frenchman, who the doom thus shared
Which erst Torquatus and Corvinus had not spared.

LXIX.

“Another of the valiant twelve, arrived
In Germany, in deadly duel killed
A crafty German one who had contrived
A shameful snare by which he would have spilled
The Lusian’s blood, had he not been well skilled.”
Just then Velloso all his comrades prayed,
That he to such digressions would not yield,
By which Magriço’s tale might be delayed,
Or that base German’s wiles in full oblivion laid.

LXX.

But whilst they listened with attentive ears,
The master looked intently on the skies,
And suddenly he paused, because his fears
Are raised, lest some great tempest should arise:
Throughout the ship the whistle shrilly flies,
And both the star and larboard watches wake
Quite startled and alarmed. The master cries:
Foretopsails reef! and all precautions take,
For yon black cloud foreshows a storm about to break.”

LXXI.

The topsails scarcely had been closely furled
When fierce and loud arose the raging storm,
By gusts of howling blasts the ship was whirled;
“Strike, strike the main sail!” thrice in great alarm
The master cried: in vain the seamen swarm
To do his will: the wind the strained hull batters.
The tempest now assumes an awful form
And tears the swollen sails to shreds and tatters
With such a crash it seems as though the globe it shatters.

LXXII.

The shouts of startled seamen pierced the skies,
All struck with fear and panic suddenly,
The shattered mast in many fragments lies:
Lashed by the waves, which roll tremendously,
The lurching vessel ships a heavy sea:
The master hoarsely roars, "let all be cast
Into the deep at once! pull steadily!
Let others rig the pumps with utmost haste,
And with united strength, for we are sinking fast!"

LXXIII.

At once to work the pumps, most eagerly
Rush hardy soldiers, resolute and bold,
But so tremendous was the raging sea,
So high and fast the noble vessel rolled,
That e'en strong men could not maintain their hold:
Three stout and sturdy seamen vainly tried
To steer the ship, which could not be controlled:
With yokes the helm was lashed on either side,
Or else it would have skill and utmost force defied.

LXXIV.

The winds, enraged and fierce, would have been able
With so much wrath and violence to blow,
If they the strong and lofty tower of Babel
Were destined to destroy and overthrow:
The ocean such enormous waves doth show
Which run so high, the proudest man-of-war
In bulk and grandeur, one would scarcely know
From smallest craft, but yet more wondrous far,
To see those ships such shocks so well and bravely bear.

LXXV.

The lofty ship in which Paul Gama sailed
Had its mainmast shattered, filling fast
With water whilst in fear the people quailed,
And prayed the eternal goodness unsurpassed
That saved the world, would eyes of mercy cast.
Coelho's crew their cries in empty air
Did also send, all trembling at the blast,
Although the prudent Captain showed great care,
By furling sails, against the tempest to prepare.

LXXVI.

The waves of furious Neptune now ascend,
And seem above the very clouds to rise,
And now again they rapidly descend
As if they wished indeed to scrutinize
The entrails of the deep: fierce Notus vies
With Boreas, Auster, Aquilo, to bright
And crush the mighty world beneath the skies:
The sombre shade of black and gloomy night
From pole to pole the lightning's vivid flashes light.

LXXVII.

Their plaintive song the feathered Halcyons raise,
Cries sad and melancholy, upon the coast,
Recalling their own grief in ancient days
When in the furious billows tempest-tost,
They all were in the stormy ocean lost:
Meanwhile, the enamoured dolphins seek their caves
Beneath the infanthomed deep, at any cost,
To find a refuge from the wind and waves
But e'en the lowest depth those scared ones hardly saves.

LXXVIII.

Such massive thunderbolts, against the band
Of fierce and impious giants were not made
By sordid Vulcan who with master hand,
Such graceful skill and workmanship displayed
And great Æneas in bright arms arrayed
Nor by the Thunderer on earth were thrown,
Whilst this on rains vast the deluge laid
When two of all mankind survived alone,
Who formed a human shape, each time they cast a stone.

LXXIX.

How many mountains, by the furious rage
Of Ocean's mighty waves came toppling down!
Against the trees fierce winds a conflict wage,
With frantic wrath and fury never known
By which they lie uprooted and o'er thrown:
The forests' monarchs are torn up from the ground,
That thus their roots could be distinctly shown,
Still less the sands upon the billows found
Because the sea would raise and scatter them around.

LXXX.

When Vasco Gama saw the cruel fate
Which threatened to destroy his hopes, so near,
To their accomplishment, in awful state
The angry waves now close to heaven appear,
And then descend to Hell's infernal sphere
Confronting instant death before his eyes,
Without a hope to moderate his fear,
At last a holy remedy he tries,
So strong that e'en the Impossible crushed and vanquished lies.

LXXXI.

“Thou Guardian great, divine, celestial power!
Who dost the skies, the sea and earth command,
Who sav’dst thy people Israel, in the hour
Of flight and peril, by thy mighty hand
Changing the Erythrean sea into dry land,
Who didst thy servant Paul, the Apostle, guide
In safety through the waves and shoals of sand
When earth was drowned and void through lustful pride,
Thou Noah and his sons for planters didst provide.

LXXXII.

“If I have new and awful dangers passed,
Another Scylla and Charybdis found,
If I, on horrid coasts and lands was cast
Through shoals most perilous and shallow ground,
Where Acroceraunian rocks abound,
Why hast thou, when our toils were nearly ended,
Abandoned us to wretchedness profound,
Unless by our design thou art offended,
Which only for thy lovè and service was intended?

LXXXIII.

“Most happy thou, whose fate it was to fall
Transfixed by Africans, with pointed spears.
Upon the Moorish soil, at duty’s call
For holy faith, whom martyrdom endears
To all the admiring world, for endless years,
Whose valiant feats a thousand bards proclaim,
Whose glorious memory their nation hears,
For whom their death acquired a deathless name,
How sweet it is to die and gain immortal fame!”

LXXXIV.

But whilst he spoke, the angry winds still wage
A most terrific conflict, and ne'er cease
Like bulls indomitable to roar with rage:
The tempest's fury doth still more increase,
Loud rattling through the rigging and the trees,
Now lurid lightning flashes through the air,
With growling thunder, one in fancy sees
The earth high heaven from its axle tear,
Whilst angry elements intestine war declare.

LXXXV.

The lovely star of morning sparkling darts
Emits, before the glorious king of day
Above the horizon heat and light imparts,
His harbinger great gladness doth display
To sea and land. The Goddess to whose sway
Submits the planet, from which though the skies,
Ensiferous Orion runs away.
On seas and loved Armada casts her eyes,
And in her bosom fear and wrath together rise.

LXXXVI.

"This cruel work from Bacchus doth proceed,
Who vainly tries our plans to overthrow,
But yet his base designs shall not succeed
For I shall all his wicked projects know".
She spoke and hastened to the sea below,
Descending through the air at rapid pace,
Meanwhile their captivating arts to show,
She bade her nymphs, so full of love and grace,
Garlands of roses fresh upon their heads to place.

LXXXVII.

Garlands of various colours on their heads
Are bound midst tresses of light auburn hair,
Who would not say that rosy Cupid threads
The purple flowers with much art and care
On ground of purest gold? She would prepare
The foul and nauseous band of furious winds
In love's enchanting meshes to ensnare,
Presenting fairest nymphs whose beauty blinds
More lovely than the stars to tame their brutal minds.

LXXXVIII.

Complete success her artful project crowned;
At sight of so much loveliness, they fought
No more with deadly rage, no strength they found
For much resistance, but were quickly brought
To tame obedience: one might now have thought
Their tresses, which the lightnings rays eclipse,
Their hands and feet had in their meshes caught
To Boreas, whose fond heart in chains she keeps,
Reproachful accents fall from Orithyia's lips.

LXXXIX.

"Fierce Boreas cease to think that I believe
Your love for me was ever firm or true:
'Tis not by furious wrath that men achieve
A woman's love; 'tis mildness will subdue
Our gentle hearts. But all my love for you,
Should such wild madness last, will disappear.
Unless you check the course you now pursue,
My trembling breast with terror you will sear,
My love and tenderness will quickly change to fear."

XC.

Thus also lovely Galatea spoke
To rude, fierce Notus in whose breast her art
And charms the deepest sympathy awoke:
For many days, his eyes soft glances dart,
She knows her wish much pleasure will impart:
The valiant chief enraptured with her stands,
His throbbing bosom scarce contains his heart,
So much rejoiced to hear her sweet commands,
And deems he nothing does, restraining thus his hands.

XCI.

Tis thus the other nymphs their lovers move,
They all their rage and wild excesses blame,
And then deliver to the Queen of love
Those furious blusterers quite meek and tame:
And as they all had felt love's ardent flame
Fair Venus promised with success to crown
Their fond desires, like vassals they proclaim
Her sovereignty, in homage kneeling down,
And say their loyal zeal to Gama should be shown.

XCII.

The morning brightly dawns upon the heights,
Where noble Ganges, loud resounding, flows,
From lofty top the land the seaman sights,
Which now before the vessel's prow arose,
And this his practised eye distinctly knows.
The storm is past, the perils of the sea
Rack not our breasts with dread of coming woes,
The friendly pilot now exclaims with glee,
"If I do not mistake, 'tis Calcut we see."

XCIII.

Behold the real Indian land indeed,
Which through so many dangers you have sought,
If then no other prize on earth you need,
Your labours to a happy close are brought.
Gama, with joy and exultation fraught,
Could hear no more; his knees upon the ground,
His hands upraised to heaven, in pious thought,
To Him, whose loving mercies so abound
He offered humble thanks with gratitude profound.

XCIV.

To God his grateful thanks he humbly gave,
Who showed him now at last the wished-for land,
For which such deadly risks he had to brave,
Such toils and hardships, by his mighty hand
Alone protected from the furious band
Of stormy winds so wrathful, which we deem
So gloomy and terrific, none withstand;
Against them death did almost certain seem
And now he looks like one awaking from a dream.

XCV.

By constant labours, toils and deadly fears,
Through many hardships, works and perils dire,
Deprived of all the joy that life endears,
'Tis thus men who to glory's crown aspire
Immortal honours splendid fame acquire:
'Tis not derived from ancient pedigree
Or noble feats of some illustrious sire,
Lying on gilded couch of luxury
Or wearing sables brought from northern Muscovy.

XCVI.

'Tis not rich viands, rare and dainty meats,
Nor idle wanderings in slothful ease,
Luxuriant banquets and delicious treats,
Which weak, effeminate, can never cease
To make most noble minds subdued by these;
'Tis not the joys with which wealth gratifies
Unbridled appetites that n'er appease,
For still the man, who fortune never tries
By change, to worthy deeds of virtue shall not rise.

XCVII.

A man must gain, with strong and valiant arm,
The honours he may justly call his own,
Prompt, danger to confront in every form,
In panoply of steel, by tempests thrown
And raging seas, with wrecks and ruins strown,
Superior to the frozen southern blast,
In savage climes where shelter is unknown,
Decayed provisions he is doomed to taste,
Whilst hardships, want and toils his shattered body waste.

XCVIII.

With joyous looks and smiles he must constrain
His countenance and features to prepare,
Unaltered, firm and tranquil to remain,
When balls and bullets whizzing through the air,
A comrade's leg or arm with anguish tear.
Brave hearts thus nobly callous learn to despise
The fame and wealth, for which the worthless care,
Such fame and wealth, as feeble chance supplies,
And which do not from worth and virtue take their rise.

XCIX.

The human understanding, rendered bright
By long experience, finds a sweet repose,
Surveying calmly from its lofty height:
Upon the grovelling crowd, a glance it throws,
Upon that scene of wretchedness and woes.
Such men, where right and justice rule the nation,
And power on merit its rewards bestows,
Attain, (and well deserve) the highest station
Against their own desire, withouth solicitation.

THE LUSIAD.



CANTO THE SEVENTH.



THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Stanzas I. to XIV.—The poet contrasts the glorious deeds of the Portuguese with those of other nations, and reproaches the latter for their wars of ambition instead of turning their arms against the Infidels. XV. to XXII.—He gives a description of Cambaya and Calecut. XXIII. to XLI.—Gama sends a messenger on shore, who meets Monçaide, and returns on board with him. The Moor gives an account of the realm and its ruler, as well as of the religion and customs of the people. XLIII. to XLV.—Gama lands, and is accompanied by the Catual on a palanquin. XLVI. to XLIX.—They enter a sumptuous temple in which they behold the monstrous figures of the Indian deities. LI. to LVI.—Description of the palace and its gardens with the pictorial representation of remarkable events in former ages. LVII. to LIX.—The appearance of the Samorin is described. LX. to LXIII.—Speech of Gama to that Monarch. LXIV. to LXVI.—Courteous reply of the Samorin, and the Portuguese are hospitably entertained by the Catual and other nobles. LXVII. to LXXII.—The Catual invites Monçaide to give him a true report with respect to the Portuguese. LXXII. to LXXVII.—The Catual then goes on board the fleet, and is kindly entertained by Paul da Gama and Coelho. LXXVIII. and LXXIX.—Camoens invokes the Muses to aid him in his undertaking. LXXX. to LXXXII.—He complains of his poverty, and misery, and of the want of consideration shown to him. LXXXIII. to LXXXVII.—He declares that he is determined not to praise any one whom he does not consider to be deserving of his esteem or admiration.





THE LUSIAD.

CANTO VII.

I.

The goal is safely reached, and close at hand
With heart felt joy, your eager eyes you strain,
To gaze upon the greatly wished for land,
Where Indus rolls his current to the main,
And mighty Ganges holds his vast domain.
Ye gallant men! for feats in war renowned,
Who wish the palm of victory to gain,
At last the crown of all your toils is found,
The regions blest where wealth's exhaustless mines abound.

II.

To you, from ancient Lusus sprung, I say,
Who of the world so small a portion hold,
Nor do I mean what we can here survey,
This nether globe but that resplendent fold
Of him, by whom the heavens are controlled.
Your arms from conquering the filthy swine
Of Mahomet, no perils could with-hold,
Nor lust of greed, still less would ye repine
That Mother to obey, whose essence is divine.

III.

Ye Portuguese so few, and yet so brave,
Whose scanty numbers never make you dread,
When holy faith and native country crave,
By many various deaths your blood you shed,
The law of life throughout the world to spread:
By God's desire, and not by vanity,
However few, to triumphs you are led,
To sow the truths of Christianity,
And thus O Christ! so much exalt humanity.

IV.

Behold the German herd, puffed up with pride,
Who through a vast extent of country feed!
Saint Peter's great Successor they deride,
From due submission to the Church recede,
Another shepherd choose and other creed.
See how they rise in arms, and wars maintain,
And, not content with error, they proceed:
'Tis not the Ottoman's unrighteous reign,
But their own Monarch's yoke those rebels now disdain.

V.

Now look upon the Englishman, who calls
Himself the king of that most holy site,
Which vilest tribe of infidels enthrals,
(A title false to which he has no right)
Exposed to chilly blasts from Boreas' might!
They shiver in the ice; but here is sown
A novel form of faith, and whilst they smite
True Christian with the sword, they let alone
Without a blow, the land which e'er they call their own.

VI.

Meanwhile some lawless king of that terrestrial
Jerusalem, beneath his yoke doth bend,
Whilst he the mighty lord of that celestial
Jerusalem, doth outrage and offend;
But thou unworthy Gaul, perfidious friend,
What sad reproaches, shall I address to thee?
To be most christian king thou dost pretend,
And when thou shouldst the faith's protector be.
Thou dost destroy it, like its greatest enemy.

VII.

Dost thou believe thou canst be justified,
In wresting Christian neighbours' territories:
When such vast tracts by you are occupied,
The Nile and Cinyphus thou dost not seize,
Rivers the Holy Name's worst enemies;
You should then prove your swords' sharp edges there,
On those who load the church with blasphemies,
The name of Charles and Louis though you bear,
Their heritage, but not their righteous wars you share.

VIII.

What now of those who wallow in delights,
The plague which sloth and indolence beget,
They waste their lives, as sensual vice incites,
And to profuse expense no limit set,
And thus their ancient valour they forget.
From tyranny their cursed dissensions flow,
And hence the State by dangers is beset:
Yes Italy, thy vices daily grow
Luxuriant, whilst thou art thine own most bitter foe.

IX.

O wretched Christians! whose untoward fate,
Is like the teeth which Cadmus cast for seed,
To slay each other with most deadly hate,
Forgetful quite, that all of you proceed,
From one your common Mother. Lo! the creed
Of Moslem dogs doth still by force retain
The holy sepulchre. Is there no need
To fear, they may your ancient lands obtain,
And by triumphant wars immortal glory gain?

X.

As ancient custom and their laws require,
Which Mussulmans most strictly do observe,
To keep this restless army they desire,
In constant readiness they all preserve,
To conquer those who Christ and Gospel serve.
Alecto shameful discord always sows,
By which from holy brother-hood you swerve,
Beware lest this should bring the worst of woes,
Since they and you are both your own relentless foes.

XI.

If lust of grand domains inflame your breast,
To conquer, from your peaceful neighbour's, lands,
Of which they are most rightfully possessed,
Do you not see enough to fill your hands
In Hermus' and Pactolus' golden sands?
Of Gold Assyrian Lydians make their mails,
Afric, with hidden treasures helpless stands,
Let then your hearts be moved by richest hoard,
If zeal for God's own house no stimulant afford.

XII.

Those dire inventions; new artillery,
Dread instruments of war, such havoc make,
And deadly carnage we must quickly see
The lofty walls of great Byzantium shake,
And Turkey's strongholds all must surely quake;
Compel the Turks themselves to Scythia's cold
And Caspian savage caverns to betake,
For much increased that race we must behold
By whate'er policy rich Europe is controlled.

XIII.

Armenians, Thracians, Georgians, Greeks oppressed
By brutal Turks, most bitterly complain,
That impious, cruel rites, which they detest,
These tyrant lords their much-loved sons constrain,
To undergo, as Koran's laws ordain
Oppressive tribute. Let it be your boast
By force and skill to punish their disdain,
And war with arrogance at any cost,
To rise in power above another Christian host.

XIV.

Whilst you, insensate people, are quite blind,
And madly thirst to shed each others blood
In wild and reckless fury hear unmoved,
That Lusitania's small but dauntless brood
Pure Christian enterprises has pursued,
The ports of Africa they occupy,
By them great part of Asia was subdued,
In that new world, to plough new fields they try,
And if there were more globes, the men would thither fly.

XV.

But now we must once more direct our eyes
Upon the famous navigators state,
Prepared to clink that glorious enterprize,
When gentle Venus shall the winds abate
That savage rage. Before the sight dilate
Those regions, by such constant perils sought,
Her brightest hopes, that labours compensate,
To sow the seeds of faith and Christian thought.
Beneath another king, new customs shall be taught.

XVI.

No sooner did the fleet approach the coast,
Than little fishing smacks which daily plied
Their humble trade, the Lusian vessels crossed,
And promptly seek their lordly fleet to guide
To Calecut, in which the fishermen reside:
This was in Malabar the greatest port,
With which no other place or city vied
In state or grandeur, where, as they report,
The monarch of the land had fixed his regal court.

XVII.

Beyond the Indus on this side of Ganges,
A vast and famous tract of land extends,
The caverns of Emodius' mountain-ranges
Complete its northern boundaries, and descends.
Southwards unto the sea, in which it ends.
The various realms do not in laws accord;
Here sensual Mahomet the rest transcends,
There dumb and senseless idols are adored,
Some make an animal supreme and only Lord.

XVIII.

Throughout this continent, on every side,
Enormous chains of mighty mountains spread
O'er many lands, and Asia thus divide,
As each in different region lifts its head:
Hence waters, gushing from the mountain-shed,
Produce abundant springs: from some of these,
Her grand and noble rivers all are fed,
Where currents flow into the Indian seas,
Encircling that most rich and fertile Chersonese.

XIX.

Between those mighty streams, at distant space,
A pointed tract these regions occupies,
(In shape a pyramid you nearly trace),
Which slopes to ocean, where, before it lies,
Fair Ceylon's island, near to which doth rise
The great Gangetic bay, if fiction's powers
Do not indulge in idle fantasies,
The distant dwellers, in their blissful bowers,
Inhale delicious scents of balmy shrubs and flowers.

XX.

But names and usages are not the same
As those of peoples of a former day,
The Delijans and Patans, who justly claim
Large tracts of country, hold superior sway
By force and number. Here we can survey
The Decians and Orissans, who prepare
By Ganges' waters, to secure the way
To their salvation, and Bengal so fair
And fertile, that with it no other can compare.

XXI.

Cambaya's warlike realm is rightly famed,
('Tis said that Porus here once had his throne)
Great power Narsinga's kingdom always claimed,
But more by gold and precious gems it shone,
Than valiant men. A mountain widely known,
Which rising grandly from the wavy deep,
Its misty shadow o'er the earth hath thrown,
And, like a rampart, Malabar doth keep
Where free from Canara, they all in safety sleep.

XXII.

This mountain, "Gate", in the native tongue,
From off its foot at little distance throws
A lofty skirt, quite narrow and not long,
Whose front the strangest barrier doth oppose
Against the raging sea. Near this arose
Fair lovely Calecut in dignity,
The foremost city which this region knows,
The head and capital, of high degree,
The Samorim is lord of all that territory.

XXIII.

The fleet arrived before that noble port;
A Portuguese unto the king was sent
The coming of the vessels to report,
In so remote a realm. The envoy went
Right up the river which its waters blent
With ocean's waves. Whilst through the town he strays
Upon the novel sight all eyes are bent,
The stranger's colour, gait, and garb amaze
The large and eager crowds, which in deep wonder gaze.

XXIV.

Amongst the gazers who around him stand,
A Moslem came, who had the light of day
First seen in Barbary, that famous land
Where once the huge Antœus held the sway.
Perhaps because his native country lay
So near the Lusian realm he might have known
That glorious realm, or else was brought away
A galley slave; but chance or choice had thrown
Him into banishment in such a distant zone.

XXV.

This man, with joyous smiles upon his face,
Approached the messenger and glibly said
In spanish idiom:—"How, through all this space
"From your own native Lusia, have you strayed
To this far different world?" "We boldly made
Our way", the Lusian readily replied,
"Across the deep, by mortals never swayed,
And seek the river Indus' mighty tide,
To propagate the faith for which our Saviour died."

XXVI.

Monçaide, (such the friendly Moslem's name),
Was struck with most profound astonishment
To hear the Lusians' story, how they came
O'er boundless seas, what toils they underwent
What storms and perils foiled their great intent;
But when he found that for the royal ear
The envoy's message was expressly meant,
He told him that the King would not appear,
As he had left the place, but still was very near.

XXVII.

He then expressed a hope, that he would deign,
 Until the arrival of the Lusian fleet
 Was known, in his poor cottage to remain,
 And of the country's homely fare would eat,
 For then a kind reception he would meet;
 When thus refreshed, he might return on board
 The great Armada; naught can be more sweet
 Or doth such joy and happiness afford,
 As seeing one born near our home, so much adored.

XXVIII.

22 The Portuguese at once, most willingly,
 Accedes to good Monçaidés' kind request
 As if there was unancient amity;
 He eats and drinks, like any honoured guest
 And cheerfully obeys his host's behest:
 Then from the city both of them withdrew,
 Towards the vessels, as the Moor knows best,
 Monçaide was received by all the crew
 On board the Admiral with hearty joy and true.

XXIX.

The Moor was by the valiant Captain treated
 With kindness and embraced, for he admired
 The pure Castilian tongue, and then was seated
 Near him whilst he about that land enquired
 With all details which prudent care required.
 In Rhodope, the trees assembled round
 The lover of Eurydice, inspired
 With hope to hear his golden lyre resound,
 So all the eager crew doth now the Moor surround.

XXX.

He thus began:—O you! whom Nature placed
In lands so close to my paternal nest,
What destiny or blissful chance has traced
Your wonderous course from that far distant west
To eastern climes? Some mighty Power has blest
Your toils or great designs which we ignore,
From Tagus and the Minho's banks, in quest,
Your ships, through seas by keels ne'er ploughed before,
Have boldly sailed, of this remote and distant shore.

XXXI.

"Almighty God your ships hath hither brought,
Because in His great wisdom He intends,
That by your means some wonder shall be wrought;
Your foes He baffles and their wicked ends
And you from storms and furious winds defends.
Before you lies rich India's prosperous ground,
Whose realm o'er many various states extends,
Here glittering gold and precious gems are found,
Sweet odours scent the air, hot spices much abound.

XXXII.

"This province, in whose port your vessels lie
At anchor, Malabar the natives name,
Where men are sunk in gross idolatry
Since days of yore: their idols are the same,
And these the people for their Gods proclaim.
Here petty kings divided rule maintain,
Though one alone held sway (as ancient fame
Relates): Sarama Perimal did reign,
The last of all who could the united realm sustain.

XXXIII.

“Some wise and holy men this country reached
From the Arabian gulf and other lands
In which the law of Mahomet is preached,
Where I, obedient to my sire’s commands,
Have been enrolled amongst the Prophet’s bands;
A convert of these sages eloquent
His fervent zeal for Moslem rites expands,
So much that Perimal is not content
Until his closing years in saintly works were spent.

XXXIV.

“He loads his ships with costly merchandise,
To lay a noble gift before the shrine,
Where long entombed the glorious Prophet lies,
Who spread throughout the world the truth divine:
Before he went he would his crown resign
And all his realms amongst his friends divide,
For want of heirs of his illustrious line:
He wished the poor with riches to provide,
And free, unshackled rights, to former slaves confide.

XXXV.

“To one Cochine, to other Cananor,
Chaile to this, to that the monarch leaves
The pepper isle, Coulon and Cranganor;
Of all these, each that suits him best receives.
A youth comes last, for whom his bosom heaves,
With fond regard (when this partition made
And nothing else remained) to him he gives
Fair Calcut, enriched by constant trade,
Which great magnificence and boundless wealth displayed.

XXXVI.

"With this the imperial title he bestowed,
Which most exalted rank and state imparted,
For others homage and allegiance owed,
And then the monarch, joyful and light hearted,
To spend his life in pious acts departed.
The name of Samorim that youth obtains,
This lofty dignity was not departed
From his descendants in succeeding reigns,
And thus the present king this title still retains.

XXXVII.

"The creed of all these peoples, rich and poor,
Of fables and imagination is composed,
They go quite naked with a cloth before
Those parts which cannot be to sight exposed
With decency. In various castes disposed,
Of which the Naires hold the highest place,
To Pariahs contrasted and opposed
The lowest caste, the law which all embrace
Forbids the high to wed with those of lower race;

XXXVIII.

"For those, who exercised a craft or trade,
Must not with other castes in marriage blend,
The same injunction on their children laid
Compels them in that trade their lives to spend
From earliest childhood to their final end.
The Naires vile shame and great disgrace endure,
If any Pariah should by touch offend
Their noble flesh, and force them to procure
A thousand remedies, to make them clean and pure.

XXXIX.

“’Twas thus the ancient Jewish race, of old,
Samaritans accursed would never touch;
Besides the customs strange which I have told,
Still many others which I deem as such,
In countless peoples who do vary much.
The Naires alone in danger take delight
Against their monarch’s foes to arms they rush,
And with their long accustomed weapons fight,
The left a buckler holds, a sword is in their right.

XL.

“The priests and Brahmins form a sacred caste,
Of ancient name and great preeminence,
Derived from one who in the ages past,
The path of knowledge, trod with zeal intense,
And thus acquired the highest eminence.
They kill no living thing, and all refrain
From eating flesh in strictest abstinence;
To sexual intercourse they loose the rein,
In that alone indulge and by no rules restrain.

XLI.

“Their wives, promiscuous, free cohabitation
With equals of their husbands are allowed:
O blest condition! O happy nation!
Where cankered jealousy is not avowed
To mar their bliss. In Malabar men bowed
Their necks to that most other men revile,
But here are deemed most sacred. Wealth has flowed
From commerce with the world, in heaps they pile,
All that the seas can bring from China and the Nile.”

XLII.

Such was the story by the Moslem told:
Meanwhile the tidings through the city spread,
Of the arrival of these strange and bold
Adventurers, at last the King was led
To ascertain the truth of what was said.
Of either sex and every age, crowds fling
Themselves upon the path the nobles tread,
Who are expressly sent in state to bring
The Captain of the fleet to compliment the King.

XLIII.

Now that the King's permission they obtain
To come on shore, he goes without delay.
The noble Portuguese are in his train,
All dressed in silken garments rich and gay,
The various colours of their robes display
A great diversity; the people seem
To gaze in wonder at the grand array,
The oars keep time, their strikes reflect a gleam,
At first upon the sea, and then upon the stream.

XLIV.

There stood upon the beach a magistrate
Whom in their tongue a Catual they name;
Surrounded by some Naires who await,
With more than usual gladness, to acclaim
The noble Gama. When the barges came
Approaching land, soon in their arms they raise
Him on a palanquin, which is in frame
A gaudy couch (and in that country's ways)
Borne on mens' shoulders, this their honoured guest conveys.

XLV.

As thus the Malabar and Lusian went
Together to the place, where the King
Expects the stranger chief to compliment;
The other Portuguese, all following,
A guard of infantry in order bring,
The gathering crowds upon the stranger gaze
Astonished much perplexed and wondering
They wish to ask, but in the ancient days,
A great impediment to this did Babel raise.

XLVI.

Here Gama and the Catual conversed
On various topics which the times suggested,
Monçaide, in both these tongues well versed,
Their speeches to interpret did his best,
That both might understand what they expressed.
Thus through the city they are brought at last,
Their eyes upon a sumptuous building rest,
A temple, in its splendour unsurpassed,
And through the gates of which they both together passed.

XLVII.

Of all their deities they gather here
The sculptured figures, some are carved in stone
And some in wood, in aspect they appear
Quite various in their colours, which alone
The wretched devil could have ever shown,
The most abhorrent monsters they invent,
Such members as Chimera might have known,
The Christians, used their God to represent
In human shape, are struck with deep astonishment.

XLVIII.

Horns on the head of one the artists place,
Like Jupiter who midst the Libyan sands
Was Ammon named, and one, with double face
Upon one body, just like Janus stands,
The God of ancient times. With many hands
Distinct, as huge Briareus did of yore,
The giant leader of the rebel bands,
In front, another, canine features bore,
Like that Anubis whom in Memphis they adore.

XLIX.

No sooner had the barbarous Gentoo ended
His impious superstitious adoration,
Than they without delay or circuit wended
Their way towards the court where in expectation
Waited the monarch of that boastful nation.
The crowds, increasing as they pass along,
Gaze on the Captain, wrapt in admiration,
Maidens and dames, the aged and the young
At all the windows, doors and roofs of houses throng.

L.

They soon approached at slow and gentle pace
The lovely gardens which perfumed the air:
The palace stood in that umbrageous space:
Albeit no grand or lofty towers were there,
It was a sumptuous pile. With tasteful care,
The magnates with delightful groves surround
Their mansions, to avoid the heat and glare:
Each lordly ruler has his pleasure ground,
Where town and country are in charming union found.

LI.

On looking through the portals of the park,
They saw the intricate Dedalean plan,
With many figures worthy of remark,
Which share the time since India first began,
Her ancient course of grandeur. They who scan
These painted scenes of high antiquity,
So clearly drawn from earliest age of man,
And know the truth, will find such verity,
That picture images will seem reality.

LII.

In vast array, an army occupies
The eastern regions which Hydaspe laves,
And, as its Captain, all will recognize
A youth of brow unwrinkled, who ne'er craves
A weapon, but the leafy Thyrsus' waves,
The conqueror who doth that emblem bear,
Springs from great Nysa on that river's waves,
This is so like, that were Semele there,
She would, most certainly he was her son declare.

LIII.

Beyond this, great Assyrian hosts were seen,
They dried a stream (their numbers are so vast),
To quench their thirst, the subjects of that Queen,
The great Semiramis, who all surpassed
In loveliness, but was the most unchaste;
Close to her stands a stallion, carved in stone,
A fiery steed, which her perverted taste
Selected as a rival to her son,
In hideous, boundless trust, she never was outdone.

LIV.

And far apart from this unseemly view,
The glorious Grecian banners flout the sky
Of that third monarchy which did subdue
The world, until they reached the lands which lie
Near Ganges wavy waters. They descry
The youthful leader of that matchless host,
And on his brow the palms of victory.
Disdaining Philip for his sire to boast
His high account from Jove at his proud mother's cost.

LV.

The Portuguese these monuments survey
In deepest wonder, whilst the Catual
Addresses thus their chief: "Know then, the day
Will surely come, at no long interval.
When other triumphs, far more glorious shall
Eclipse these victories. Historic pages
Shall tell the strangers' names and deeds of all.
This truth has been declared by ancient sages
And Magicians, who divined the fact of future ages.

LVI.

They know moreover by their magic lore,
That naught avails the land against the force
And mighty powers which bring them to this shore.
For human skill or strength has no resource
In such events, when God directs their course
In peace and war the strangers' high renown
Shall their superior excellence enforce,
When through the world the vanquished shall be known,
Their fame the world shall with bright glory crown."

LVII.

Conversing thus they entered that high hall
In which the mighty Emperor reclined
Upon a splendid couch, to which in all
The earth no equal they could ever find,
For costliness and workmanship combined.
In a recumbent posture they behold,
A grave and prosperous lord in look and mind
He was arrayed in robes of cloth of gold,
The crown upon his head did priceless jewels hold.

LVIII.

An old attendant, kneeling by his side,
In humble and submissive attitude,
At intervals a verdant leaf supplied,
Of the narcotic which his master chewed,
According to his long accustomed mood.
A Brahman of high rank approached, to greet
The noble Gama, but expectant stood,
To be in form presented as was meet;
The monarch made a sign for him to take his seat.

LIX.

Thus Gama occupied an honoured place
Beside the royal couch, whilst all the rest
Stood further from the Samorim, whose face
Had never looked on men so strangely dressed,
Or such uncommon gait. What most impressed
The Indian Monarch, and the gazing crowd
Were these sonorous tones from Gama's breast,
Where words of greatest eloquence all showed
His wisdom, whilst he thus addressed the King aloud:

LX.

"A mighty Monarch, whose dominions lie
In distant regions, when the solar rays
Beneath the changeful and revolving sky,
Are hid by hands which densest barrier raise,
When sombre nights succeed the parting days,
Resounding echo has conveyed the name
Of him whom India joyfully obeys,
The first in grandeur, majesty, and fame,
He, therefore, would with thee the bonds of friendship claim.

LXI.

"Through long and devious course he did ordain
That I should come to thee that thou mightst know,
Of all that sail upon the boundless main,
That from the Nile unto the Tagus flow,
Or which from Zealand come where frost and snow
Eternally prevail, or torrid shore,
On which the sun in equal light doth throw,
And dazzling rays on the Ethiopian pour,
Of all this wealth his realm enjoys a copious store.

LXII.

"And if thou please, he will by firmest ties
And solemn treaties both our nations bind
In loyal amity, your merchandise
Shall thus a new and ready market find,
And commerce pour its blessings on mankind:
Your realm in wealth and plenty shall abound,
(For which to labour people are resigned)
All this to your great profit will redound,
Whilst Portugal with praise and glory shall be crowned.

LXIII.

And should both realms in friendly bonds engage,
All thy vicissitudes and woes to share,
Against thy foes incessant war to wage,
His troops, his arms and ships he must prepare,
And send such mighty aid, that none would dare
Provoke thy wrath. When he thy will doth know,
He will most friendly brotherhood declare;
Haste then thy gracious favour to bestow,
And of thy kind reply some certain symptoms show.

LXIV.

When Gama had concluded his oration,
The pagan King in courteous terms replied,
"A gracious embassy from your great nation,
Which in such distant regions doth abide,
Must ever be a source of highest pride;
But still my final answer I retain,
Until my trusty councillors decide,
Who will about your monarch and domain,
Your people and your land, a true report obtain.

LXV.

"And after all the toils, by you endured,
I trust your sufferings will be allayed,
By calm and safe repose, but rest assured
That my decision shall not be delayed,
But to your King be speedily conveyed."
Now sable night had brought the accustomed close
To human labours; balmy sleep was laid
On weary limbs, no mortal eyes oppose
The spell which plunges them in indolent repose.

LXVI.

Brave Gama with his Portuguese escort,
To their appointed home together went,
Where, welcomed by a noble of the court,
The gracious Indian magistrate, they spent
The time in feasts and joyous merriment.
The Catual, obedient to his King,
On strict enquiring all his efforts bent,
To learn from whence these navigators spring
Their customs, and their rites, he searches every thing.

LXVII.

Scarce had the blazing chariot come in sight,
In which the youthful Delian God ascends,
To gladden earth with his resplendent light,
At once the chieftain for Monçaide sends
To ask him all about his stranger friends.
With eager haste he urges him to tell
What he has ascertained and comprehends,
For he must surely know this people well,
Because his own adjoins the country where they dwell.

LXVIII.

He then conjures him to communicate
The full details, as he, by doing so,
Will render service to the king and state,
Enabling them by surest means to know
How far their trust in such a case may go.
The good Monçaide hastened to explain:—
“Tis not for me a further light to throw,
They live close to my native land, in Spain,
Where daily sinks the sun into the boundless main.

LXIX.

Their faith and law were by a Prophet taught,
Who to a virgin mother owed his birth,
(Astounding wonder by that Spirit wrought,
Who rules the Heavens and universal earth),
A virgin pure conceived and brought him forth.
Tradition, from our fathers handed down,
Proclaims their fortitude and matchless worth,
Upon the ensanguined plains most brightly shone
Such as in former days our ancestors had shown.

LXX.

With superhuman might the Moslem ranks,
By prodigies of valour they expelled
From all the lands upon the Tagus' banks,
And Guadiana's borders, they compelled
Them all to yield by efforts ne'er excelled.
They e'en pursued them to their native soil,
The stormy seas, of Africa are quelled,
The hope of safety and repose they foil,
The Moorish lofty walls and cities they despoil.

LXXI.

Their arms by skill and valour they sustain
In all the wars in which they must contend
Against the brave and warlike hosts of Spain,
Or with the hardy warriors who descend
From highest Pyrenees, none make them bend.
The hordes of foreign foes they never feared,
Such glorious triumphs on their arms attend,
That it may be, I ween, with truth averred,
Against such, Hannibal's Marcellus ne'er appeared.

LXXII.

If my narration should not be entire
For what you seek to learn, if more complete
And circumstantial tale you still desire,
They are most truthful, and abhor deceit,
Which they with scorn and great repugnance meet:
Go see their ships and mighty armament
To batter all who dare defy their fleet:
These Lusians may excite astonishment,
Who have the arts of peace and war together blent.

LXXIII.

The idolater most ardently desired
To see what by the Moor he had been told,
And ordered out the boats which were required
To take him quickly, where he might behold
The ships which brought the navigator bold:
They both embarked, and they were followed close
By groups of Naires the sea can scarcely hold,
Straight to the Caplans ship the Catual goes
When Gama's brother Paul a gracious greeting shows.

LXXIV.

The purple awnings and the banners made
Of richest silk which worms do generate—
On them their warlike feats were all displayed,
Which valiant arms to glory elevate,
Most deadly wars, adventures truly great,
Here some most brilliant, there some sad event,
Disasters, cruel scenes of horrid fate—
All these to that Gentoo they represent,
Who contemplates the whole with steady gaze intent.

LXXV.

The meaning of all this the chief enquired,
But first he promptly took his destined seat,
As valiant Gama courteously desired
That of these dainty viands he might eat,
Which Epicurus deemed so great a treat:
He quaffed the foaming goblet, filled with wine,
The boon which Noah gave to man; but meat
Of any kind, of fish, or fowl, or kine
His law and ancient sect compelled him to decline.

LXXVI.

The trumpet, which the thought of war implies,
Amidst the images of perfect peace,
Resounds on high, the dreadful cannon fires
Through all the deep abyss and seas,
The thunder penetrates, the Gentoo sees,
But still his looks most clearly show his mind
Is quite absorbed in these great prodigies,
Whose protraiture exalts with skill refined,
That silent poesy so vividly designed.

LXXVII.

The infidel and Paul together rise,
Coelho and the Moor observe the scene,
The astonished Pagan firmly fixed his eyes
Upon an aged man of noble mien,
And warlike gait, who most renowned had been,
Whose great and glorious name shall never die,
Whilst mortals in this lower world are seen:
His garb with that of ancient Greece might vie,
A branch in his right and his emblem doth supply.

LXXVIII.

A branch he held . . . But I, myself would deem
Insensate, rash and blind without your aid,
Ye Nymphs of Tagus and Mondego's stream!
If I alone a flight so daring made,
And through long paths so steep and arduous strayed!
Your favour I invoke, for this deep sea
I navigate, by adverse winds dismayed:
If you refuse, my fragile bark will be
Submerged beneath the waves, and wrecked most hopelessly.

LXXIX.

Remember for a period now so long,
Your Tagus and your Lusitanian race,
I shall have celebrated in my song,
Whilst I have wandered far from place to place
And fortune did fresh toils, fresh evils trace.
New peril of the deep, new ruthless men
In wars most dangerous compelled to face
Canace like, who did herself condemn,
One hand my sword doth wield, the other holds the pen.

LXXX.

Alas! by hateful poverty depressed,
With shame on strangers' bounty to depend,
The surest hope of which I was possessed,
Is now again fore—doomed to wretched end,
And utter wreck. Scarce able to defend
My life upon the coast, exhausted, tired,
And which a thread so slender doth suspend.
That prodigy to save me, was required
As great as was the boon which Judah's king desired.

LXXXI.

But even so, my Nymphs, it was not found
Enough that I should bear this weight of woes,
The very men, whose praises I did sound,
For all my labours, never would propose
More fit reward. In lieu of that repose
Which might my hearts most sanguine hopes content,
Or crown of laurel which due honour shows
Most unaccustomed labours they invent,
By which my weary soul to this sad state is bent.

LXXXII.

Behold, ye Nymphs, the men of mighty minds
Whom Tagus in his lovely breast doth nurse,
Consider what esteem the poet finds;
Who gives renown and glory by his verse,
At sight of such examples so perverse,
How can they hope, that future bards will nerve
Themselves, heroic exploits to rehearse,
Or by their lays the memory preserve,
Of noble nations which immortal fame deserve.

LXXXIII.

Since by so many ills I am oppressed,
Unless I meet with favour in your eyes,
And chiefly now that I am onward prest,
Where various feats may aggrandise,
Grant — you alone can grant, — and realise
My firm intent, which I before did vow,
On merit only to confer the prize,
No flattery on the mighty to bestow,
Lest they to me again their thankless nature show.

LXXXIV.

Do not, ye Nymphs, do not at all believe,
 That I shall praise the man who doth his king
 And country's public weal, abandoned leave,
 For selfish ends, or aught that they can bring
 To human laws and God, an arduous thing:
 Nor that ambitious man who strives to rise
 To dignity and office shall I sing,
 Who would his power most basely exercise,
 More freely to indulge in luxury and vice.

LXXXV.

No praise for him who doth his power abuse
 For vile desire or lawless passion's sake,
 Nor them who would the feeble mob seduce,
 And would assume, (their humble court to make)
 More shapes than even Proteus could e'er take;
 Think not, Camenæ, that I sing of these,
 Nor him who with grave aspects doth betake
 Himself, in his new place the king to please,
 And so the lower class doth vilely rob and fleece.

LXXX^{VI}~~VI~~.

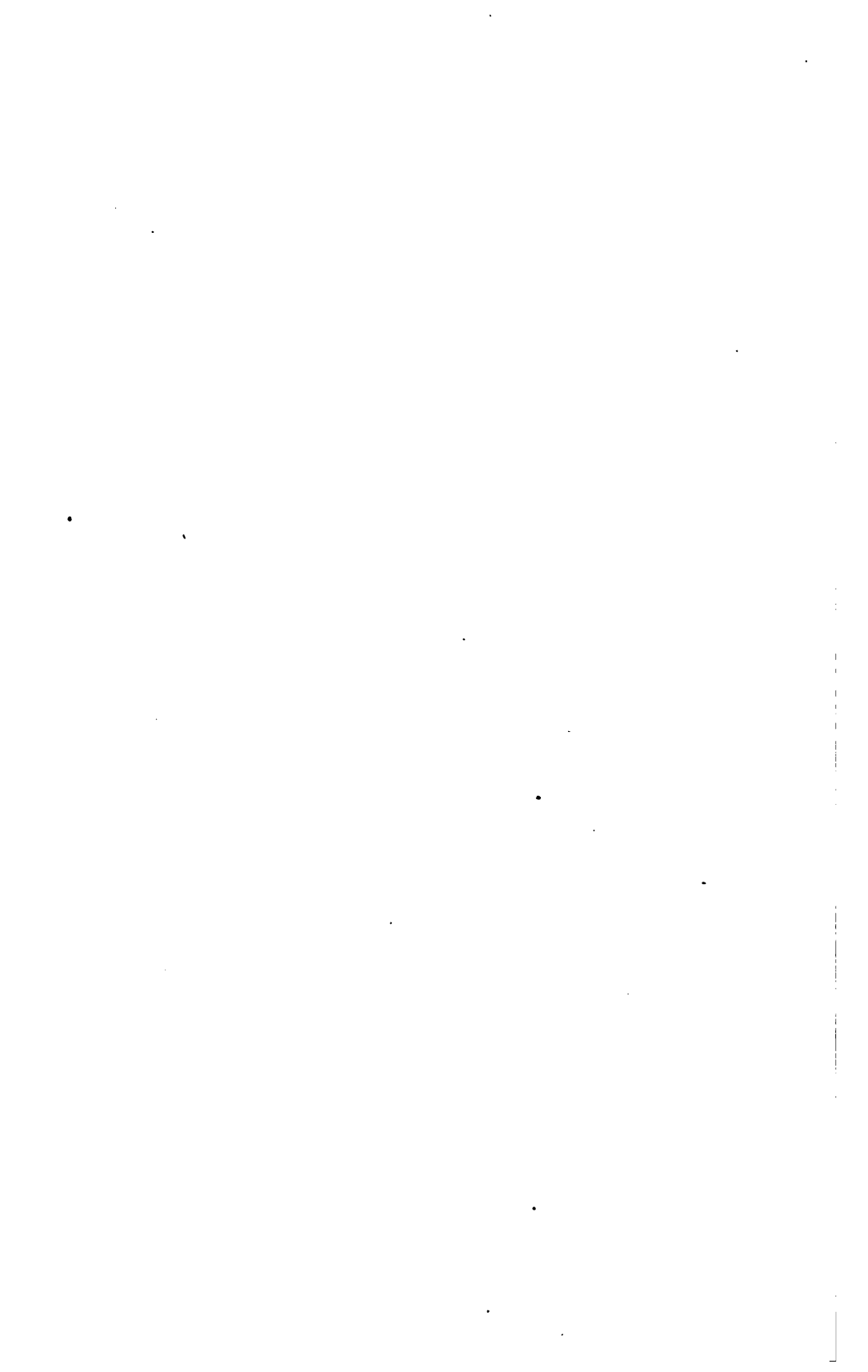
Nor praise I those, who deem it just and right
 The king's commands with rigour to observe,
 But think it just and of importance slight,
 Their guerdon to withhold from those who serve,
 And not to pay them that they well deserve,
 Nor him whose mind experience doth not guide,
 And thinks he doth a prudent ease preserve,
 With mean and scanty measure to provide
 For their great labours, which himself has never tried.

LXXXVII.

Such men alone I sing, who dearest life
For God and king most cheerfully expose,
To all the various kinds of deadly strife,
And if they thus attain their final close,
Immortal fame with brightest glory glows.
Apollo and the Muses who thus deign
To come with me, if now I seek repose,
Will double aid afford, when I again,
From weary task refreshed, resume my lofty strain.

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.



THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Stanzas I. to IV.—Paul Gama explains to the Catual various figures painted on the banners, and the first is Luso. V.—Ulysses. VI. and VII.—Viriatius. VIII.—Sartorius. IX.—Count Henry. X. to XII.—Alphonso Henriques. XIII. to XV.—Egas Moniz. XVI. to XVII.—Fuas Roupinho XVIII.—Crusaders and Henry in particular. XIX.—Prior Theotonio. XX.—Sancho. XXI.—Geraldo Sem Pavor or the dauntless hero of Evora. XXII. and XXIII.—Martin Lopes. XXIV.—Matthew the Bishop of Lisbon. XXV. and XXVI.—Paio Correia. XXVII.—Gonçalo Ribeiro. XXVIII. to XXXII.—Nuno Alvares Pereira, the great constable. XXXIII. and XXXIV.—Pero Rodrigues, Lord of Landroal. XXXV. and XXXVI.—Heroic conduct of seventeen Portuguese. XXXVII.—The two infants D. Pedro and D. Henry. XXXVIII.—D. Pedro de Menezes, conde de Vianna. XXXIX. to XLII.—The poet severely stigmatizes the degeneracy of the descendents of these gallant men. XLIII. to XLIV.—The Catual examines every thing and puts many questions to Paul Gama. XLV. and XLVI.—The Augurs are perplexed by the appearance of certain signs in the victims. XLVII. to L.—Bacchus assumes the form of Mahomet and appears to one of the Moslem priests. LI. to LIII.—The priest convenes the chief men of his sect. LIV. to LVI.—Extreme care which monarchs ought to take in the choice of their advisers. LVII. to LIX.—Gama asks for an audience of the king. LX. to LXIII.—The king accuses Gama of piracy and falsehood. LXIV. to LXXV.—Noble reply of Gama to the accusations of the king. LXXVI. to LXXVIII.—The king is much moved by the speech of Gama and gives him permission to land his merchandise. LXXIX. to LXXXVI.—The venal Catual takes Gama to a distant quay and places him under arrest. LXXXVII. to LXXXIX.—Perplexity of

Gama who displays great prudence. XC. to XCII.—The Catual agrees to release Gama on condition that he lands his merchandise. XCIII. to XCV.—Gama lands the merchandise. XCVI. to XCIX.—This canto concludes with a virulent satire against self interest and the love of riches.



THE LUSIAD.

CANTO VIII.

I.

The noble Catual fixed his steady gaze
On the first figure, which great wonder stirred ;
Depicted there, a man a branch displays
As his device; he had a snowy beard
Of ample length, which trimmed and combed appeared.
“Who may this person be? And this device,
From whence derived, or why on him conferred?”
To this, in simple language, Paul replies;
His meaning to convey the good Monçaide tries:

II.

“These figures all with such ferocious mien
And gallant bearing, which you here behold,
Have glorious warriors, and most valiant been,
And in the world’s bright annals are enrolled
For feats and exploits, still more fierce and bold,
And whose great glories most resplendent claim
Our homage, though they lived in days of old,
That Lusur is: we learn, by ancient fame,
Our Lusitania doth from him derive its name.

III.

“He was the mighty Theban’s son who shared
His great, incessant conquests, which subdued
Such vast and various realms, and then repaired
To fair Hispanha’s regions, in that mood
Of war and victories, which they pursued.
The Douro and the Guadiana lave
Rich, fertile fields (Elysian called) which wooed
His weary limbs to seek a quiet grave,
And where he left his bones, his name he also gave.

IV.

“The branch, which he doth carry in his hand,
The verdant Thyrsus, was by Bacchus won,
And hence the present age may understand
That Lusus was his friend or much loved son,
Who through great dangers had together run,
Now him, who reached the Tagus’ banks at last,
Through seas and dreadful woes he scarce could shun,
Dost thou behold, and how a fane he raised
To heavenly Pallas, in her wisdom unsurpassed?

V.

“Ulysses to the blue-eyed goddess raised
A temple, grateful to her who bestows
The gift of eloquence, and though he razed
The walls of Troy in Asia, Europe owes
To him the grandeur which Lisboa shows.”
“But who is this with wild and furious face
Who ravaged plains with dreadful carnage strews
Whom deadly battles with bright triumphs grace,
Whilst eagles painted on his banners you can trace?”

VI.

Thus spoke the Pagan. Gama made reply:
"This Viriatus, on whose face we look,
Did erst a shepherd's humble calling ply,
But soon his hut and grazing flock forsook,
More skilled to hurl a lance, than hold a crook.
On haughty Rome's, till then unconquered host,
He brought disgrace, and deadly vengeance took,
Of victories over him she ne'er could boast,
And all the dazzling fame, from Pyrrhus gained, was lost.

VII.

"By shameful artifice, and treasons vile,
And not in open war, this man was slain,
Whom Rome so greatly feared; such crimes defile
Men highly honoured, who do not disdain
Their fame by breach of generous laws to stain.
Lo! one appears, who, by his passions swayed,
Against his country conflicts did sustain,
But of allies a prudent choice he made,
And deathless glory won, by their resistless aid.

VIII.

"Behold then how the chosen birds of Jove,
The eagles on their banners vanquished quite,
And even in that time we soar above
Them all in arms, they are in horrid fight
Compelled to yield, to our superior might.
On artful tricks and cunning he relies,
To win the crowds, and wonder to excite,
From his prophetic hind he feigns advice,
Sartorius is the man, the hind is his device.

IX.

"Another painted banner let us see,
With the progenitor of our first race
Of kings, who came we think from Hungary,
But strangers quite a different lineage trace,
And deem Loraine to be his native place.
In war he did the Moorish hosts outshine,
Leon, Galicia fled before his face:
At last, a pilgrim to the holy shrine,
He brought a blessing on his truly royal line."

X.

"Who is that man, who fills me with affright.
(The Malabar inquires, in great amaze)
Who with such scanty forces puts to flight
Unnumbered squadrons, and such vast arrays
Of hostile hosts discomfits, routs and slays?
How many walls he razes to the ground!
What countless battles and laborious days!
Upon his head, with glory's halo crowned!
What standards from the foes, beneath his feet are found!"

XI.

"This is the first Alphonso", Gama cried,
Who wrested Portugal from Moorish sway,
In whose great deeds Fame took so just a pride,
She swore, by Stygian lake, no more to say
Of Roman heroes, in a former day,
So great his zeal, that God his love did show
And nerved his arm, the infidels to slay.
So many towns he captured from the foe,
That future warriors now had none to over-throw.

XII.

“Had Cæsar, or the youthful king, who reigned
In Macedon, great Alexander, brought
So small a force, and such long wars sustained,
Against those mighty bands, with which he fought,
Their boasted triumphs would have come to naught.
You may be sure, that no historic leaf
Would more exalt their names, with wonder fraught;
But on his matchless feats we must be brief
These vassals to extol, well worthy of their chief.

XIII.

“This man who casts a fierce and angry eye
Upon his royal pupil, forced to yield
Before the foe, and urges him to try
His chance once more, his rallied troops to wield,
And drive the exulting foemen from the field.
The stripling with the aged chief returns,
Egas Moniz new courage thus instilled,
And so the vanquished into victor turns,
And each fidelity, as in a mirror learns.

XIV.

“Behold him now his wife and children take
As hostages: nor cloth, nor silk is worn:
A cord hangs round his neck, for honour's sake
To keep his plighted word, such shame is borne
Because the youth, whose state was quite forlorn,
The pledge, on which Castilians did rely
And raised the siege, rejects with haughty scorn,
For this his sons and spouse in fetters lie,
To save his rightful lord, himself he dooms to die.

XV.

“No loyalty like this by him, who broke
His solemn oath, in ancient times, was shown;
The consul, forced to pass beneath the yoke,
For want of skill, to Samnium went alone,
Justly reviled and taunted by his own.
In Egas noble sentiments are rife,
He would for other’s perfidy atone
He loves his children, dearer than his life,
And, harder still to bear, condemns his guiltless wife.

XVI.

“See one who from the ramparts rushes down
Upon the hostile camp, the foes recede,
And raise the siege of that beleaguered town,
Their king a captive falls. Most splendid deed!
A feat, which Mars himself could not exceed.
Behold that man again renowned in story,
Against the Moorish galleys doth proceed,
He takes them all, and by this first victory
Upon the seas obtains most bright transcendent glory.

XVII.

“Fuas Roupinho shines by sea and land,
Now from the fire, upon the lofty heights
Of Abyla, enkindled by his hand,
Looks on the Moorish galleys, and delights
To see them all destroyed in deadly fights.
Rejoicing e’en with death before his eyes
In just and holy war and whilst he smites,
The infidel, his soul most happy flies
With palms of victory to bright, celestial skies.

XVIII.

“Do you not see the gallant bands arrayed,
In foreign garb, who from their vessels spring
On shore, and in their zeal they greatly aid
The Lusians’ first and most redoubted king,
Lisboa’s walls beneath his sway to bring
See Henry valiant knight, a palm doth grow
Beside his grave: by this stupendous thing,
A power miraculous we clearly know;
Their birth to Germany, these Christian martyrs owe.

XIX.

“Lo! now a priest, with sword in hand, advances
Against Arronches, which he takes, the fall
Avenging of Leiria, which, the lances
Of those, who fight for Moslem faith enthrall.
This warrior, Theotonio, people call
The sturdy prior. Santarem doth lie
Beleaguered first upon the embattled wall,
A youth undaunted quickly mounts on high,
Emblazoned with five shields his banner flouts the sky.

XX.

“When Sancho, with his banner bright unfurled,
Discomfited the Moorish Vandals’ host,
Dost thou not see how he destruction hurled,
The standard bearer slaying at his post,
Spain’s pennons, trampled in the dust, are lost.
T’is Mem Moniz heroic valour shows,
Resplendent brightness, glory’s highest boast,
And with his bones his father’s tomb doth close,
Exalting Portugal, and vanquishing her foes.

XXI.

“Upon another warrior cast a glance,
Two heads of sentinels slain unawares,
He brings, the wall descending on his lance;
In ambush lurking, he the place ensnares,
By stratagem and might. The city wears,
For arms his signal valour to proclaim,
A knight who two cold heads triumphant bears,
A feat unrivalled in the rolls of fame,
Geraldes, hight the Dauntless, is the hero's name.

XXII.

“Dost see the proud Castilian, who provoked
By king Alphonso called the Ninth of Spain,
Inflamed with hate of Lara's race, invoked
The Moorish aid, his quarrel to maintain,
And war with Portugal he did sustain?
The renegade advancing boldy takes
Abrantes, with the Moslems in his train,
A Portuguese with scanty force, o'ertakes
The foes, whom he defeats, and him a prisoner makes.

XXIII.

“His name is Martin Lopes, gallant knight,
Who bears away the palm and laurel crown.
A warrior priest comes forth equipped for fight,
His golden crook of office, he flings down,
To grasp his lance of steel, and with a frown,
Upon his brow, he looks on those who feared,
To be by dint of numbers overthrown;
But when a gracious sign in heaven appeared,
His scanty troops were with fresh strength and courage stirred.

XXIV.

"But still more wonderful, behold again,
The kings of Cordova and Seville routed,
I ween, not only routed, both are slain,
In this the will of God cannot be doubted;
No mortal hand was ever so redoubted.
Alcacer, now subdued, bends lowly down,
Its walls of steel, and strong defences scouted,
Lisboa's Bishop, Matthew, takes the town,
Of glorious palms he thus obtains a brilliant crown.

XXV.

"Lo! a grand Master, though a Portuguese
By birth, advancing boldly from Castile,
Within his grasp doth all Algarve seize;
His conquests spread, till none his iron will
Resist. By dauntless courage, might and skill,
Upon his arms a star propitious shone;
Towns, castles, forts are stormed, and to fulfil
His purposes, and avenge the evil done
To seven hunters slain, Tavira's walls he won.

XXVI.

"With warlike cunning from the Moors he takes
That Silves which they had by force acquired,
His skilful art combined with valour, makes
Brave Payo, hight Correa, so admired,
That other men, with envy are inspired,
Fail not to look on those three gallant knights
Who France and Spain, by love of glory fired,
Astonished with their jousts, in single fights,
And tournaments, whose feats a trophy grand requites.

XXVII.

“See now those bold adventurers maintain
Their dazzling fame through Spain, where they alone
In real game of fierce Bellona gain,
The glorious prize, from hardy champions won,
Who their temerity did there atone,
The field with blood those knightly warriors dyc,
Who had before the chief their gauntlets thrown,
Gonçalo de Ribeiro, spirit high,
Who might with fearless heart dull Lethe’s law defy.

XXVIII.

“Now gaze on him whose fame so far extends,
That none in future ages can compare with him
Who when his dear loved native land depends,
Upon a slender thread, doth not despair,
His mighty shoulders all the burden bear,
Do you not see ’midst terror and delay
Of timid men, his eyes with fury glare,
Till all a native monarch’s gentle sway,
Prefer, resolved to drive the stranger far away?

XXIX.

“His prudent counsels and his dauntless might,
By God directed, and auspicious star,
Such wonders wrought e’en what to mortal sight
Would seem impossible, surpassing far
Castile’s vast hosts he vanquished in the war.
By dint of valour, force, and zeal profound,
He trampled down, in his victorious car,
Lands where men fierce and infinite abound,
Whom Guadiana and Tartesso quite surround.

XXX.

“The Lusian army do you not behold
Almost discomfited, for want of aid
Of that great Captain, as devout as bold,
Who at his orisons was then delayed,
And to that high and trinine Essence prayed?
Most eagerly to find him all desire,
Without him faint resistance can be made
Against such odds, his presence they require,
The timid and the weak with courage to inspire.

XXXI.

“See how he trusts in that Almighty power,
Which makes him with full confidence reply
To all entreaties, “’tis not yet the hour”
As if he could assuredly rely,
That God, a victory would ne’er deny.
And thus Pompilius, when he heard loud cries
Which tell that foes the country occupy,
To him who brings the dreadful news replies
But I am to the Gods now offering sacrifice.

XXXII.

“If you should wish the hero’s name to hear,
Who doth in God such confidence proclaim,
Resplendent to your sight, he shall appear,
Him they the Portuguese great Scipio name,
But Nuno Alvares more known to fame.
Blest land! which boasts so true and great a son,
Who rather might to be her father claim,
Whilst over Ceres’, Neptune’s globe, the Sun
Shall end his course, she shall bewail that gifted one.

XXXIII.

“Another hardy Captain you will see,
In this grand conflict boldly dare and reap,
With scanty force, the fruits of victory:
The hostile chiefs in bloody trenches sleep
And yield the booty, which they could not keep.
Behold once more, at ardent friendship’s call,
How he his valiant lance in gore doth steep,
When they his friend for loyalty enthrall;
Pero Rodrigues was this lord of Landroal.

XXXIV.

“See how that crafty, base perfidious man,
The chastisement of his vile treason bore;
From Elvas Gil Fernandes overran,
His lands, and fiercely wreaked his vengeance sore,
Until he stretched him, weltering in his gore:
Xeres is ravaged, deluged are its plains
With brave Castilians’ blood, from every pore,
Whilst Ruy Pereira still his fleet maintains,
The galleys, like a shield, his single glance sustains.

XXXV.

“Lo! seventeen brave Lusitanians fight
Against four hundred of Castile, and keep
Their post undaunted, firmly on the height,
Which they ascend, though hostile forces sweep
The country round to take them, thus they reap
Renown not only in defence, but raise
Their banner in the plains: their swords they steep
In foemens’ gore, a feat deserving praise
Eternal, in the old as well as modern days.

XXXVI.

“Our annals tell us, that three hundred men
A thousand Romans bravely did oppose,
This was of old, in that bright period, when
Bold Viriatus to great glory rose,
By splendid triumphs o’er his country’s foes.
His victories most wondrous do appear,
And thus bequeathed by him our adage shows,
“However few, we numbers never fear”,
The proofs of this high boast we oft shall see and hear.

XXXVII.

“See Peter and great Henry, noble princes,
Illustrious scions of the royal line,
Of kingly John, the elder one evinces
Such qualities in Germany, as shine
With glory, which by death does not decline.
The younger won imperishable renown,
Exploring seas unknown, a vast design,
By him the gates of Ceuta battered down
Abate the Moorish pride; he enters first the town.

XXXVIII.

“Dost see the count Don Pedro, peerless knight,
By mighty armies twice besieged in vain:
Another count, renowned in deadly fight,
A second Mars, the conflict doth sustain
On land, and highest fame for valour gain.
His ardent spirit not content alone
Alcacer to defend, would now remain,
No greater loyalty was ever shown,
To save his sovereign’s life, he sacrificed his own.

XXXIX.

“Here many others might have had a place,
Whom limners would most willingly portray,
But brush and colours always fail to trace
Those lineaments, when no rewards repay,
For patronage and honours are the stay
Of all the arts. With their successors rests
The blame in whom the lustre fades away,
No more their fathers’ valour fills their breasts,
Which love of sensual joys and vanities infests.

XL.

“The illustrious sires, those founders of a line
Of noble progeny, in them the light
Of virtue most admired did ever shine,
The firm resolve to found a house which might
Descend to their own heirs, they kept in sight.
Blind mortals! who by constant labours rose
To proudest fame and glory ever bright,
Unto your sons bequeathing sweet repose,
A life of slothful ease, from which corruption flows.

XLI.

“And some there are, who boast no lofty name,
Nor can a proud and glorious lineage show,
For this incautious kings must bear the blame,
Who on their favoured minions will bestow
What they to valour and to learning owe;
Ancestral portraits these wish not to see,
Those would not suit their taste too well they know;
On painting which doth speak, their enemy
Quite natural, they look with great antipathy.

XLII.

"Yet I do not deny, that some descended
From noble ancestors, with riches crowned,
Have real worth with splendid grandeur blended,
In whom the highest qualities are found,
Where virtue and nobility abound.
Although the light of their ancestral line
Casts not such bright, resplendent lustre round,
It still appears with brilliant rays to shine;
But there are few of these, whom painting doth design."

XLIII.

Whilst Gama thus of glorious feats doth tell,
The scenes on which the skilful painter lays
His various tints which he employs so well,
And all those chiefs most admirably portrays,
The astonished Catual his eyes doth raise
In wonderment, and whilst he seems to throw,
Upon the pictures, rapt and steady gaze,
By frequent questions he still strives to know
About those battles which upon the canvas glow.

XLIV.

Now evening casts a dim, uncertain light,
The sun no longer sheds his dazzling ray,
Retiring at the approach of sable night,
To plunge beneath the ocean far away,
And bless the antipodes with genial day.
The Catual from the lofty vessel goes,
With all the valiant Naires in bright array
To court the balmy sleep and calm repose,
Which mild and gentle night on weary men bestows.

XLV.

Meanwhile the native augurs, most renowned,
Whom false opinions and delusions cheat,
To think in sacrifice by art profound
Prognostics sure and omens they will meet,
Though all is diabolical deceit:
These augurs, as their sovereign doth ordain,
Proceed to seek the causes why this fleet
Has come to his dominions o'er the main,
With these bold strangers from the distant coast of Spain

XLVI.

But yet the true and only God doth show
By clearest signs, that they are doomed to see
These strangers work their country's overthrow,
Impending ruin, long captivity,
And total wreck, in dark futurity.
The startled augurs to the monarch send
To tell what caused them deep perplexity
The omens, dire (as they can comprehend)
The victim's entrails do most visibly portend.

XLVII.

Moreover one who loved the impious rite,
Of Mahomet a holy priest esteemed,
Who entertained a most inveterate spite
Against the faith by which we were redeemed,
Divine, superior far to others, deemed
That the false Prophet, whom he much revered,
Had come to him by night, this dervish dreamed,
The odious Bacchus, by bold hatred stirred,
To this religious man in that disguise appeared.

XLVIII.

And thus he spoke "O people mine! beware
 Of evils, which, from that unfriendly race
 It may be destined you shall have to bear,
 Before the danger imminent you face,
 From those who now upon the ocean trace
 Their course". At once he woke the Moor whose breast
 These words in trembling terror did embrace;
 He fancied that mere dreams his soul depressed,
 And courting sleep again he calmly sank to rest.

XLIX.

Then Bacchus spoke again: "Dost thou not know
 The mighty legislator, who devised
 The precepts of the law, to which men owe
 The boon that many have not been baptized?
 Whilst I keep constant watch, art thou surprised
 By sluggish sleep? Arise this truth embrace,
 The strangers, just arrived (I am advised),
 Will surely bring down ruin and disgrace
 Upon the law I taught the wretched human race.

L.

"Resolve these men, yet feeble to restrain
 Before their strength attains too great a height,
 When all your zeal and efforts will be vain;
 The rising sun emits a gentle light,
 Which can be borne and dazzles not the sight,
 Ascending high and bright, his ardent rays
 The strong, most piercing eyes with blindness smite,
 Uproot these tender shoots, if once they raise
 Their haughty heads, they will o'ershadow all your days."

LI.

The phantom ceased to speak, and then retired,
But sleep at once was banished from the eyes
Of Agar's son by deadly fear inspired,
He quits his bed, his slave a light supplies,
Whilst through his veins the burning poison flies.
The morning dawn which does the sun precede
Restored his calm and made his courage rise,
He calls the leaders of the impostor's creed,
He tells his tale, and asks of counsel in his need.

LII.

Opinions widely various then were heard,
Quite opposite, with contradictions fraught:
Some vile deceit and treachery preferred,
Whilst some by perfidy and cunning sought
The means, by which destruction would be wrought.
Still none advise the use of open force,
Lest rashness might bring all their schemes to naught;
Base stratagems would prove their best resource,
To bribe the magistrates appeared the safest course.

LIII.

By bribes, with gold and secret gifts, they gain
The rulers, chiefs and magnates of the place,
With spurious tales and reasons they maintain
That these new comers will bring down disgrace
And utter ruin on the native race,
That violence and piracy combine
Their progress from the western seas to trace,
They live by rapine which no bounds confine,
And have no king, no law, nor human nor divine.

LIV.

How much it doth the Monarch of a realm
 To watch his friends and counsellor behove,
 And see that those he places at the helm
 Their inward rectitude and virtue prove,
 Impelled, by true, sincere, and earnest love,
 Like this great Eastern king who occupied
 The regal throne, with useless efforts strove
 To learn the real truth, and so relied
 Upon the lying tongues of courtiers at his side.

LV.

Nor ought a king implicitly to trust
 In men of aspect humble, meek and low,
 As if their conscience was most pure and just,
 For oft, beneath this poor and modest show,
 Ambition's loftiest aspirations glow.
 Such men may not, however just and good,
 The wisest course in wordly matters know,
 But those affairs can not be understood,
 When tranquil innocence seeks God in every mood.

LVI.

Inflamed by avarice and lust of greed,
 The venal Catuals who had the sway
 O'er all the pagans, whom they blindly lead,
 The will of those infernal Moors obey,
 And cause the Portuguese a great delay.
 But Gama sought no object or design
 Amidst the cunning tricks which they might play,
 He wished to send his King some certain sign
 Of that discovered world, for which he crossed the brine.

LVII.

And this he did, because he was assured,
That when it was announced, the glorious end
Of his great enterprise had been secured,
His King, Emmanuel, would promptly send
His ships with arms and men, and would attend
To all his wants, and thus his royal sway
O'er distant lands and boundless seas extend
Whilst noble Gama merely traced the way,
And found in eastern climes, the cradle of the day.

LVIII.

To seek an audience Gama was resolved.
And urge the King to yield to his request,
Because he felt that persons were involved,
In wicked plots, by envious hate possessed,
To thwart the fondest hopes, which he expressed,
Their vile malicious tales, the monarch hears,
And gloomy terrors rack his trembling breast.
The direful omens which first reached his ears
By Moslem dreams confirmed, increased his deadly fears.

LIX.

The horrid terror chills his anxious mind
Whilst avarice and ardent thirst for gold,
That passion, which in persons so inclined,
Commands supreme with bias uncontrolled,
Incited, urged him, and retained its hold.
By justice, truth and equity he knows
He may acquire vast riches, wealth untold,
If he resolves, for many years, to close
With that alliance, which the Portuguese propose.

LX.

The king in this dilemma counsel sought
From various persons promptly to obtain,
Opinions quite divergent, as they thought,
Or self-love prompted, for the lust of gain
And golden bribes were not employed in vain.
He then resolved the Admiral to call
And so addressed him in the following strain:
"If you confess the truth and tell me all,
Upon your guilty heads, no punishment shall fall.

LXI.

"Know then that I have fully ascertained
This embassy, which you announce to me
Is altogether idle, false and feigned,
And you are merely rovers on the sea,
Who have no king nor settled territory.
What king or ruler on that mighty land
Of far Hesperia would so senseless be,
His fleet and forces rashly to command,
To cross the vasty deep and seek this distant land?

LXII.

"But if your monarch rules such wide domains,
And such great realms his due allegiance won,
Declare what gifts and presents he ordains
That you should lay before my royal throne,
To prove the truth of that is still unknown.
When bonds of amity great kings unite
Their love by rich and sumptuous gifts is shown,
Without a token, or a pledge to plight,
A vagrant sailor's word affords assurance slight.

LXIII.

"You may perchance be doomed to banishment,
 As some of highest rank have been of old,
 If so within my realm, I give consent
 That you should dwell in peace; the brave and bold,
 Will any land as native country hold,
 But, e'en as pirates, and with murder's stain,
 You need not fear, when once the truth be told,
 Since stern necessity doth all constrain
 Their lives in every age, to nourish and sustain."

LXIV.

"When he concluded, Gama who suspected
 That all this web of dark intrigue was weaved
 By Moslem hatred, which he soon detected,
 But which the king so readily believed,
 And was completely cheated and deceived.
 With lofty confidence, which filled his breast,
 From sense of pure integrity conceived,
 By Acidalian Venus, most impressed
 In clear, sonorous tones, the pagan king addressed.

LXV.

"Had not the malice of our human kind,
 Committed grievous sins, in pristine days,
 Which caused the curse of evil and confined
 And poured iniquity's polluted vase,
 That cruel scourge which Christendom still flays
 Whence horrid wrath, perpetual rancours spring,
 In Adam's sons, and rampant falsehoods raise,
 Their baneful heads, thou wouldst not hear. O! king
 From that malignant sect, this base and wicked thing.

LXVI.

"As nothing great or grand was ever gained,
Without oppressions, dangers, toils and woes,
No glorious feat or triumph is obtained,
On hope's most joyous steps, fear follows close
With sweat of agony the brave man knows.
The want of confidence thou dost display,
Thy disregard of truth and justice shows
Would quite by strongest proofs be cleared away
If to unworthy men, thou didst no credence pay.

LXVII.

Were I on lawless rapine wholly bent,
By waves of ocean tossed, quite helplessly,
Or criminal condemned, to banishment,
Canst thou believe that I would hither flee,
Where I so distant and unknown must be?
What sanguine hope or ardent thirst of gold,
Would make me plough the deep and angry sea,
Endure the frost of bleak Antarctic cold,
Or heats, which the Ram the inhabitants doth hold.

LXVIII.

If thou dost rich and splendid presents ask,
By which my truth and honour may be graced,
I answer that my great appointed task,
So that the region might be clearly traced,
In which thine ancient kingdom Nature placed.
But should kind heaven my aspirations crown
And my loved country be once more embraced,
I will such gifts before your feet lay down,
Presents superb on my return shall shed renown.

LXIX.

If thou shouldst deem it hard to understand,
Astounding quite that I am sent to thee,
By him who rules Hesperia's distant land,
His royal breast, his heart sublime can see
Within the bounds of possibility
That naught is grand. Let fancy soaring high
Conceive how great the Lusians' souls must be,
And so with faith and credence firm rely,
That none their fortitude and spirit will deny.

LXX.

Know that our ancient kings, for many years
In constant bold attempts have been engaged,
To conquer toil and danger, which appears
A fierce and deadly conflict to have waged
Against the grandeur which had been presaged.
The great, unfathomed deep his vessel braves
To find the quiet of the seas enraged,
And thus defies the angry winds and waves
To seek the final spot, which mighty ocean laves.

LXXI.

Idea worthy of the branch so bright,
Of that most prosperous king who first the sea
Crossed o'er, and with resistless might
Compelled the scared inhabitants to flee
From distant Abyla. By industry
And lofty genius this one did combine
Ship after ship to send successively,
Until they sailed to that resplendent line
Where Argo Hydra with the Hare and Ara shine.

LXXII.

His mariners' incessant toils increase,
With constancy and daring unsurpassed,
New regions they discover by degrees,
And Africa's extremity at last
They reached, where Austral natives never cast
A look upon the seven stars which blaze
Resplendent in the northern sky, we passed
All those which in the tropics one surveys,
And with our eyes we gazed upon their burning rays.

LXXIII.

With firmest breast and purpose they pursued
Their arduous course upon the deep to trace,
Until their adverse Fortune was subdued,
And now at length your eastern realm to grace
Our goal and final column here we place.
Midst horrid tempests, howling blasts,
Our way we boldly forced across the liquid space;
To crown our work from thee we only pray,
To have a sign which we before our king shall lay.

LXXIV.

"This is, O king! the whole and simple truth,
And I would not for such uncertain gain,
Such paltry boon which I might get, forsooth
If it were false; I would not tell this vain,
And tedious tale, indulge in such a strain.
I would much rather, from this land recoil,
To rest in Tethys' lap, the boisterous main,
And like a wicked pirate live by spoil
Enriched by that from which all other men must toil.

LXXV.

"Most gracious king, if thou my word wilt take
For that it is sincere and quite unfeigned,
I pray thee kind and prompt dispatch to make,
That by delay, this object once obtained,
The joy of my return be not restrained;
But if suspicious doubts still haunt thy mind,
Reflect on all the proofs by me sustained,
For those who are with judgment clear inclined
To look for it, with ease the truth will quickly find."

LXXVI.

The Indian king with rapt attention heard
The firm assurance in the words which broke
From Gama's lips, his mind was greatly stirred,
To place full confidence in what he spoke
Which ready faith and firm belief awoke,
He pondered on his eloquence, conceived
That his authority much power must cloak,
He thought the venal Catuals deceived,
(Himself deceived) because he thus of them believed.

LXXVII.

Moreover, by his expectations swayed
Of wealth and treasures, rolling at his feet,
If once a pact with Portuguese were made,
He felt inclined the Admiral to greet,
And spurn the Moslems' falsehood and deceit.
To go on board then Gama was desired,
And promised that protection he should meet,
He might land all the goods which they admired,
For spices to exchange or sell if he required.

LXXVIII.

He urged him all the goodly merchandise,
Which those Gangetic regions want, to send
On shore, and let them see the rich supplies
From that far country, where the land doth end
And mighty ocean's boundless realms extend.
He left the royal presence, on his way,
To ask the Catual who doth attend
On him, to order barges to convey
Him to the man-of-war, now anchored far away.

LXXIX.

For boats to go on board, the Admiral,
The wicked Catual most vainly prays;
Of his request he takes no heed at all
Because a crafty snare the traitor lays,
And so creates fresh hindrance and delays.
Together to the distant quay they go,
Far from the site in which the court displays
Its grandeur, that the king may never know
The tricks and villanies, which from his malice flow.

LXXX.

When they were far away, the caitiff said
He would the boats most willingly supply,
Provided that the Lusian chief delayed
His final parting, till they could descry,
The dawn of morning in the purple sky.
Some dreadful project Gama now conceived
Beneath this long and strange delay might lie,
And some nefarious treachery believed,
Which hitherto he had let pass quite unperceived.

LXXXI.

The sordid Catual, corrupt and vile
By Moslem's bribes and presence had been gained,
To aid their cunning plots, with secret guile
Great power in all the cities he maintained,
O'er which the Samorim supremely reigned.
In him the Moors full confidence reposed,
That thus their wicked ends would be attained,
He shared in all the villanies proposed,
And never had a fear that he would be opposed.

LXXXII.

His suit brave Gama earnestly renews
On board the man-of-war to be conveyed
Without delay, the Indian doth refuse
Alleging that this rule by him who swayed,
The realm of Perimal, had just been made.
What is the reason that they hesitate?
Or why have they so long the goods delayed
Which came from Portugal? For in this state
Whatever kings ordain no one can abrogate.

LXXXIII.

The venal Catual was not inclined
Of such expression to take note or care;
Far different thoughts were passing through his mind,
He wished to lay some deep and artful snare,
For their destruction measures to prepare,
Against their breasts he wished his sword to turn
And shed their hated blood and no one spare,
Or would contrive some scheme the ships to burn,
That to their native land they never might return.

LXXXIV.

By this infernal purpose and intent
Which Moslem hate devised, for ever-more
The homeward safe return they would prevent,
That thus the Lusian monarch might ignore
The true position of the Indian shore.
Brave Vasco was forbid to go away
By him who ruled those pagans who adore
Dumb idols, and was compelled to stay,
Because he had the boats, whom all the rest obey.

LXXXV.

To his remonstrances and loud outcries,
With a request that Gama should command
The fleet, (the base idolater replies)
To come and anchor nearer to the land,
That so the vessels might be more at hand
He says, that such a distant place would tend
To prove them foes, or some marauding band,
And he asserts no true and faithful friend
No danger from his friends should ever apprehend.

LXXXVI.

The prudent Gama from these words perceived,
The Catual now showed his great desire
To have them near, because he had conceived
Some horrid plot by open force or fire
To glut the hatred which the ships inspire.
Conflicting thoughts perturb the Captain's breast:
He seeks the remedy such ills require:
On every side by evils sorely pressed,
Whilst all engender fear he strives to do his best.

LXXXVII.

As when the glorious sun his dazzling light
With vivid beams, most brilliantly displays
Upon a lovely mirror, polished bright,
A steel or crystal pure, the solar rays
Reflected from the surface, grandly blaze:
If then perchance a youth his hands extends,
And with the beams resplendent idly plays,
Upon the walls and tiles the light descends
Quite tremulous, and round a quivering brightness sends;

LXXXVIII.

Thus Gama, fluttered in most anxious state,
A sudden thought now flashed upon his mind,
Perhaps Coelho with the boats might wait
For him upon the beach, as was combined
Before he came. He is compelled to find
Some secret mode his orders to convey,
That he should go on board, for he opined
There might be danger lurking in his way,
From those Mahometans, who cunning snares did lay.

LXXXIX.

'Tis thus all men must do, who take a part
In war, and rival warriors most renowned
And imitate them in that glorious art
With ready tact and vigilance profound
In skilful stratagems they must abound
To baffle foes and hostile chiefs ensnare,
Their presence must in every place be found.
That Captain, well I ween, shall never share
My meed of praise, who says, "*I was not quite aware*".

XC.

The Malabar persists in this arrest
In hopes the Admiral would make the fleet,
Approach the shore; in Gama's noble breast,
Calm confidence and firmness most complete,
With indignation justly roused, compete.
He is resolved to bear the worst of woes
With stern composure all their malice meet:
The ships are safe, and he will not expose
His royal master's fleet, to his relentless foes.

XCI.

Imprisoned thus throughout the tedious night,
And part of morning Vasco was detained,
And when, at last he claimed the sacred right
To see the king once more he was retained,
By strong and watchful guards and so remained.
The pagan's fears a sudden change effected,
He dreads the punishment to be sustained,
If once the king his treacherous guilt suspected
And this if Gama stayed, must quickly be detected.

XCII.

He now entreats the valiant Portuguese
To send on shore the goods and merchandise
He wants to sell, in order by degrees,
By sale or barter all to realize:
Who doth refuse to traffic, war defies.
Through these fair words, though Gama soon perceived
That some foul scheme or plot he did disguise,
He gave consent, because he still believed,
His liberty by loss of goods would be retrieved.

XCIII.

It was agreed that the Indian should provide
The boats and lighters all the goods to land,
For Gama did most prudently decide,
His launches never should approach the strand,
Or risk of seizure or delay should stand.
The lighters sail upon the open sea,
And to his brother Gama gives command
To send the Spanish wares most speedily,
That in exchange he might obtain his liberty.

XCIV.

No sooner was the merchandise on shore,
Than the vile Catual bade them prepare
To place the goods in safety in a store,
And left to Alvaro and James the care,
To sell them all at prices just and fair.
How much more lucre sways the ignoble breast
Than sense of duty, law, or earnest prayer,
By this example may be truly guessed,
When thus this man released brave Gama from arrest.

XCV.

He thus releases him, because he sees
That quite sufficient value he possessed,
And held a sure and better pledge in these,
Than any other could hope to wrest
By keeping still the Captain in arrest,
As Gama knew that naught could be obtained
By longer stay on shore, and fearing lest,
He might once more by force be there detained,
Returned on board his ship and thus in peace remained.

XCVI.

On board his ship the chief, in calm repose,
Firmly awaits what time may bring about;
Because the real character he knows
Of that vile magistrate, beyond all doubt,
Who is corrupt and bribed, he has found out.
To see the effects of greed, 'tis worth our while
How selfishness and thirst of gold, throughout
This nether world, the rich and poor defile,
And force the souls of men to actions mean and vile.

XCVII.

The Thracian monarch, Polydorus, slays,
In order his vast treasure to obtain;
A shower of gold Acrisius' house betrays,
The strongest gates and lofty towers are vain,
His daughter is seduced by love of gain:
Tarpeian Rome's great castle basely sold
Her avarice unable to restrain,
But she was crushed beneath the weight of gold,
Which all the mocking foes upon the traitress rolled.

XCVIII.

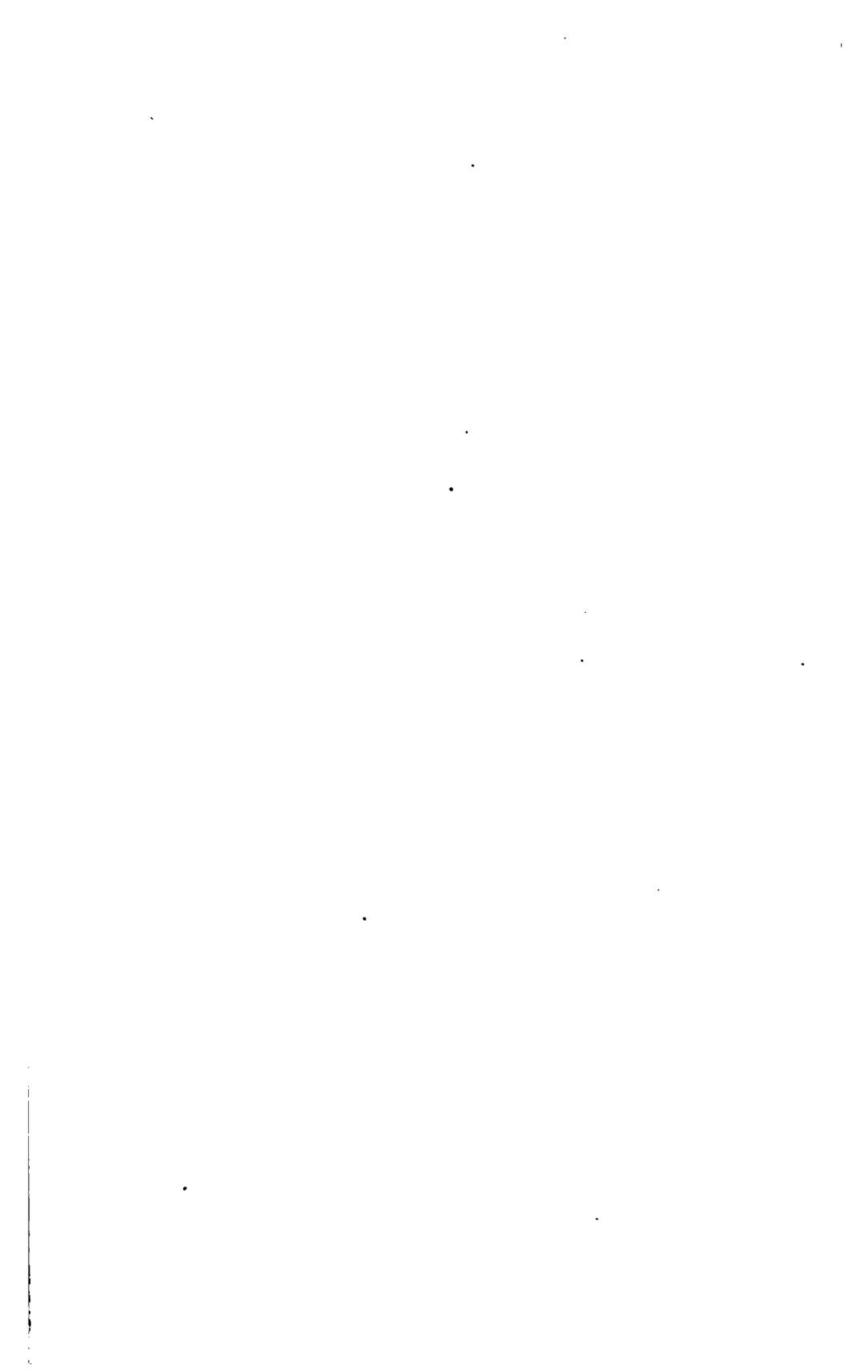
This doth the strongest fortresses subdue
In spite of lofty walls, hence comes the breed
Of traitors base and friends who prove untrue:
The noblest to deep villany proceed,
And Captains are betrayed to foes for greed.
Of virgins this corrupts the purity,
Who fame or honour do no longer heed;
From this sad bane e'en science is not free
The judgment it depraves whilst conscience will not see.

XCIX.

Self interest interprets sacred writ:
It makes at will, and then annuls the laws,
False oaths and perjuries proceed from it,
And many thousand times it is the cause
Which to tyrannic acts the monarch draws.
To God Omnipotent men consecrated,
To wallow in corruption do not pause,
By vain allurements and illusions baited,
Though this by seeming show of virtue is abated.

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE NINTH.



THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE NINTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Stanzas I. to IV.—The Malabars design to detain the Portuguese until the return of their own ships from the Red Sea when they might completely destroy them. V. to VII.—Monçaide informs Gama of this plot. VIII. to XII.—Gama immediately prepares to sail away, and detains some wealthy merchants on board as hostages and this compels the king to deliver up his own factors. XIII. to XV.—He sails away taking some natives, as well as Monçaide who embraces christianity. XVI. to XXIV.—Venus determines to reward the Lusians, by placing a beautiful island at their disposal, where they may repose in all manner of delights, and she resolves to apply to Cupid for his assistance. XXV. to XXXV.—Cupid is absent on an expedition to reform the world and compel men to submit to his power. The poet censures the crimes of mortals. XXXVI. to XLII.—Venus proposes her plan to Cupid, and requests him to provide nymphs to meet the navigators on the island. XLIII. to XLVIII.—Cupid first causes Fame to spread most favourable reports about the Portuguese and then shoots his arrows at various nymphs and thus inspires them with love for the strangers. XLIX. to LIX.—Description of the enchanted island. LX. to LXXIV.—The Lusians discover the nymphs and pursue them eagerly in the woods and lakes. LXXV. to LXXXII.—Adventure of Leonardo and the fair Ephyle. LXXXIII. to LXXXV.—The lovers disperse about the island. LXXXVI. and LXXXVII.—Tethys conducts Gama to her palace on the top of the mountain. LXXXVIII. to XCV.—The poet explains the allegory of the island which is merely intended to represent the rewards bestowed on great and valiant men.





D. JOAÕ DE CASTRO
4.º VICE-REI DA INDIA

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO IX.

I.

The factors in the city long remained,
Unable quite to sell the merchandise,
The infidels their utmost efforts strained
By crafty tricks and most audacious lies,
To make the purchasers those wares despise.
Their hearts with ardent hopes and wishes burn,
To stop the adventurers each zealot tries,
Until the ships from Mecca shall return,
By whose strong aid he trusts the foes to overturn.

II.

A city founded on the Erythean sea
Was called Arsinoe, his sister's name,
By Egypt's royal master, Ptolemy,
But now (the port and site are still the same)
It is as Suez, not unknown to fame.
Not far from this, great Mecca greets the sight,
Which has increased and prospered from its claim
On these vast tribes which keep the Moslem rite,
Immersed in dark, profane, and superstitious night.

III.

Gidá, the natives call the spacious port,
The grand emporium of the Red Sea trade,
To which the merchants from all parts resort,
And they a large and welcome tribute paid
Unto the Sultan, who the sceptre swayed;
The Malabars send splendid vessels here
By special treaty with the monarch made,
They cross the Indian ocean once a year;
On their return well filled with spices they appear.

IV.

These were the vessels, which the Moors awaited,
As they were large and of superior force,
With greatest glee the miscreants calculated,
They would by cannon balls their will enforce
On those who meddle with their intercourse;
All thoughts of Gama's fleet they cast away,
Relying solely on the last resource,
But trust that he will be induced to stay,
Until their mighty ships return in grand array.

V.

But He, who over heaven and earth presides,
And doth his Providence to all extend,
The wisest, best and surest means provides
To carry out his long predestined end,
And thus accomplished what he did intend.
Inspired Monçaide with most piteous eyes
Of grief to look, that so he might defend
The Lusians and their noble chief advise,
And by this kindly act might merit Paradise.

VI.

In him the artful Moslems quite confided,
Because he was of their own race and creed,
And seemed to sanction what had been decided;
He knew their scheme, the foul, atrocious deed,
Of vengeance dire, in which they all agreed.
On board the ships, still far from Indian land,
The good Monçaide often did proceed,
And thought with horror of the treason planned,
For their destruction by the Saracenic band.

VII.

He told the prudent Gama that the fleet
Would from Arabian Mecca soon arrive
With numerous crews and armament complete,
Equipped with Vulcan's deadly bolts to strive,
By which the Moslems kept their hopes alive,
Indulging in the fond imagination,
Of every chance the strangers to deprive
Unless he had this timely intimation,
They might be overwhelmed with utter consternation.

VIII.

But Gama also came to this conclusion,
That his departure was at last required,
For time had quite dispelled the vain illusion
The king, whose love the Moslems had acquired,
Would ever grant the boon which he desired.
He orders both the factors, who had stayed
Within the place, to be at once retired;
And lest this sudden move should be delayed
By force, directs it should with secrecy be made.

IX.

Untoward rumours now were quickly spread,
And afterwards by real facts attested,
That when the Lusian factors would have fled,
The movements were observed by those detested
Mahomedans, and both of them arrested.
As soon as this to Gama was reported
That he would make reprisals he protested,
And seized some men, who precious stones exported,
And for their sale on board the ships of war resorted.

X.

These ancient merchants had resided long
In Calecut, were of great wealth possessed,
Well known to all, their names on every tongue
Repeated. When the news of their arrest
On board the ships was felt in every breast,
The mariners began with loud turmoil
To work the capstain, each one does his best,
In gangs divided, some the cables coil,
Some at bars with breast and arm incessant toil.

XI.

The nimble sailors on the yards suspended,
Now loosened sails, with many shouts and cries;
But when the natives saw what was intended,
Vague fear and terror mingled with surprise,
And through the city wildest shrieks arise
From sons and mothers, in their deep despair.
Against the Samorin great clamours rise:
To him the afflicted make their earnest prayer;
These feel for fathers', those for husbands', anxious care.

XII.

The Samorim was moved by this lament,
He ordered both the men to be released;
And all the goods together to be sent,
In hopes to rescue those who had been seized,
Although the Moslem zealots never ceased,
To plot. The monarch made apology,
The captain with his men was better pleased
Than with the excuse, but set the Indians free,
Then took some blacks and sailed into the open sea.

XIII.

Brave Gama sailed away along the coast,
Because he saw, that e'en if he delayed,
That every chance was now completely lost,
That with the pagan king successful trade
Or peaceful treaty would be ever made.
But since he had been able to explore,
Where first Aurora's beauty is displayed,
He longed to see his own dear land once more
And take some certain signs from that discovered shore.

XIV.

Some native Malabars he takes away
Who, when the Lusian factors were restored,
By order of the king, were forced to stay
Amongst the crew, and still were kept on board.
With ardent pepper, which he bought was stored
Siccated flower of Banda nutmegs, cloves
Which to Molucca's new found isle afford
Such great renown and-cinnamon which loves
With beauty, wealth, and fame, to fill Ceylon's fair groves.

XV.

All these commodities had been acquired
By good Monçaide's true, unflinching aid,
And now, by strong angelic grace inspired,
And mere by faith divine he humbly prayed
A Christian catechumen to be made.
Oh! happy African for ever blest!
To be thus rescued from the darksome shade
Of impious creed, so far to go in quest
And find the certain road to true eternal rest.

XVI.

From India's burning coast departing now
The ships of war by smiling Fortune crowned,
To southern Africa direct the prow,
Where nature placed her goal, the utmost bound
In which the lofty cape Good-Hope is found:
They bear glad tidings of great jubilee
From eastern climes in Lisbon to resound;
Again they face the terrors of the sea,
Some fears oppress their minds but not unmixed with glee.

XVII.

Their bosoms pant with rapture and delight
Their much loved homes and country to behold,
Where friends and relatives will bless their sight,
Eager their strange adventures to unfold
When all their feats and hardships will be told;
They also hope a rich reward to gain
For perils, toils and deeds so rare and bold
The bosom doth with joy imagination strain,
The heart is far too small, such transports to contain.

XVIII.

The Cyprian goddess who had been designed
By the eternal sire, with care to lead.
The Lusian race, whose bosom ever kind
And gentle, did for many years succeed
In sheltering them from harm in every need,
To crown their glorious triumph, now achieved,
And give incessant toils a well earned meed
Of joys, a bright idea had conceived
That dreary weariness at sea might be relieved.

XIX.

The lovely Venus in her mind revolved
How they had crossed the vast expanse of seas,
The many ills in which they were involved,
By Theban Bacchus, who did never cease
To persecute her cherished Portuguese.
She entertained a project and design
To recompense their toils by grateful ease,
Delightful rest with pleasure to combine
Upon the tranquil sea, so pure and crystalline.

XX.

She would procure some solace and repose,
Infuse new life into the weary breast
Of men worn out by labours, fears and woes.
Misfortune's train of evils long oppressed
Deprives life's brief span of all its rest. ✓
To aid her plans the Goddess turned her eyes
Upon her son, who mighty power possessed,
To bring the Gods on earth from heavenly skies,
Or make poor mortal man from earth to heaven arise.

XXI.

With thoughts matured she purposed to prepare
A lovely island, for this fairy scene,
By mighty ocean's waves encompassed there,
With verdant lawns of softest emerald green,
For many such delightful isles are seen
In that wide realm, contiguous to her own,
Of which her crystal mother is the queen
With those where she herself has fixed her throne
Within those bounds, Alcides' pillars so well known.

XXII.

She wishes every water nymph and dame,
To seek the valiant heroes of the fleet,
All who to grace or beauty have a claim,
To mortal eyes whose love appear so sweet,
But makes the hearts with secret anguish beat,
In sprightly choirs and soft voluptuous dances,
With smiles and most alluring charms replete,
Celestial nymphs cast fond, resistless glances
Upon the happy youth to whom they make advances.

XXIII.

'Twas by such artful wiles in days of yore
The deep laid stratagem the Goddess wrought,
By which he, whom she to Anchisis bore,
And that fair Queen, who for a hide had bought
So great a kingdom, were together brought.
Upon her other son she now relied,
The cruel Cupid's potent aid was sought,
That as in ancient times he took her side
She hoped that now his might and help would be applied.

XXIV.

To draw her car two stately swans are ranged,
Which sing their dirges in their dying hours;
With those to which Peristera was changed
Whilst culling lilies of the vale, sweet flowers,
To deck the lovely Venus' rosy bowers;
The doves behind her train in circles fly
Kissing lasciviouly their paramours,
Her soft and gentle movement through the sky
To wind and air imparts a calm serenity.

XXV.

The Goddess reached the Idalian hills at last,
When now was seen her son the archer boy,
His numerous followers assembling fast,
Whom in a grand campaign he will employ
Rebellious men to punish and destroy.
Because he finds them cold who do not choose
To do his will, on every idle toy
They fix their hearts and thus their gifts abuse
Not meant for ardent love, but only for their use.

XXVI.

Actæon wildly to the chase resorts,
Some fierce and ugly animal pursues,
Absorbed and maddened by the brutal sports,
Such hate of human beings they infuse
That female charms their fascination lose;
Severe, but pleasing punishment to bear,
The chaste Diana's naked form he views,
But let him of his cherished hounds beware,
Lest they with rabid rage their lord in pieces tear.

XXVII.

He notes that men of highest rank and station,
Do not at all to public good attend,
They care not for the welfare of the nation,
But for themselves alone, they make it bend
To private interest and selfish end.
Those, who to regal palaces repair,
False maxims with base adulation blend,
Which pass for truth, nor do they seem to care,
Although young wheat will not at first much weeding bear.

XXVIII.

Such as are bound to lowly poverty
By love divine, and owe to all mankind,
Most tender care and ardent charity,
To wealth and worldly honours are inclined,
Feigned worth and justice hide the sordid mind.
In stern severity they never fail
By foulest tyranny the weak to grind,
Whilst laws to favour kings, o'er right prevail,
Those for the people's good all prove of no avail.

XXIX.

He sees, that no one loves what is ordained,
But seeks to gratify his own desire,
By any sense of duty unrestrained;
These crimes with punishment, which they require
Severely just to scourge, the wish inspire.
His ministers he summons to his aid
To form his armies, and to vent his ire,
In fierce and deadly war, which must be made
Against the herds who have his mandates disobeyed.

XXX.

Love's winged messengers who slower move,
Have their appointed task and special care;
Whilst some the purest steel or iron prove,
To make the trenchant blades, and some prepare
The pointed heads of darts to cleave the air.
These, at their labours, sing of love with glee
In modulated verse, adventures rare
Music of most sonorous melody,
Words charming to the ear, angelic harmony.

XXXI.

In those immortal forges, where they made
The sharpened head of penetrating darts,
The only wood, for fuel ever laid,
Is gathered from the sore and burning hearts,
From living entrails' palpitating parts.
To temper steel the water they require
Are gushing tears which lovers' grief imparts,
The vivid flame, and that undying fire
Which burns, but ne'er consumes is fed by strong desire.

XXXII.

Some of them on the common multitude
Their hands with bows and arrows exercise,
And pierce the hearts of mortals coarse and rude,
When to its mark the winged missile flies,
The wounded fill the air with piteous sight.
Then lovely nymphs those cruel pangs relieve,
Their aid a speedy remedy applies,
To men severely wounded life they give
And also promptly cause those yet unborn to live.

XXXIII.

Some are most lovely, others have no claim
To beauty, just as one a wound sustains,
Which doth his heart most ardently inflame;
The poison quickly spreading through his veins,
Is only cured by harsh and cruel pains.
Some by bewitching, magic arts are bound,
And honeyed words, in strong, resistless chains,
Which oft occurs, when poisoned herbs are found,
To tinge the piercing shaft and cause a deadly wound.

XXXIV.

The wild and heedless shots with arrows sped
From bows, which youth unskilled and thoughtless draws
All kinds of misery have often spread,
And loves impure the wretched people cause,
To violate divine and human laws;
Great heroes urged by horrid, foul, idea,
A thousand times, have lost the world's applause;
Hence damsels like Biblis and Cynerea;
The youth Assyrian born, another from Judea.

XXXV.

Ye men of might, most powerful and good,
By charms of lovely shepherdesses brought,
Forget your rank and all your fortitude;
And ye, fair dames, who yield to sinful thought,
And wanton arts, in Vulcan's nets are caught.
Some in the stilly hours of night are won,
Others by scaling walls and roofs are sought:
But yet for those by lawless lust undone,
I should much rather blame the mother than her son.

XXXVI.

But now the stately, milk-white swans are seen,
With care the light and airy car to place,
Upon the soft enamelled meadow green;
Dione, with the roses in her face
Amidst the snow, descends with easy grace.
The archer, his content and joy to prove,
Received his mother with a fond embrace.
Whilst eagerly the little Cupids strove
To kiss the hand of her,—the Goddess Queen of love.

XXXVII.

Then most desirous to avoid delay,
Within her arms her boy she closely pressed
And said: "Beloved son on whom my sway
Depends, since all my power o'er the human breast
Upon thy potent aid must mainly rest;
My son 'tis thou who wieldest all my force,
Not e'en by Typhean strength wast thou depressed,
To thy resistless might I have recourse,
In this my urgent need, as to my sole resource."

XXXVIII.

The Lusians' great fatigues thou dost behold,
They long have found great favour in my eyes,
For by the friendly Fates I have been told,
That there my temples shall in splendour rise,
And Lusians shall my worship always prize.
With Romans, whom I dearly loved of yore
This noble race in dauntless valour vies,
And hence the blessings, which thou hast in store,
Upon their heads I would with great abundance pour.

XXXIX.

"Since odious Bacchus, by his snares, prevailed
To make them suffer such a weight of woe,
On Indian soil, and they have been assailed
By angry storms fore-doomed beneath the blow,
Not only toils, but death to undergo,
I wish to grant repose and safe retreat
Upon that very deep, their constant foe
Till rest and glory cause their hearts to beat
With joy, which Memory of perils makes so sweet.

XL.

"For this great purpose I would feign desire
To see the Nereids wounded by thy darts,
Inflamed by ardent love's unquenching fire
To win my Portuguese, the manly hearts
Of those who first have found these distant parts.
To some fair island let the Nereids wend
Their way, some isle to which the sea imparts
Delightful freshness, where its meads extend
Flora and Zephyrs' gifts in rich profusion blend.

XLI.

"Let choicest viands and fresh drinks abound
Rich wines, of finest flavour, pure and rare,
Whilst roses shed their sweetest fragrance round;
Let them the crystal palaces prepare,
On lovely couches nymphs e'en yet more fair.
By thousand fresh delights and joys untired,
Let these enchanting nymphs who revel there
In hopes by all absorbing love inspired
With winning grace grant all by loving eyes desired.

XLII.

"I wish to see in Neptune's proud domain
Where I was born, a strong and lovely race,
That the vile world, which doth thy power disdain
And by rebellion urged will not embrace
Thy just and equal laws, may clearly trace
The simple truth, nor adamant wall,
Nor sad hypocrisy shall ever place
Effectual bar; if once thy arts enthrall
The seas, the raging fire must soon inflame them all."

XLIII.

Thus Venus spoke: and her much cherished son
His prompt obedience to her will doth show;
To bring his arms he quickly orders one,
Of ivory well burnished was his bow
With golden headed shafts to pierce the foe.
The wanton Cyprian fixed her joyous gaze,
Her lovely cheeks with thoughts lascivious glow,
The reins she gives her swans which erst did raise
O'er Phaeton's early death their sadly plaintive lays.

XLIV.

Then Cupid says "I much require the aid
Of that enchantress famous and renowned
Whose hostile might I often have essayed
And not unfrequently have also found
A true ally, by cordial friendships bound;
A Giantess most turbulent and bold
Vain-glorious boastful, truths and lies abound,
And what with prying eyes she doth behold,
Throughout the world's expanse by hundred mouths is told.

XLV.

They seek her out to send her on before
With loud resounding trumpet to proclaim
The daring navigators, and still more
Renown to lavish on the Lusian name,
And now the penetrating voice of fame
Is heard in deepest caves, and never ceased
For such brave men, the highest place to claim;
And though the simple truth the hearers plead,
The truth itself was by credulity increased.

XLVI.

This constant praise and rumour widely spread,
Affect the hearts of Goddesses by lies
And calumnies of Bacchus so misled,
And now they look with favour in their eyes
On those whom they were tutored to despise.
The female breasts, so ready to discard
Whatever they at first most highly prize,
The treatment of those warriors, harsh and hard,
As evil jealousy and cruelty regard.

XLVII.

Now cruel Cupid doth his arrows send
Successively, and from the ocean rise
The frequent groans as shafts direct descend
Into the restless waters; this one hies
Straight forward, that in many circles flies.
Some nymphs fall down at once, each gentle dame,
Enamoured of her swain, breathes forth her sighs,
Another loves one yet unseen, for fame,
No less than sight itself, ignites love's ardent flame.

XLVIII.

With all his strength the stripling bent his bow
Of ivory, with spirit uncontrolled,
Against fair Tethys glad his skill to show,
The Goddess deeply wounded to behold,
Because she seems to be so coy and cold.
Now all the nymphs in death's embraces lie,
The quiver doth not any arrows hold,
Those nymphs who have not breathed their latest sigh
Still only live to feel that they must quickly die.

XLIX.

Make way ye high Cerulean waves of ocean,
Lo! Venus brings a speedy remedy,
She points towards the mighty ships in motion,
With square white sails in glorious majesty
Upon the deep, the vast Neptunian sea.
Let ardent love those manly bosoms sway,
To female loveliness bend down the knee,
For native modesty must now give way
And Venus' great behest implicitly obey.

L.

The lovely choir of Nereids now advances,
In gay attire, together they proceed
With lively gait and steps and graceful dances,
As is their ancient wont, they make all speed,
To seek the isle, and Venus takes the lead.
The beauteous queen doth each of them incite
Her own example, when in love to heed,
By love's sweet fascinations vanquished quite,
The joyous nymphs embrace her counsels with delight.

LI.

Upon the waters of the ocean's grand
And vast expanse, the Lusian vessels glide
Returning to their much loved native land,
But water fresh and cool must be supplied
For such a lengthened voyage to provide.
With great and sudden joy approaching near
The isle of love, the mariners descried,
When Memnon's mother beautiful and clear
To gladden all the earth with morning did appear.

LII.

Afar before their eyes the island rose
Most fresh and beautiful, which Venus brought
Upon the waves, (as thus the wind that blows
Impels the clear, white sails), the wonder wrought,
By her, to guide unto the fleet she sought.
That none should pass the isle, her wish increased,
But all should land, as was her constant thought.
And to propel it there she never ceased,
For Acidalia could accomplish what she pleased.

LIII.

As soon as to the Lusians it was shown
The vessels steered directly to the shore,
She fixed the isle, as was in Dilos done,
In which Latona twins, in days of yore,
The Goddess of the chase and Phœbus bore.
Towards the harbour which the shelving land
Along the coast, the sea impelled them more,
Great beds of white sand covered all the strand,
And Venus threw red shells all painted by her hand.

LIV.

Three mounts with leafy trees, in all the pride
Of charming grace and fairy beauty rose,
With green enamel decked on every side
Through that delightful isle which doth inclose
Enchanting scene, the limpid water flows
From gushing rills, upon the lofty height,
Where in most luxuriant verdure grows,
O'er gurgling pebbles ever smooth and white,
The pure, delicious stream pursues its humid flight.

LV.

In a most pleasant vale, which forms the bounds,
Of those high, verdant hills the water flows,
In copious streams to irrigate the grounds,
And thus a charming lake is formed below;
Naught lovelier could imagination know.
Above a cluster of tall shady trees,
Which seem as if most nicely trimmed to grow,
And in the crystal mirror, clearly sees,
Its own reflected form, designed with graceful ease.

LVI.

A thousand trees rise pointing to the sky,
With fruits most odoriferous and rare,
Fragrant in scent, and charming to the eye,
The orange tree with golden fruit is there,
In colour like to that of Daphne's hair.
Here citron trees upon the ground must rest
The heavy load of yellow fruit to bear,
With sweetest scent, delicious lemons blest
Resemble budding teats upon a virgin's breast.

LVII.

Trees growing wild, upon the mountain height,
 By great Alcides loved, tall poplars rise,
 With leafy foliage crowned a noble sight,
 The ever verdant laurel charms the eyes
 Which yellow-haired Appollo much did prize.
 The myrtle dear to Venus and to love,
 Cybele's pines, which now she would despise
 For other loves, a tapering cypress grove
 Towards the Ethereal paradise its branches move.

LVIII.

The gifts which fair Pomona doth bestow
 Of various kinds, in taste most exquisite,
 Uncultured to full ripeness here they grow,
 By natures care alone excelling quite
 All other fruits. Rich cherries glad the sight,
 Of purple tints, black mulberries, whose name
 Was erst derived from love, all eyes delight,
 Peaches, which fruit from distant Persia came,
 But have in this strange land acquired still greater fame.

LIX.

The ripe pomegranate in its core displays
 That red, with which e'en rubies in their sheen
 Can never vie. Here fruitful vines embrace
 The lofty elms, and luscious grapes are seen
 In clusters, some deep purple, others green.
 But if thou wouldst the finest pears enjoy
 Sweet and succulent, thou must, I ween
 Submit with patient will to some alloy,
 Content to gather those which birds do not destroy.

LX.

The tapestry of Nature which o'er-spreads
This rural landscape, so extremely rare
And beautiful, that none the finest threads
Of Archemenia would with this compare,
Makes all the shady valley still more fair.
Cephesian flower its head is banding o'er
The lake, which seems so calm and limpid there
Cinyra's son and grand-son blooms once more,
Whom with deep eyes the Paphian goddess doth deplore.

LXI.

'Tis difficult for any one to know
Who sees those brilliant tints in heaven on high,
And just the same upon the earth below,
If bright Aurora doth the flowers supply,
Or if the flowers give beauty to the sky:
Flora and Zephyrus too, to paint with care
The violets in lover's colours try,
Lilies with lovely roses mingle there
Like those upon the cheeks of all the young and fair.

LXII.

White lilies wet with early morning dew,
Together with sweet marjoram we see,
The doleful letters also strike the view
Upon the hyacinth, whose destiny
Inspires Latinas' son with sympathy,
Fair Chlores and Pomona here delight
In fruits and flowers to show their rivalry,
Whilst birds sing loudly in their graceful flight
Most joyous animals afford a pleasing sight.

LXIII.

The snow-white swan majestic glides along
The lake and sings its dirge, the nightingale
On neighbouring bough responds to that sad song,
No antlers in the springs with fears assail
Acteon, grazing in the verdant dale.
Hares quit their cover at the utmost speed
And mild gazelles rush frightened through the vale,
The birds with food to their loved nests proceed
And from their little beaks their tender nestlings feed.

LXIV.

These second Argonauts now come in land
In all the freshness of the balmy air
And gaze upon the winds, in which the band
Of lovely goddesses devoid of care
Wander seemingly quite unaware.
Some strike the noble harp's deep sounding strain,
Some play the flute, the lyre or light guitar.
Equipped with golden bows, some also feign
To chase wild animals, but from the chase refrain.

LXV.

They were advised by that experienced dame
To ramble singly that they might inspire
With love those valiant heroes and inflame
Their hearts by mystery with strong desire,
For men the vague and dreadful most admire.
Some nymphs, by their own loveliness impressed,
In native charms confide to fan the fire,
Of adventitious aids their forms divest,
And bathe in purest streams uncovered and undressed.

LXVI.

The gallant youths, who leap upon the beach
Delighted to embrace the land once more,
All eager for the chase within their reach,
Prepare the heaths and mountains to explore;
They little dream how precious is the store
Of finest game which they will shortly find
Without a snare or net, if they implore
To all their hopes submission, tame and kind,
By Erycina's arts to ardent love inclined.

LXVII.

Those who on guns and cross-bows can rely
Into the woods and thickets make their way,
Advancing boldly and resolved to try
By dint of hardly toil and skill to slay
The stags which range about. Whilst others stray
Where shade the mountains on the valley throw,
And thus perpetual verdure they display,
By streams where calm and tranquil waters flow
In gentle currents to the joyous beach below.

LXVIII.

Lo! suddenly amidst the foliage green,
And spreading branches of the forest trees,
Strange spots—of various kinds and hues are seen,
Vague and uncertain colours, such as these
In roses or in flowers one never sees.
Of finest wool and robes of silk most rare,
The charms of dress, which love so much increase,
And make the human roses e'en most fair,
Assume more loveliness by art and graceful care.

LXIX.

Velloso, struck with deep astonishment,
Thus to his companions loudly cried.
"How strange this game! if Pagan rites present
Themselves and heathen deities abide
On earth, this wood to them is sanctified.
We have discovered what the human mind
Could never hope; it cannot be denied,
This globe the secrets to its breast consigned,
Great and excellent, lets not imprudent mortals find.

LXX.

"Let us at once these Goddesses pursue
And see if they are phantoms to the eye,
Or real flesh most beautiful and true."
When this was said, with utmost speed they try
To cross the valleys, quick as deer they fly,
The startled nymphs pretend to run away,
But more on show than swiftness they rely,
Whilst conscious smiles upon their features play,
With timid cry they let the grey hounds seize their prey.

LXXI.

In some the tresses of their golden hair
Are quite dishevelled, and the light attire
Of others floating in the gentle air
Expose their snowy flesh, whose charms inspire
The hearts of all beholders with desire.
Some fell, and not by chance, and when they rose
All seemed much rather pleased than moved to ire,
If some pursuer, who has followed close
Stumbles, and all his weight upon her person throws.

LXXII.

Some other youths, whilst roving, catch a gleam
Of quite a different scene, the enchanting form
Of naked beauties bathing in the stream.
A sudden cry expressed their feigned alarm
As if these nymphs had never thought of harm.
Some naked to the shady woodland fly
And risk the shame, to shun the eager swarm,
They thus expose their charms to every eye,
Which they to ardent love would modestly deny.

LXXIII.

One nymph in hopes to find a lurking place
Into the water plunged with haste to hide
Her shame from her, the Goddess of the chase,
Whilst others in confusion swiftly hied
To seek their clothes upon the river side.
A reckless youth with shoes and garments came
And leapt at once (nor to undress he tried,
Lest such delay might disappoint his aim)
Most eager in the stream to quench his ardent flame.

LXXIV.

As when a sportsman's dog well trained to run,
And from the water fetch the wounded bird
With bold sagacity perceives the gun,
To kill a duck or heron which has stirred,
But long before the loud report is heard,
He jumps and barking swims, with joy elate,
To miss his prey the dog is not afeared,
Thus swims the youth resolved to captivate
One who does not the chaste Diana imitate.

LXXV.

Leonardo, a soldier of most goodly port,
Brave, courteous, full of wiles and much inclined
To try his chance in love's bewitching sport,
Though love had proved so cruel and unkind,
Not only once but always, that his mind
By constant disappointments was depressed.
He feared, that he success would never find
But hope's illusions lingered in his breast,
That fate would change at last, and he might still be blest.

LXXVI.

It chanced this youth had closely followed one
Of most surpassing grace and loveliness,
Ephyre, who would not be lightly won,
Nor promptly give what Nature gave, to bless
The human race. In utter weariness
He cried: "Let not that beauty man extol
Itself, and thus my longing heart oppress,
I place my life beneath thy sweet control,
My body deign to take since thou hast robbed my soul.

LXXVII.

Oh! nymph most pure, all those who run away
Must quickly tire and yield in humble mood
To eager foes and their comrades obey;
Why dost thou then seek refuge in the wood,
Who told thee who it was that now pursued?
If they have told thee my unhappy lot,
Deceived and scorned by all to whom I sued,
Believe them not, for she I fondly sought,
The truth, in every hour, a thousand times forgot.

LXXVIII.

Then cease at once thyself and me to tire,
Or if thou art resolved from me to flee,
To shun my love if thou dost still desire,
Take rest and halt, my hapless destiny
Alas, will never let me come to thee,
If thou wilt deign to wait, how far to keep
Me off, by artful measure I would see,
And let this adage make impression deep,
"How wide the space twixt those who sow and those who reap."

LXXIX.

Fly not from me. So may the rapid course
Of time thy dazzling beauty never blight;
'Tis only thus, thou canst subdue the force
Of cruel fate, if thou dost check thy flight.
Nor Emperor, nor monarch in their might,
When destiny has cast the fatal die,
With any hope against their doom can fight,
On all I e'er desired, this curse doth lie,
Which thou alone canst change if thou wouldst cease to fly.

LXXX.

Dost thou add more to my sad misery?
'Tis cowardice to lend the stronger aid;
Wilt thou ensnare a heart which once was free?
Release it then, and thus thou wilt be made
To run more lightly if no weight be laid.
By this most wretched soul entangled there
In meshes of thy golden locks displayed,
Or since thou wilt my captive soul ensnare
Thou hast relieved it from a heavy load of care.

LXXXI.

This is my hope, which still my steps pursues,
That either thou wilt not this burden bear
Of my sad soul, or thou wilt not refuse
By thy most gracious countenance so fair,
To change the fortunes of my evil star.
If thou dost change it, and from flight refrain
To wait, loves darts will not thy bosom spare,
And wounded once by love, thou wilt remain,
And if thou dost remain, I shall my hopes retain.

LXXXII.

The lovely nymph did not her flight prolong,
Because she wished her value to enhance,
But loved to hear the cadence of his song
His amorous complaints of his mischance
In loves pursuit. She turns and casts a glance
Of tenderness, her face severely sweet
Whilst smiles of deepest joy her soul entrance,
She falls quite languid at the victors feet,
Whose heart with extasy of purest love doth beat.

LXXXIII.

How many an ardent kiss and fond embrace
That forest sees, how soft and sweet the choir
Of voices sounds in that sequestered place,
How dear is that caress! the modest ire,
So quickly changed to smiles of young desire
How they indulged from morn till eventide
In all the joys which Venus could inspire,
Let those imagine, who have never tried
But better far to try, what fancy ne'er supplied.

LXXXIV.

'Tis thus these nymphs so beautiful and fair
Their willing hearts in pleasing bondage give
To these loved navigators, chaplets rare
Of laurel gold and plenteous flowers they wave,
The happy youths their graceful hands receive
In wedlock, all the legal forms employ
And every pledge that lovers can conceive,
For life and death, with honoured state and joy
In that connubial bliss which nothing shall destroy.

LXXXV.

A dame, who towered high above the rest,
Whom all the choir of beauteous nymphs obeys,
Cælus' and Vestas' child, as some attest,
Like them most dazzling beauty she displays,
She fills the earth and seas with great amaze
And wonder at her high preeminence,
The Captain she received with justest praise,
With regal pomp and great magnificence
As well becomes a queen of highest excellence.

LXXXVI.

His name and rank great Gama did unfold
In his exordium grandiloquent,
With graceful ornament the nymph was told,
That he by firmest fate was thither sent
To see the mighty eastern continent,
And learn the limit of the land and sea,
Which none had ever crossed, with fixed intent
To bring about the ancient prophecy
Of which his nation could alone deserving be.

LXXXVII.

She took him by the hand, and gently led
Him to a lofty mountain's greatest height,
On which a sumptuous palace raised its head,
Of crystal built, and marvellous to the sight,
Adorned with finest gold, most pure and bright.
In cheerful games they passed the flying hours,
With many sports and all that gives delight,
Her love indulging in these royal bowers,
Whilst other nymphs prefer the shady groves and flowers.

LXXXVIII.

'Twas thus that brave and lovely company
Indulged themselves, throughout the livelong day,
In perfect rest and sweet tranquillity
Of an expected joy, which might repay
The toils and perils on their tedious way.
The world will now their splendid deeds acclaim,
And great audacity, which they display,
With rich reward of everlasting fame,
Bright glory, well deserved, a proud exalted name.

LXXXIX.

For Tethys and those ocean nymphs, so fair
And beautiful, together with the site
Of that angelic isle, depicted there,
Are but the honours, so delightful to the sight,
Which raise this life to its sublimest height.
Preeminence and triumphs, which we style
So glorious, crowned with palms and laurel bright,
Are just the wonders which our hearts beguile,
And from the great delights of this enchanted isle.

XC.

That immortality, once boldly feigned
 By great antiquity, which loveth those
 Illustrious men who bright renown obtained,
 And to Olympus, star bespangled rose
 Upon the soaring wings which Fame bestows.
 This one such feats of valour doth display,
 And toils immense with patience undergoes
 On thorny virtue's steep and rugged way,
 Albeit the summit is delightful, sweet and gay.

XCI.

These high rewards were by the world bestowed
 For supereminent, immortal deeds,
 On him, who though a mortal, seems a God,)
 And by his virtues all the rest exceeds.
 It thus with Jupiter and Mars proceeds,
 Æneas, and Quirinus Mercury
 Phœbus, and two great Thebans. Though one reads
 Of Ceres, Juno, mighty deity,
 Diana, Pallas, all of human flesh must be.

never translations seem
 to imply Cambridge
 regarding to general
 Originals "Dionysus"
 as figures, so to
 "humans." (Plurality)

XCII.

But Fame, the trumpeter of feats, so grand
 Troughout the world, strange titles doth unfold
 Of Demigods, immortals, a glorious band,
 Of Gods and heroes styled the great of old,
 And high indigenes. Ye, who would hold
 The same exalted rank, which nations gave
 To those, whose lofty virtues they extolled,
 Ignoble leisure must no longer crave,
 Whose deadly bane can e'en the freest minds enslave.

XCIII.

With bridle strong then curb the lust of greed
And low ambition, which, a thousand ways
Doth strive our hearts unworthily to lead,
And vice of tyranny so black and base
Which, infamous and urgent, mortal sways.
Vain honours, heaps of gold, do not attest
Man's real worth, nor can elicit praise.
To merit, though we have them not, is best
Far more than not to merit those, which are possessed.

XCIV.

In time of peace, grant fixed and equal laws
Not to enrich the mighty with the store
Of humbler men; but in a holy cause
With shining armour clad your vengeance power
On those who love the Saracenic lore.
In might and grandeur make these kingdoms grow
That none have less, and all get something more,
When wealth and honours we to merit owe
O'er this terrestrial life, great brilliancy they throw.

XCV.

You thus will make illustrious and renowned
Your king, so much beloved whom you advise,
Now by your counsels duly weighed and sound
Now with your swords, in martial exercise
Which did your ancestors immortalise.
Impossibilities have none achieved,
Since firm resolve can do what e'er it tries;
You shall distinguished heroes be believed,
And in this lovely isle of Venus be received.

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE TENTH.



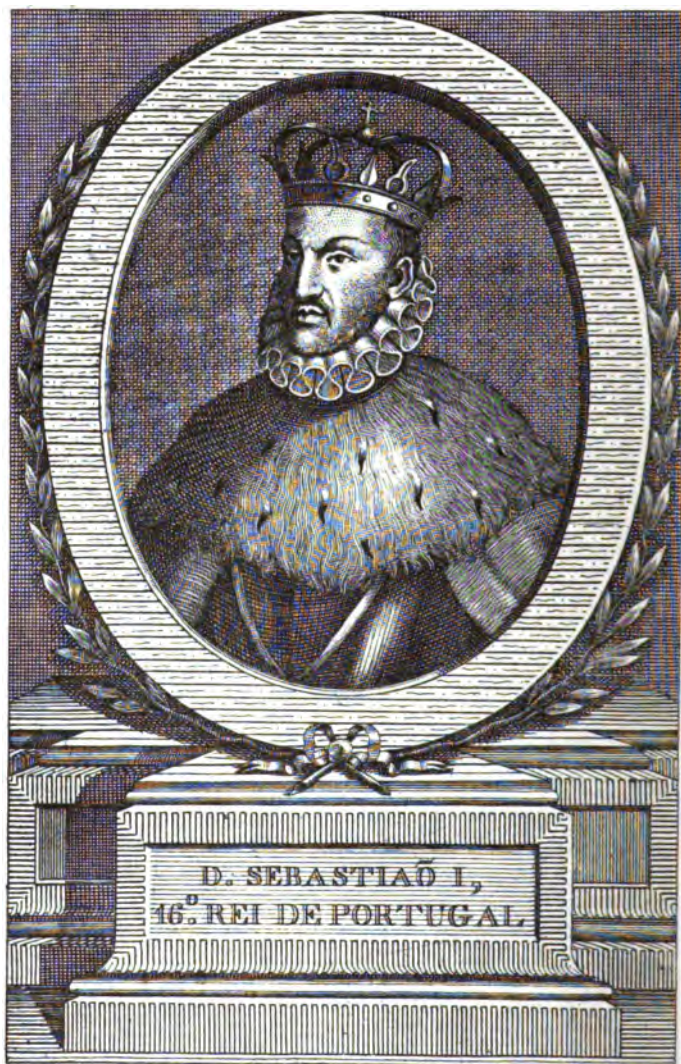
THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE TENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Stanzas I. to V.—Description of the banquet of the nymphs and navigators. VI. to VIII.—A nymph sings the glories of the Portuguese. VIII. to IX.—Camoens invokes Calliope to aid him, on account of his decaying powers. X.—Tethys sings the triumphs of the Portuguese in India. XI. to XXI.—The splendid exploits of Duarte Pacheco. XXII. to XXV.—The nymph censures the ingratitude of his sovereign towards him. XXVI. and XXVII.—The glorious victories and deaths of the two Almeidas. XXXVIII. to XLIX.—Albuquerque is highly extolled for his valour and great achievements, but censured for his extreme severity. L.—Praise of Soares. LI.—Capture of Ceylon. LII.—Victories of Sequeira in the red sea. LIII.—Eulogy of Menezes and the vice-royalty of Vasco da Gama, now created a count. LIV.—Death of Vasco da Gama. LIV. and LV.—High commendation of Henrique de Menezes. LVI. and LVII.—Exploits of Mascarenhas in Bantan. LVIII.—Avarice and ambition of the Portuguese in India. LIX.—Praise of Sampaio. LX.—Glory of Hector da Silveira. LXI.—Cunha's government. LXII.—Noronha governs India and is succeeded by Stephen da Gama. LXIII. to LXVII.—Glorious career of Martin de Souza. LXVII. to LXXII.—The highest praise is lavished on D. João de Castro, who raises the name of the Portuguese in India to the pinnacle of glory. LXXIII. and LXXIV.—The nymph concludes by promising that these and other heroes shall come to the island of love, and her song is greeted with loud applause. LXXV. to LXXIX.—The nymph Tethys invites Gama to proceed to the top of the mountain. LXXX. to XCI.—She there exhibits a large globe, which shows the various parts of the universe. XCII. to CI.—A description of various countries in Africa and Asia. CII. to CIV.—Account of Arabia and Persia, and exploits of

D. Philip de Menezes. CV. to CVII.—India is described: CVIII. to CXVIII.—The mission and martyrdom of the apostle S. Thomas. CIX.—Want of zeal of the clergy. CXX. and CXXI.—Description of the bay of Bengal and the river Ganges with the adjacent territories. CXXII.—Account of Pegú. CXXIII. to CXXV.—Description of the kingdom of Siam with Malacca and Singapore, conquered by the Portuguese. CXXVI. and CXXVII.—Account of various barbarous nations. CXXVIII.—Ship-wreck of the poet Camoens and his narrow escape on the banks of the river Me-com. CXXIX. to CXXX.—Description of Cochinchina. CXXXI.—Description of Japan. CXXXII. to CXXXV.—The islands of the Indian ocean. CXXXVI.—Ceylon. CXXXVII.—Socotora and Mosambique. CXXXVIII. to CXLI.—Description of Santa Cruz now called Brazil, which the nymph predicts will be possessed by the Portuguese. CXLII. and CXLIII.—The nymph finishes by advising them to embark and return to their native land. CXLIV.—Their prosperous voyage and arrival in the Tagus. CXLV. and CXLVI.—The poet once more complains of the neglect of his countrymen. CXLVII. to CLVI.—The poem concludes with an address to the young king D. Sebastian, and by giving him advice how to govern his people and urging him to turn his arms against the infidels.



THE LUSIAD.

CANTO X.

I.

Now dazzling Phœbus, in whose heart the love
Of the Larissean, guilty spouse abounds,
With guiding reins his noble coursers drove
Towards the boundless ocean which surrounds
Temistian lands, his distant western bounds,
Favonius' gentle breeze some freshness sheds,
To temper solar heat and cool the grounds,
And crisps the waters in their native beds,
Whilst drooping jessamines and lilies raise their heads.

II.

The lovely nymphs submissive and content,
And each her lover taking by the hand,
With joy and gladness to the palace went;
Those regal halls so beautiful and grand
Adorned with precious metals proudly stand.
Rich tables are laid out with ample store
Of dainty viands by the Queen's command,
Refreshments, rare and excellent, once more
To all its former strength tired Nature soon restore.

III.

On rich and gorgeous chairs of crystal clear
Together sit a lover and his bride;
Brave Gama and the Goddess did appear
On golden thrones, and o'er the feast preside;
Divine delicious viands are supplied,
Such Egypt's ancient kings did ne'er behold
In all their great magnificence and pride,
All served on costly plates of yellow gold,
The choicest treasures which Atlantic coffers hold.

IV.

Wines odoriferous which far excel
Not only rich Falernum's highest boast
But e'en Ambrosian nectar loved so well
By mighty Jove and his celestial host
The immortal Gods. Those cups of rarest cost,
In which they quaff, a file would touch in vain;
Curling in foamy froth the wines, with most
Exhilarating joy, their bosoms strain;
These leaping with the icy water mixed they drain.

V.

A thousand lively sallies now resound
Midst cheerful laughter and with playful, bright
And joyous talk (when courses work their round);
This whets and stimulates the appetite.
Harmonious instruments the ear delight
With soft, voluptuous music such as those
Delicious sounds which put to instant flight
Hell's gloomy torments and eternal woes,
When with angelic notes the Siren's voice arose.

VI.

A beauteous nymph poured forth melodious notes,
Which through the stately palace grandly sweep,
And as the song in sweetest accents floats
On instruments well tuned, musicians keep
Harmonious tunes. She gently lulled to sleep
The silent wind which now no longer blows.
With rapid current running to the deep,
And softly murmuring the river flows;
In their accustomed caves wild animals repose.

VII.

With sweetest voice she raises to the skies
The lofty heroes, who have not yet found
A place on earth, but with prophetic eyes
Proteus beheld most valiant and renowned
In hollow globe diaphanous and round,
The secret gifts by Jupiter bestowed,
At first in dreams then in the deep profound
Which prophecy the nymph to Memory owed,
And now from her fair lips the truth historic flowed.

VIII.

Worthy of tragic not of comic fame
Her theme the nymph from boundless ocean drew,
Such as Iopas, who from Carthage came
Or that so far renowned Phæacian too,
Demodocus, the minstrel, never knew.
I now invoke Calliope my muse
In this my closing labour to renew
My strength, which recompense if thou refuse
In what I wish to write all pleasure I shall lose.

IX.

My years of life are gliding fast away,
The summer heat approaches to its close
And soon must mingle with autumnal day,
My genius chilled by age, no longer shows
Its boastful hopes or strength. Depressing woes
The river's dark forgetfulness require
In death's eternal sleep to find repose,
But thou oh Queen! of all the Muses' choir
Grant me to do what for my nation I desire.

X.

The lovely Goddess sang how great and grand
Armadas from the Tagus soon would sail
O'er seas explored by Gama's dauntless band,
Whose conquests over regions would prevail
Whence the Indian ocean breathes the balmy gale:
The pagan kings, who shall refuse to bend
Their necks beneath the yoke, they will assail
In arms, until unable to contend,
They shall be forced to yield, or meet untimely end.

XI.

She sings of one in Malabar who crowned
With sacerdotal state and dignity,
By solemn ties to those brave warriors bound
Will not relax the bonds of amity,
But rather will incur the extremity
Of vengeance, which his towns and cities lays
In ruins, by most savage cruelty
With fire and sword, for thus to this new race
His hatred and his wrath the Samorim displays.

XII.

She sang how in his ship a man would go
From Belem to avenge the cruel shame.
The weight it bears the ocean shall not know,
That great Pacheco who shall justly claim
Of Portuguese Achilles' glorious name;
When he embarks, the surging waves his weight
Shall feel, and all the vessel's beams and frame
Shall groan oppressed beneath the burthen great,
And in the water sink below its usual state.

XIII.

When he shall reach the furthest eastern land
The Gentoo king of Cochim to sustain,
His troops shall stay; but with a little band
Of Portuguese he will advance again
The salt and winding river's mouth to gain;
The brave infernal Naires he shall defeat
At Cambala, the triumph they obtain
Shall turn quite cold the eastern burning heat,
To see so small a force achieve so great a feat.

XIV.

The Samorim will call a new array,
Their powers the kings of Bipur and Tanor
Shall bring, Narsinga's sierras will display
Their ardent zeal, and hardy legions pour
To serve their mighty lord. But even more
Their Naires' impetuous valour to excite
Who dwell 'twixt Calecut and Cananor,
He summons all, of every creed and rite
The Moors by sea attack, by land the Gentoos fight.

XV.

The great Pacheco, daring chief, again
The hosts of enemies shall overthrow
By sea and land, the multitude of slain
Through Malabar will cause the utmost woe
And wonderment. He shall assail the foe
Once more, and they shall speedily succumb,
And on their own most vile reproaches throw.
With prayers and vows the people vainly come
To call upon their gods, vain idols, deaf and dumb.

XVI.

He shall not merely now his post defend,
But desolation and destructive fire
On hamlets, temples and their houses send,
Until the heathen dog aroused to ire
Against the dreadful men who never tire
Of razing houses, heedless now of life
Attack Pacheco, who makes them retire
Striking a double blow, with vigour rife
And borne on wings of speed, triumphant in the strife.

XVII.

The Samorim himself shall come to see
The battles rage, and by his presence try
To animate them to a high degree,
But soon the cannon balls loud whizzing fly,
And his great palanquin with blood shall dye,
Where he shall find no wiles nor force prevail.
On all Pacheco casts a scornful eye
He next of treasures precious shall avail
But still (by Heaven's decree) his base designs shall fail.

XVIII.

He shall a seventh time, she sang, engage
In deadly conflict him who ne'er refused
The hardest toil to bear or battle wage,
Nor could he e'er succumb, to labours used
But by this foe-man he shall be confused.
Enormous timber beam she shall prepare
By vast machines propelled, arms long disused
To run against the caravels which dare
Advance with boldest front to meet and fight them there.

XIX.

He shall cast mountains of destructive fire
Upon the sea to burn the Lusian fleet,
But genius and the art of war inspire
The surest mode his stratagem to meet,
And all his dauntless bravery defeat.
No hero who shall play the martial game
On wings of Fame upborne shall e'en compete.
Forgive me Greece and Rome, if I proclaim
That all shall be eclipsed by his superior fame.

XX.

So many battles that by him sustained,
When he can scarcely count upon fourscore
Of soldiers, by whose aid they must be gained
Against the heathens who do not ignore
The tricks of war, and oft have fought before;
All this as idle dreams we set apart,
Or else believe the angels they implore,
Descending from celestial thrones, impart
Such vigour, strength and skill with most courageous heart.

XXI.

He who upon the Marathonian plains
With great Darius nobly doth contend,
And all to ignominious flight constrains,
Nor he who doth Thermopylœ defend
And with his Spartans meets a glorious end,
Nor Codes who the Tuscan host defies
With his brave soldiers and the bridge defends,
Nor Quintus Fabius whom they idolise,
Shall ever be esteemed so valiant and so wise.

XXII.

The nymph no longer chants her lofty strain,
Her voice and tones are plaintive, sad and low,
Nor can she now her tears of grief restrain
At thought of that ingratitude they show
To one to whom such great rewards they owe.
O! Belisarius whose aspiring soul
The Muses' choir shall henceforth cease to know,
If in thyself thou didst see Fate control
Brave Mars in abject woe, let this thy grief console.

XXIII.

In him a fit companion thou dost find,
Not only on his feats so much renowned,
But in rewards unjust and so unkind,
In both the noblest spirits shall be found
Reduced to woes most humble and profound,
On loathsome beds in hospitals to die;
Who like a wall of brass their king surround.
Thus kings will their despotic will apply,
Whilst justice and the truth, contemned, neglectful lie.

XXIV.

Thus are these kings so easily deceived
By false appearances so mild and sweet,
Base adulation, with content believed,
Ajax of his deserved reward they cheat,
By wise Ulysses' fraudulent deceit;
But still the gifts, the regal hand supplies,
To seeming waste; (this makes revenge complete)
What they refuse to men both good and wise
Of lying flatterers and misers is the prize.

XXV.

But thou O king! by whom was ill repaid
So great a vassal, and in this alone
Thou wast unjust, no recompense was made,
No fit reward, nor grateful honour shown
To him, who won for thee a wealthy throne;
So long as great Appollo's rays shall light.
This earthly globe (let this to thee be known)
His name shall shine illustrious and bright,
Whilst thine, the guilty shame of avarice shall blight.

XXVI.

Another hero comes, 'tis thus she sings;
A king in name magnificence and state
With him his brave illustrious son he brings,
One destined on the sea to glory great,
Which shall the ancient Romans emulate.
On rich Quiloa both shall vengeance take
Inflicting more severe and cruel fate;
A monarch loyal and humane they make,
And galling fetters of the faithless tyrant break.

XXVII.

The rich and grand Mombaça which displays,
Houses and buildings of magnificence,
With fire and sword the Lusian warriors raze,
In punishment of old and grave offence,
Which called for vengeance. They proceed from thence
To India; as they sail along that coast,
The hostile ships with hate and guile intense
Attack them, but Lourenço well may boast
That with his sails and oars he conquers all that host.

XXVIII.

The mighty Samorim huge vessels sent,
Whose canvas proudly covers all the deep,
Undaunted he assails this armament,
With cannon balls a constant fire they keep;
And rudders, masts, and sails in pieces sweep,
With grapnels they hold fast, and then on board
The Admiral's great ship they boldly leap;
The deck is quickly cleared with lance and sword
Of full four hundred Moors, — a race so much abhorred.

XXIX.

But God's most secret Providence Divine,
Alone the sure and wisest means doth know,
By which to work its good and fixed design,
Shall place him at the mercy of the foe;
Nor might nor prudence can ward off the blow.
In Chaul when midst blood and battles heat
The boiling sea with fire and sword shall glow,
The glorious end the chief is doomed to meet
From vessels of Cambay and vast Egyptian fleet.

XXX.

But here superior power of numerous foes,
(Against true valour nothing can prevail
Except vast force which everything o'er throws)
The perils of the seas, the winds which fail,
All render fortitude of no avail;
Let then the ancients rise, to see renewed
With ardent constancy the wondrous tale
Of Scœva, who although in pieces hewed,
Was never forced to yield and could not be subdued.

XXXI.

A random shot his leg has torn away,
And all around the bloody splinters lie,
But with his arm he still maintains the day,
And still his noble heart, with courage high,
His countless foes most nobly doth defy,
Until another ball, the part which bound
The threads of soul and body, shall untie
The spirit free from earthly chains be found,
And he shall see himself with joys immortal crowned.

XXXII.

Go, wing thy flight in peace from dreadful war,
Thou noble soul, which didst a peace serene
So well deserve; thy members mangled are
But still not unavenged, for such I ween
Thy son will so ordain. Upon the scene
I hear the awful thunder claps resound
From whose eternal torments naught shall screen
Thy foes, but bolts and guns with basilisks abound,
Which cruel Cambalans and Mamelukes confound

XXXIII.

Astounding passions agitate the mind
Of his afflicted sire, alternate rise
Wild fury with most poignant grief combined,
Thus his paternal love he testifies;
Fire in his heart, and water in his eyes,
Visions by wrath enkindled shall appear,
Of blood on board the hostile ships to rise
Above the knees; this Nile shall feel and fear
And whilst the Indus sees, the Ganges too shall hear.

XXXIV.

As when a bull, inflamed with jealous rage,
Is roused in savage and most cruel fight,
With his detested rival to engage,
On oak or beech with horns he vents his spite,
He madly wounds the air to show his might;
So shall his sword the wrathful Francis try,
Before his arms shall great Cambaya smite,
The opulent Dabul shall vanquished lie,
No more in boastful vaunts to lift its head on high.

XXXV.

He enters, fierce and bold in Diu bay,
That city for its wars and sieges known,
The fleet of Calicut, to win the day
On oars relies, in number strong alone,
But quickly is dispersed and overthrown,
Upon Melique yon vast armament,
By balls which thou O! Vulcan forgest, thrown,
Shall to the cold and deep abode be sent,
To see the secret bed of humid element.

XXXVI.

Mir Hochem's ships by grapnels shall be bound,
Shall be compelled the fury to await,
Of these avengers; arms and legs are found
Upon the ocean, floating separate
From mangled trunks, now quite inanimate;
The conquerors, fire flashing from their eyes,
Like thunder-bolts their deadly vengeance sate
And nought before their ears or sight doth rise
But smoke with swords and flames midst groans and piteous sighs.

XXXVII.

But when he, after this grand victory,
To his own native Tagus would return,
A sad event shall rob him of his glory,
A scene most gloomy, which I see and mourn,
Shall all his hopes and projects overturn.
The Stormy Cape which shall his bones retain
And guard his fame, shall be his earthly bourn,
That spared from the world it shall distraign
To take which Egypt and vast India strove in vain.

XXXVIII.

These savage Caffres shall contrive to take
His life, which skilful foes could never do,
Rude weapons all, a club or pointed stake,
Shall this illustrious warrior now subdue,
Whom neither cannon balls nor arrows slew.
How God's high judgments baffle human sense,
Vain empty minds cannot embrace this view
To call it fate or chance is their pretence,
When all is surely ruled by gracious Providence.

XXXIX.

But what a light doth shine before my eyes,
(And then the nymph to highest grandeur rose)
Lo! all Melinde's sea empurpled lies,
The carnage spreads, the blood in torrents flows,
Through Lamo, Oja Brava rush their foes;
This was by Cunha wrought where deathless fame
Throughout the sea whose waters bathe below
Bright southern isles and shores, which bear the name
Of San Lourenço, shall the highest glory claim.

XL.

This light reflects the fire and glittering arms
Of Albuquerque, whom he shall expel
By force from Ormuz; all the Persian swarms
Who would his just and gentle yoke repel,
And their complete submission shall compel:
Behold the winged arrows in the air
Shall turn their points against the infidel
Who shoots them off, for God hath special care
Of those who for the faith and Mother church make war.

XLI.

Mountains of salt shall there be thrown in vain,
To check corruption prove of no avail,
In countless corpses in the combat slain,
The seas and strands the tainted winds inhale,
Which Gerum, Muscat, Calayat assail.
At last their necks they bend beneath his sway
And o'er this territory his arms prevail
That wicked realm he forces to obey
And tribute — rich and great in pearls of Barem pay.

XLII.

What glorious wreaths of palms I see them weave,
With which the mighty victors shall be crowned;
By conquest these he also shall receive,
Wherein no shade of fear or shame is found.
Goa that noble city, so renowned,
Then evil chance compels him to forego
His prize till more propitious times come round,
And he again shall take it from the foe;
Not only fortune thus but Mars he shall o'erthrow.

XLIII.

Lo! now against the place he turns, and breaks
Through ramparts, lances, fire and cannon balls,
And boldly his resistless way he makes,
Upon the dense and dreadful squadrons falls,
And drives Gentoos and Moors beneath the walls,
His famous soldiers shall more victims slay,
Than bulls or lions whom fierce hunger calls:
This was Saint Catherine's most hallowed day,
To Egypt's virgin all their homage duly pay.

XLIV.

E'en thou shalt not unscathed from him escape,
In spite of all thy wealth and vast extent,
Though proudly cradled in Aurora's lap
Where thou wast born; thou shalt be lowly bent
Malacca, most renowned and opulent.
Nor poisoned darts, nor daggers bright shall save
Thee from his wrath, or foil his great intent;
Malays enamoured, Javanese, so brave,
Beneath the Lusian yoke he shall the whole inslave.

XLV.

This siren would more stanzas still prolong
To celebrate brave Albuquerque's name;
But suddenly she interrupts her song,
At thought of that fierce wrath, which all must blame,
Although the universe may sound his Fame.
Fate wills that mighty Captains should appear,
Whose labours shall eternal glory claim,
Whom mildness to their soldiers should endear,
Not cruel judges be, inexorably severe.

XLVI.

When men by hunger, and by hardships pressed
To sickness, darts, war's thunder-bolts exposed,
When place and fit occasion stir the breast
Of soldiers thus to cruelty disposed,
But who their captains' orders ne'er opposed;
It seems with savage harshness to proceed,
Unbridled insolence, to mercy closed,
That punishes with death a guilty deed,
For whose excuse both love and nature's frailty plead.

XLVII.

This was no black, incestuous intercourse,
No lawless rape, a spotless virgin's fame,
Which tarnished and destroyed by brutal force,
Nor foul, adulterous lust for wedded dame;
A vile, lascivious slave provoked this flame.
His breast from jealousy or feelings chaste
Or nature harsh and cruel could not tame
His wrath, inflamed against his own, but cast
A dark and ugly stain, which his bright fame did blast.

XLVIII.

When fair Campaspe did with love inspire
Apelles, Alexander gratified
Most cheerfully his ardent, fond desire,
Though he was not a veteran soldier tried,
Who in an arduous siege, fought by his side.
Syrus saw that Araspas' bosom glowed
With ardent love for her, who did abide
Beneath his care, Panthea, though he vowed
That in his breast no evil thought should be allowed:

XLIX.

The mighty Persian saw that his offence
Proceeded from excess of love alone,
Against whose impulse there is no defence.
Freely forgive, for this he did atone
In after days, by service to the throne,
When iron Baldwin, Judith forced to wed,
Great Charles not only pardoned what was done,
But heaped the highest honours on his head,
And by him people were throughout all Flanders spread.

L.

But now the Nymph of great Soares sings,
Whose banners high unfurled, victorious soar
And flutters in the air in terror brings,
In all the seas and red Arabian shore.
Abhorred Medina trembles to its core
Through Mecca, Gidah, deepest awe prevails,
O'er Abyssinia's distant regions roar
Tremendous storms: fear Barbora assails
Whilst Zeila's mart with groans its fate bewails.

LI.

The noble island by its ancient name
Of Taprobana, famous and renowned,
Doth now enjoy celebrity and fame
From groves of cinnamon, which there abound,
And spread delightful fragrance all around.
Large tribute of these spices shall be paid
Unto the Lusian flag, with glory crowned
And on Colombus' captured fort displayed
So high and strong, that all the natives were dismayed.

LII.

Sequeira shall the Erythean waves divide,
And find new ways of which he goes in quest,
To that great Empire which doth boast with pride,
That Saba and Candace had their nest,
Massua he shall see with cisterns blest
Which plenty of delicious water hold,
And in Arkeko's neighbouring port shall rest,
Of new discovered isles the climes unfold,
And all the ancient worlds new wonders shall behold.

LIII.

To him Menezes shall succeed, whose sword
In Africa yet more shall grandly sway,
Proud Ormuz' breach of faith and perjured word,
He shall chastise, his vengeance to allay,
A double tribute thence compelled to pay.
O! Gama, thou from banishment shalt be
Recalled, across the seas to take thy way,
But now entitled Count, new dignity,
To rule o'er India, which thou wast the first to see.

LIV.

But now that stern and fatal destiny
Which all the sons of human race destroys,
Whilst thus installed in royal dignity,
Removes him from this world's delusive joys,
A new Menezes there the King employs
In that high office; prudence he doth show
Beyond his youthful years; he thus enjoys
Unblemished praise, which all who Henry know
Shall on his memory eternally bestow.

LV.

He doth not only vanquish Malabar,
Panane and Coulete are destroyed,
He rushes on the shells, which fatal are
Exploding in the air, prove worse than void
To those alone by whom they are employed.
The seven deadly sins, by innocence
He conquers quite, with virtue unalloyed,
O'er greed he triumphs and incontinence,
The last in one so young, is higher excellence.

LVI.

But when the stars shall summon him above
Thou valiant Mascarenhas, shalt succeed,
And though the world thy conduct may reprove,
Unjustly shall degrade thee, I indeed
Still promise thee of praise the highest meed.
That this by enemies may be confessed,
To hold supreme command thou shalt have need,
Though even there whilst palms thy fame attest,
By fortune thou shalt be but very little blessed.

LVII.

In Bintum's realm the many evils brought
Upon Malacca, during ages past,
Shall vengeance in one single day be wrought,
By him and his, with valour unsurpassed.
A thousand years shall be avenged at last;
Toils, perils, all that human nature fears,
Hard calthrops, narrow path with danger crossed,
Bastions with spikes and bulwarks, darts and spears,
He conquers, and to all superior he appears.

LVIII.

Ambition and cupidity arise,
And shed through India with unblushing face
Deep guilt, which God and justice both defies,
And shall vexation cause but no disgrace,
For when such wicked calumnies we trace,
Without a fault in those whom they revile,
However high the accuser's rank and place,
He shall not triumph: time shall crush the vile,
And victory shall crown the truth, which knows no guile.

LIX.

But yet Sampaio, I shall not deny
For valiant deeds was glorious and renowned
Upon the sea, like lightning in the sky
He flashed, destroying thousands spread around,
His fierce attack shall Bacanor astound,
Through Malabar reigns terror most complete:
With cruel spring he makes his earliest bound,
That Cutiale he shall next defeat,
And vanquish easily, in spite of all his fleet.

LX.

No less the dreadful ships from Dio sent:
Which Chaul shall disturb with greatest fright,
So strong and dauntless is the armament
This Hector da Sylveira, dauntless knight,
The Lusian Hector, puts them all to flight,
Whilst battles, worthy of renown, are fought
Against Cambaya, armed for constant fight;
On Guzerat by this one shall be brought
Such woes, as to the Greeks the Trojan Hector wrought.

LXI.

To fierce Sampaio follows Cunha's sway,
Who for long years shall hold the helm of state,
Of Chale's lofty towers he shall lay
The deep foundation; Dio shall await
In deadly terror its impending fate.
The valiant Baçaim shall not withstand
His power, although the carnage shall be great,
Melique groans to see the storming band,
Burst through the palisades and bulwarks, sword in hand.

LXII.

Noronha comes, whose presage shall compel
The savage Rumans Dio's siege to end,
That Dio, which, with fortitude so well
And all the skilful means which art can lend,
Antonio de Sylveira shall defend,
When death shall seal Noronha's destiny,
A branch of thine great Gama they will send
That mighty empire, which from jealousy
Shall change the ancient red into the yellow sea.

LXIII.

From thine own Stephen one shall take the reins
Of government, who glory and renown
By valour in Brazil before obtains,
Where a French pirate shall be overthrown
And punished, whom the ocean long has known.
Captain of India's seas, the walls of great
Damon he scales, then proudly armed he won
The foremost place, and then the shattered gate
'Midst fire and darts he was the first to penetrate.

LXIV.

To him Cambaya's haughty king shall yield
Of free accord the wealthy Dio's fort,
That so the valiant Portuguese may shield
His territory and give him his support
Against the great Mogor. He doth resort
With all the strength of his undaunted breast,
To keep the Gentoo monarch from his court
At Calecut, until with vigour pressed
He shall retire, by blood and carnage much depressed.

LXV.

He shall destroy the city Repelim,
And put its king and all his host to flight,
And then proceeding to Cape Comorim
He shall achieve a triumph great and bright,
For he shall vanquish in most deadly fight
The Samorim's best and most redoubted fleet,
Which hoped the world to crush by dreadful might
By fire and steel he shall those foes defeat,
And great Bedala war's revenge shall also meet.

LXVI.

When India shall be cleared of all his foes,
He shall return the sceptre now to bear,
Nor enemies nor dangers this oppose,
All tremble and obey in silence there.
Batalalá alone his wrath shall dare,
And chastisement provoke as heretofore
Did Beadala, and its fate shall share,
Her streets with dead defiled, and human gore
In hideous ruins laid, and shall be raised no more.

LXVII.

Not only name, this Martin doth from Mars
Derive, but all his great and valiant deeds
Throughout the world conspicuous in the wars,
With cautious wisdom when occasion needs
A prudent ruler: Castro next succeeds,
By whom the Lusian standard shall ascend.
To proudest height, wherever glory leads;
Successor worthy to succeed they send,
That Dio raised by one, the other shall defend.

LXVIII.

Then Abyssinians, Persians, bold and fierce
Romans, who brought their name from ancient Rome,
Various in looks, in customs quite diverse,
A thousand tribes like furious beasts they come,
Great Dio to besiege; when they succumb,
Of heaven unto the earth they shall complain,
Because so few such myriads overcome;
Yet undeceived, each promises in vain
The blood of Portuguese his curled mustaches shall stain.

LXIX.

Or frightful basilisks, guns, "Lions" called,
The mighty catapults, the secret mine,
Looks valiant Mascarenhas unappalled
With other heroes, whose bright faces shine
With joy though death is certain they opine.
When Castro sees extremest dangers rise,
His sons the liberator shall resign,
To gain eternal glory in the skies,
And of their lives to God, to make a sacrifice.

LXX.

When Ferdinand, a branch of noble tree,
Shall rush where hottest fire the cannons send,
And midst loud crash the shattered wall shall be
Blown up in the air, his youthful day shall end,
But his proud spirit shall to heaven ascend.
Brave Alvaro, though wintry tempests close
The sea and awe the world, his course shall wend
Through all the perils which his will oppose
And conquer winds and waves, and, last of all, the foes.

LXXI.

Their father comes, the waves of ocean cleaves
And brings the remnant of his force to aid,
Successful and decisive battle gives,
In which his skill and valour are displayed
That skill which force excels. Some, undismayed,
Heed not the gates, the walls most promptly scale,
To force the gate some frantic efforts made,
The splendours of those deeds shall never fail,
Nor verse nor history can well record the tale.

LXXII.

He next a victor on the field appears,
Strong and intrepid, when his very sight
Before Cambaya's king excites great fears
And strikes his hideous quadrupeds with fright.
Still less against his great triumphant might
Shall Hydal Khan preserve his menaced land,
From that triumphant arm, when he shall smite
With vengeance dire Dabul upon the strand,
Nor shall Pondá escape, which doth more inland stand.

LXXIII.

These heroes, and yet more in various parts
Worthy of wonder and of glorious fame,
Who show Mars-like on land undaunted hearts,
Upon this island shall possess the same
Delightful joys, which they may justly claim,
Sweeping triumphant with their flags and fleets
The seas, which their sharp keels shall plough and tame,
And they shall find these nymphs and dainty meats
Are honours, glories, fame, to crown their arduous feats.

LXXIV.

Thus sings the Nymph, and all the rest in choir
Applaud her song and with sweet voice unite
In festive joy which nuptials can inspire
Them all to celebrate with great delight.
"As long as fortune's wheels retain the right
"To rule the world in their unceasing round,
(Thus sang in chorus all those nymphs so bright),
"Ye ne'er shall fail, O nation! most renowned,
"With honour, valour, fame and glory to be crowned."

LXXV.

The sustenance which fragile nature needs,
The viands of the tables satisfied,
And those prophetic songs of lofty deeds,
Which were announced, their spirits gratified.
Then Tethys, much adorned and beautified,
Did all her grace and gravity display
That all these glories might be amplified
And doubled on this bright and joyful day,
These words with pleasure did to happy Gama say.

LXXVI.

"Illustrious chief! with thy corporeal eyes,
Wisdom supreme alone permits thee then
To see that altogether hidden lies,
Deep secrets, which are far beyond the ken
Of human science, of frail, wretched men.
Follow with steady steps and prudent head,
Through this dense forest of the mountain glen."
"With all the rest." She spoke and quickly led
Them, by those paths most steep and hard for man to tread.

LXXVII.

They quickly reach the summit of the height
Of that steep mountain where extended lies
A plain with emeralds enamelled quite,
And rubies, where a ground their dazzled eyes
Divine and superhuman recognize:
Suspended in the air now comes a sphere,
Through which the light so penetrates and flies
That all its inmost centre doth appear
Illumined with its rays, and as the surface clear.

LXXVIII.

Of what the globe is formed none understand,
But all can see that various orbs compose
The whole created by the magic wand,
And all of them one central point inclose.
This globe in constant gyres revolving goes,
It rises and it falls, but rise or fall,
One only face to view it doth expose
Always the same, whatever may befall,
It thus begins and ends, for art divine rules all.

LXXIX.

Quite uniform and perfect self-sustained,
Like its great Archetype, who formed the whole.
When Gama saw this globe, his mind remained
Extremely moved with awe beyond control,
Amazement and desire possessed his soul.
The Goddess said "This model, which to thee
I give, doth represent the mighty whole
Created world, that thine own eyes may see
Where thou shalt go and what thou dost desire to be.

LXXX.

The world's enormous mass you here behold
Ethereal elementary and round,
Which an Almighty being thus did mould
With his omniscient wisdom most profound,
Which ne'er began and by no limits bound,
Whatever round this mighty globe doth flow
And all its polished surface doth surround,
Is God, but what God is, no man can show,
For this the human mind is not allowed to know.

LXXXI.

The outward orb, encircling all the rest,
And which the smaller in itself contains,
And is of such a brilliant light possessed
That the blind human vision it restrains,
And the base mind; this part the name retains
Of bright Empyrean, which they only share.
Whose souls are pure; there bliss perpetual reigns.
So great He comprehends alone its rare
Sublimity, with whom naught earthly can compare.

LXXXII.

Here only true and glorious deities
Have their abodes, those others like to me,
With Saturn, Janus, Juno, Jove, all these
Are mere creations of blind phantasy
And only fit to shine in poesy,
And most harmonious verse. No other trace
Of us you find in all humanity,
Except that with our names the stars you grace,
And thus by your device we still retain a place.

LXXXIII.

Moreover Holy Providence Divine,
Which here, a Jupiter we represent,
A thousand watchful spirits doth design,
(And all of them for prudence eminent)
To guard and guide the world's great element.
Prophetic science shows us this effect,
By those examples for our guidance sent,
The good, with counsels, favour and protect;
The bad, against us all their energies direct.

LXXXIV.

Their paintings would in ever changeful mode,
Delighting now and then, instructing too,
Give names which ancient poetry bestowed
Upon its gods, in fables quite untrue;
And Holy writ as Gods did also view
The Angels, and it calls them by that name
To those bright celestial spirits justly due,
Nor does deny that demons had the same,
But though they were so called, they had no righteous claim.

LXXXV.

The God Supreme, who doth the world compel,
By second causes just as he commands;
Again the glorious works I wish to tell,
Which from his sacred, venerated hands
Proceed in wondrous might: Celestial bands
Of purest souls beneath this circle placed,
Enjoy a bliss which every change withstands;
Another runs so light, it can be scarcely traced
By any eyes; here is the source of motion based.

LXXXVI.

This movement by its great and rapid force,
Gives motion unto all the breast contains,
By this the Sun pursues his certain course,
The day and night in their successive reigns,
In due and perfect order it maintains.
Beneath the swift, there is another slow,
So slow and so obedient to the reins,
That Phœbus who with light doth ever glow,
Two hundred courses makes, whilst this but one can go.

LXXXVII.

Beneath, another orb enamelled bright
With smooth and radiant forms, you now behold,
A splendid canopy of dazzling light
And all the stars their certain courses hold
By fixed unchanging rules and laws controlled,
In gaudy vests and ornaments, you trace
The globe, encircled by a belt of gold,
In which twelve brilliant signs have each their space,
The homes where Phœbus finds his nightly resting place.

LXXXVIII.

In other parts behold, most bright and pure,
The planets which refulgent sight present,
The Wain, observe and beauteous Cynosure
See fair Andromeda, and her sire blent,
With horrid Dragon in the firmament.
Bright Cassiopia's loveliness admire
And see Orion fierce, and turbulent
The dying Swan, which singing doth expire,
The Hare, the Dog, and Ship, and sweetly sounding Lyre.

LXXXIX.

Beneath this grand and glorious firmament,
Comes Saturn's sky, a great and ancient God
When Jupiter is aye on movement bent
And Mars, the warlike foe, has his abode.
This mighty sphere most pure and brilliant shewed
The eye of Heaven, whilst Venus ever fair
Love bringing, in her train, with beauty glowed.
Next Mercury, with eloquence so rare,
Diana, with her triple face is shining there.

XC.

In all these orbs a different course you see;
In some 'tis swift, in others grave and slow,
Now from the centre to a distance flee,
Now close approaching to the earth they go,
Obedient to the power who willed it so,
That Sire Omnipotent, who did the fire
Create, together with the wind and snow,
Which to the most interior parts retire
And for their central point the earth and sea require.

XCI.

This centre doth the human race enclose,
The reckless men, who not content to bear
On this firm earth the heavy weight of woes,
To sail upon the unstable ocean dare,
And all its toils and dreadful perils share,
The various lands divided by the insane
And stormy seas, to thee I shall declare,
The various kings, who o'er the nations reign,
The various usages and various laws explain.

XCII.

On Christian Europe, look so high and bright,
Surpassing all the world in policy
Of generous and overwhelming might.
Lo! Africa which feign would wealthy be,
Uncultured, plunged in deep brutality;
That Cape erst Nature did from sight withdraw
At thy far southern bound's extremity,
Those lands by multitudes, who know not law,
Inhabited and whom the ancients never saw.

XCIII.

See Benomotapa's immense empire.,
Where hordes of naked savages abide,
In which the Saint Gonçalo did expire,
Who for his faith in shame and torments died.
From all these unknown regions is supplied
The metal which makes mortals undergo
Incessant toils, but seldom satisfied.
You see the lake whence Nilo's waters flow,
To which Cuama doth its current also owe.

XCIV.

Behold the huts in which the negroes dwell;
Without a door they trust their homely nest
To their king's justice which protects them well,
Confiding in their neighbour's honest breast.
See how the brutal multitudes impressed
With frantic fury to the fight descend,
Like swarms of starlings black and dense infest
Sofala's fort, which they to take pretend;
This with experienced skill brave Nhaia shall defend.

XCV.

Behold the marshes where the mighty Nile
Doth take its rise, by the ancients never known,
Which irrigating breeds the crocodile;
The Abyssinians, who their love have shown
For Christ, whose holy faith and creed they own,
They have no walls (a novel style they claim)
And yet their foes by them are overthrown.
Look on Meroë known of old to fame
To which the natives now of Noba give the name.

XCVI.

Know thou that in these regions far remote,
A son of thine against the Turks shall fight,
And by his valour gain the highest note,
Don Cristopher, they call this gallant knight,
But still from fatal doom there is no flight.
On that Melinde's coast now cast a glance,
Where kind and friendly greetings gave delight.
See Rapt next, but which the land's romance
The river Oby calls which flows into Quilmance.

XCVII.

Behold the Cape, erst Aromata named
Now Guardafú by dwellers in the land
In which the mouth commences, of the famed
Red sea, for such the colour of the sand.
This forms the bounds of Asia on one hand,
And on the other, Africa, whose coast
It separates: some famous cities stand
In Africa, of these she doth the most
Of Maçuá, Suanquem, and of Arquico boast.

XCVIII.

Suez, you see, the city where of old
They say the brave Heroas did reside,
But 'twas Arsinoe, as the ancients told,
And now the Egyptian fleets at anchor ride,
And in its power and state they take a pride.
Upon the waters gaze with fixed intent,
Where Moses erst a passage did divide;
Here Asia first begins, and doth present
Extensive territories, and kingdoms opulent.

XCIX.

Behold Mount Sinai ennobled by
The sepulchre of Holy Catherine;
See Toro, Gida, which no springs supply
With streams of waters cold and crystalline,
Once more direct thy sight upon the line
Which there the portals of the strait doth show,
And barren Aden's arid realms confine
With living rock, Arzira's mountains glow,
Which cool refreshing rain from Heaven shall never know.

C.

Look, where those three Arabias occupy,
Of that vast continent so great a space;
Here dark complexioned vagrants meet the eye,
Hence come the steeds of high and noble race,
Swift, fierce, in war they held the foremost place.
See how the coast receding doth surround
Almost that Persian strait, where now we trace
The Cape, as Fartak known, to all around
From a great city built upon adjacent ground.

CI.

Look on Dofar so famous, which supplies
Our sacred altars with abundant store
Of fragrant incense: Cast attentive eyes
On Rosalgate which doth always more
Of riches covet, and along the shore
Beyond this, Ormuz' kingdom you will greet,
Which did to highest fame and glory soar,
When all the galleys of the Turkish fleet
Brave Castel Branco with his naked sword shall meet

CII.

Behold Cape Asaboro, which is now
As Mussanden by navigators crowned,
Past which the water of that lake doth flow,
Which Persia and Arabia nigh surround
Those lands that in fertility abound,
On Barem's island fixed attention keep
Where far below the richest pearls are found,
In colour like Aurora: with grand sweep
Euphrates and the Tigris rush into the deep.

CIII.

See Persia's noble empire doth appear
Relying on her camp and warlike steeds,
She scorns of molten brass or bronze to hear,
The constant use of arms in all her heeds;
To these she trusts alone in all her needs.
Behold the isle of Gerum comes in sight
And learn how time at intervals proceeds,
This was the city of Armusa site,
Whose fame it took away with all her glory bright.

CIV.

Dom Philip de Menezes shall display
Conspicuous skill and valour in the fight,
Advancing with a very small array
Of Portuguese, who put to speedy flight
The Persians, who from Lara bring their might,
To them Dom Pedro Souza shall reveal
With how much force and vigour he can smite,
Who left an arm but made Ampaza feel
His wrath, destroyed alone by his avenging skill.

CV.

But let us leave this famous strait behind,
And Cape of Jasque, which is now, we know,
Carpella called, where nature most unkind
To all the neighbouring lands herself doth show,
And never would her usual gifts bestow.
Carmania was the country named with pride:
You here behold the lovely Indus flow
From a high mountain, and close by its side
The Ganges takes its source, and doth majestic glide.

CVI.

Cast on Ulcinde's fertile land thine eyes
And see Jaquete's much indented bay,
When flowing tides to highest limits rise
And with the ebb receding far away,
A vast extent of naked strand display.
Cambaya's wealthy regions where the sea
Has formed a noble gulf, you can survey,
A thousand cities whose celebrity,
I need not now proclaim, all are expecting thee.

CVII.

Look on the Indian coast, so greatly famed,
Which runs towards it, from that southern bound
Unto Cape Comorim, once Cori named.
Rich Taprobana right in front is found;
(Now as Ceylon the island far renowned).
The valiant Lusian race shall cross the main,
As thou hast done, whose triumphs shall astound,
These many lands and cities shall obtain,
And all their conquests shall for many years retain.

CVIII.

The provinces and various states, which lie
Between these noble streams, are infinite;
One realm on Mahomet doth still rely,
Another is Gentoo, and holds the rite.
Where laws and rules the Devil did indite.
In the Narsinga's seignory abide
The sacred relics and the body bright.
Of Thomas, that Apostle sanctified
Who longed to put his hand in our Redeemer's side.

CIX.

Here stood the lovely city Meliapor,
And wealth and grandeur decked her stately brow
But all the people idols did adore,
Just like the wicked natives even now.
Far from the sea she did in greatness grow,
When they throughout the world began to preach
That holy faith, which Thomas did avow
Through many provinces he went to teach
His doctrines, till at last he did this country reach.

CX.

Whilst thus he preached the truth, he also gave
Health to the sick and did the dead restore
To life. Some timber floating on the wave,
The enormous block was wafted to the shore:
The king desirous to increase his store
Of timber from this unexpected source,
To build what he designed, made them explore
The readiest means, to use sufficient force,
And have, to engines, men and elephants recourse.

CXI.

The timber was of such enormous weight
That their united toils are vastly spent
In efforts to remove it in that state,
But he the messenger, by Jesus sent,
With greatest ease effectual succour lent;
Upon the trunk his cord he tightly lays,
And dragging it into the city went,
Where people soon a sumptuous temple raise,
Which this most wondrous tale to future times conveys.

CXII.

He knew that by firm faith he could have made
Whene'er he pleased, the loftiest mountains move,
And that his own command would be obeyed;
Of this he was assured by Christ above,
And this by his own acts he was to prove.
The crowd this wonder with amazement see,
The Brahmins to impede the stranger, strove,
And feared his miracles and sanctity,
Would speedily destroy their high authority.

CXIII.

These were the pagan priests, whose stony hearts
Are with fanatic zeal and envy filled,
Who seek by stratagems and wily arts
To stir the populace, because they willed
That Thomas be not heard, or shall be killed.
The chief, who skeins across his bosom drew,
Contrived a horrid crime, and so revealed
That foes so savage, no one ever knew;
As virtue base and false can be against the true.

CXIV.

He kills his son, in order to accuse
Thomas, who of the crime was innocent,
Of lying witnesses the priest makes use.
No time is lost in crowning this intent,
He is condemned to death in punishment.
The Saint, without defence, could only place
His humble trust in God omnipotent,
Before the king and lords, by heavenly grace,
To work a wonder which should all the rest surpass.

CXV.

He bade them bring the body of the dead,
Commanding him to rise and make reply,
Who was his murderer, that what he said
They all might hear and no one should deny
The truth evinced by such clear testimony;
Then in the name of Jesus crucified,
All saw the youth alive and raised on high.
To Thomas grateful thanks he testified
And proved his father was the guilty homicide.

CXVI.

This miracle such great wonder did excite,
That in the pure baptismal font the king
At once was washed, and then the sacred rite
On many was conferred; as holy thing
His robe they kiss, to God and Thomas sing
Their praise, the Brahmins are with hatred filled,
And envy racks them with envenomed sting,
Amongst the mob the feeling they instilled,
That Thomas must not preach, or should at once be killed.

CXVII.

One day whilst Thomas to the people preached,
Amongst the crowd fallacious rumour flies,
That now the fixed appointed time was reached
When Jesus Christ his mandate signifies,
That he by martyrdom should gain the skies.
The furious mob with stones in valleys pressed
Upon the saint whilst meekness filled his eyes,
Until a wretch, more eager than the rest,
His deadly lance thrust deep into his saintly breast.

CXVIII.

The Ganges and the Indus both lament
Thee, all the lands, which thou didst tread, deplore,
But all those souls for whom thy life was spent
To teach the holy faith and heavenly lore,
Thy cruel martyrdom regret still more,
Whilst angels' smiles with most triumphant strain
The glory chant to which thy virtues soar.
To thee, we pray, God's succour to obtain
That his protecting aim thy Lusians may sustain.

CXIX.

Ye other priests, who still usurp the name
Of messengers, apostles sent by God.
Like Thomas' holy doctrines to proclaim,
If you be sent, as you have oft avowed,
Say why you do not preach the faith abroad?
If ye be salt, and this does vapid lie,
At home where prophets do not make abode,
What in these days shall salt and purify,
(I say not infidels) but rampant heresy?

CXX.

But I shall not pursue, this dangerous theme,
And let us now resume our destined way
Along the coast, in which we almost seem
To see the famous city, only stay
To make a curve in that Gangetic bay.
Narsinga doth great power and riches show,
Orixa doth abundant cloths display,
At the extremity of the bay below,
The mighty Ganges doth into the ocean flow.

CXXI.

The Ganges, in whose waters those who dwell
Upon its borders, when about to die
Are bathed, for all of them believe full well
That sacred stream will cleanse and purify
The worst of sinners of the blackest dye.
See Cathegan, a city of the most
Repute in all Bengal, a great supply,
And much abundance doth the province boast,
But note that southward here directly turns the coast.

CXXII.

Behold the mighty realm of Arracan,
And see where great Pegu hath fixed its throne,
Inhabited by monsters, not by man;
Foul progeny, which Nature doth disown,
Of dog and woman, who were left alone;
Here tinkling bells, to their genitals bound,
A custom proved, for many ages known,
Whereby an artful Queen the method found,
To check the horrid sin and wickedness confound.

CXXIII.

Look on the city of Tavai and see
Where Siam's vast empire so long and great,
Now first begins to hold supremacy
Tenassarí, Quedá which all must rate
The chief of those, which pepper cultivate.
But further in Malacca you shall know.
The vast emporium which they shall create,
From every province on the sea shall flow
The richest merchandise, a rare and splendid show.

CXXIV.

An ancient rumour tells how ocean's tide,
With mighty waves which forced their way between
Sumatra's noble island, did divide
From the main-land, to which it once had been
United, as was by the ancients seen.
'Twas Chersonesus called, from veins of gold
In great abundance and most brilliant sheen,
Some of the "golden Chersonesus" told,
Some fancy it might be the Ophir known of old.

CXXV.

At its extremity stands Singapore,
Where many ships pass through a narrow way,
And here it turns its back on Cynosure,
Making a curve towards the dawn of day.
Your eyes on great Penang you now may lay
And see Patan, and all the realms which show
Themselves near Siam and beneath her way
Behold the river Menam, which doth flow
From that great lake which as the Chiama you know.

CXXVI.

Throughout the vast extent before your eye,
A thousand tribes of every different race
And name appear, the Laons occupy
In might and numbers, and in ample space
Avás, Bramas, on mountains have their place.
In region far remote the Guieos stand,
In whom a fierce and savage life we trace;
They eat of human flesh, their own they brand
With irons burning hot, fierce usage of the land.

CXXVII.

Lo! through Camboja, Mecom river runs,
Which Captain of the waters indicates,
This many streams receives beneath the sun's
Extremest heats, that it quite inundates,
The fertile region which it permeates,
And like the Nile, its banks it overflows.
A strange belief this people inculcates,
That every animal when life doth close,
A state of glory gains or torments undergoes.

CXXVIII.

This stream shall, in its calm and placid lap,
Receive the child of song, in hopeless state,
When dripping wet with brine he doth escape,
From dreadful shipwreck, and the wretched fate,
Which mariners in storms and shoals await.
When hunger, dangers, most unjust award,
Shall strike with deep unmitigated hate,
The man whose lyre with most sonorous chord,
Shall crown with fame, but not with happiness reward.

CXXIX.

Along the coast, Champa the land they name,
Whose forests odoriferous wood display,
And Cochinchina of eternal fame,
All these extensive realms you can survey,
As well as Hainon's nearly hidden bay.
Lo! here the vast empire of high renown
With many lands and wealth beneath its sway,
Imperial China fixed its lofty throne,
From Tropic's scorching heat unto the frigid zone.

CXXX.

Behold that work, which one can scarce believe,
The mighty wall and towers, a strong defence,
Between two great empires, we thus conceive
A signal proof, most certain evidence
Of regal grandeur and magnificence.
This king is not of princely birth, nor crowned,
A son who claims a sire's inheritance,
But they select some worthy knight renown'd
In whom sagacity and virtuous deeds abound.

CXXXI.

But most of earth is still from thee concealed,
Until that period of futurity,
When, all the globe contains, shall be revealed;
Pass not unmarked the islands in that sea,
Where Nature claims the most celebrity.
Half hidden, stretching in a lengthened line
In front of China which its guide shall be,
Japan, abounds in mines of silver fine
And shall enlighten'd be by holy faith divine.

CXXXII.

Throughout the eastern mighty seas, your eyes
On islands infinite in number rest,
All scattered and dispersed they grandly rise.
You see Tidore, Ternate from whose crest
Dart undulating flames. Here grow the best
Of trees which plenteous crops of cloves supply.
By blood of Lusians purchased and possessed,
And golden birds, which soaring in the sky
Are never seen on earth until they come to die.

CXXXIII.

Behold the Banda isles enamelled quite
With varied tints which give a purple hue
To luscious fruits, whilst birds of plumage bright
And varying their gambols all pursue,
And of green nuts they pluck the tribute due;
Thy steady glance for Borneo must be claimed,
Where constant tears from trees the ground bedew,
This juice is dried, and camphor has been named,
For which salubrious drug the isle is justly famed.

CXXXIV.

But also gaze upon Timor which sends
Salubrious, highly scented sandal wood,
Sunda, which on one side so far extends
That in the dangerous south 'tis partly viewed,
The people of th'interior wild and rude,
Speak of a river which has long been known
With strange miraculous virtue there indued,
Without another whilst it flows alone,
The wood which falls therein is quickly turned to stone.

CXXXV

Behold the land, which time into an isle
Hath changed, emitting dense and lambent flame;
Oil from a fountain flows in streams the while,
The sap from weeping trunks, of wonderous fame,
Distils a scent beyond whatever came
In balmy odours from Arabia, where.
Cinyra's daughter doth her dwelling claim:
Besides what all the other islands bear,
It yields the softest silk and gold most fine and rare.

CXXXVI.

Look on Ceylon the lofty mountain's height
Is seen afar, its summit grandly throws
Above the clouds and baffles human sight:
The natives that 'tis sacred all suppose,
Because a rock a foot-mark plainly shows.
In Maldivé islands a most sovereign plant
Deep on the ground beneath the waters grows,
Its fruits, to poisons dread and virulent,
Affords an antidote most sure and excellent.

CXXXVII.

You see in front of that Erythean strait
Socotara's island, which doth justly boast
Of bitter aloes; subject to your state
Are other isles, along the sandy coast
Of Africa, whence they obtain the most
Rare, odoriferous scent, which is proclaimed
The ambergris, esteemed at costly price;
Behold the vast Saint Lawrence widely famed
An island which by some is Madagascar named.

CXXXVIII.

And thus you now the new discovered lands
And all the parts throughout the East behold,
The world receives these regions from your hands
Which ope the portals of the sea with bold,
Undaunted spirit. But you must be told
A glorious feat in western climes achieved
By one, a Portuguese, by wrath controlled, •
Who felt himself by his own king aggrieved
And found another route till then quite unperceived.

CXXXIX.

You gaze upon the mighty continent,
Which from Calisto lies far stretching there
To southern pole in one prolonged extent.
This shall take pride in most abundant share
Of metal, like Apollo's yellow hair.
Castile, thy friend, shall well deserve to place
Her yoke upon rude necks, in regions, where
So many provinces and various race
Who different usages and different rites embrace.

CXL.

You shall obtain a portion of the west
Whence comes the costly, red Brazilian wood,
And which is broader far than all the rest;
This you shall call the land of Holy Rood
And by your fleet it shall the first be viewed.
Along this coast brave Magalhaens shall lead
To regions far remote, in daring mood.
A Portuguese by name and birth indeed
But who of loyalty or country takes no heed.

CXLI.

When he had traversed more than half the way
 Which 'twixt the equatorial limit lies,
 And the Antartic pole, he shall survey
 A race of men of high gigantic size,
 Which all the neighbouring region occupies.
 His ships still further through the strait shall glide,
 Whose name his endless glory testifies,
 And which to other seas and lands shall guide
 Whose site the distant South with icy wings doth hide.

CXLII.

Thus far, ye Portuguese, you are allowed
 The noble feats of future times to know,
 Which in the boundless seas you first have ploughed;
 Your dauntless heroes to the world shall show
 And prove their breasts with might and valour glow:
 And now since you have learnt the path to tread
 Of noble toils to which the love you owe
 Of fair immortal nymphs whom you have wed
 And who shall weave bright crowns of glory for your head.

CXLIH.

You may at once embark, the wind is fair,
 The sea is calm, to your loved native shore
 Your hardy crews your ships shall safely bear.
 She ceased: and they prepare once more
 To quit that isle of joy and love. Great store
 Of needful provender they take away,
 They also take those whom they most adore,
 The nymphs who shall with them for ever stay
 As long as Sun shall warm the world with genial ray.

CXLIV.

home

And thus they cross the calm and tranquil sea
 With fair and gentle breeze, ~~no angry gale,~~
 Until once more their native land they see
 And their much longed for homes with rapture hail;
 Into the noble Tagus' mouth they sail.
 For king beloved and feared these heroes gain
 A prize and lofty fame, which shall not fail,
 Since they accomplished what he did ordain
 By which he glorified his country and his reign.

CXLV.

No more, my Muse, no more, I cease my strain,
 My lyre is quite unstrung, my voice is hoarse
 And not from lengthened song, but I disdain
 The people deaf, insensible and coarse,
 The favour which to Genius gives great force
 My country doth not grant me. It is lost
 And plunged in vice, without the least resource,
 By avarice and ignorance engrossed,
 Austere, extinguished quite with deepest sadness crossed.

CXLVI.

By what great destiny I cannot tell
 Men cheerful pride and pleasure can display,
 And nerve the minds of all to bear so well
 The constant toils of each successive day.
 Thou, O but King! who art the realm to sway
 Predestined by that wisdom, most divine,
 Remember that (and other states survey),
 To none doth gracious Providence assign
 Such vassals to possess so excellent as thine.

CXLVII.

See how by various ways upon thy foes
Like rampant lions, savage bulls, they fall,
With joy, to hunger, vigils, they expose
Themselves, to fire and sword, the cannon ball,
And flying darts, 'midst icy cold, and all
The scorching regions of the earth they sweep,
No fierce idolaters nor Moors appal
Their souls, through perils strange their course they keep,
In spite of shipwrecks dire, of fishes and the deep.

CLXVIII.

To serve thee ever ready they appear,
Though distant from thee, most obedient
To all thy mandates, ruthless and severe
Without remonstrance, joyous and content,
If once they know thine eyes on them are bent,
The black, infernal, demons they defy,
And when beneath thy banner they are sent
Thou may'st with perfect confidence rely,
Thou shalt a victor be, and not the vanquished lie.

CXLIX.

Extend thy favour soon to them and cause
More joy and gladness, by thy presence bless,
And by humanity rescind the laws
Which by severity the realm oppress.
For thus then shall advance in holiness,
The most experienced men with care select,
If with experience goodness they possess
To be thy counsellors, they will direct
The mode, the time and place wise measures to effect.

CL.

For all, as talent and their lives deserve
In their own posts thy favour will suffice,
That for thy prosperous reign they may observe
A most devout, religious exercise,
To check corruption, vile and rampant vice,
Let them then persevere in holy prayer,
With fastings, disciplines and like device,
For godly monks regard as idle air
Ambitious dreams; nor wealth nor glory make their care.

CLI.

Thy noble knights should have esteem and love,
Since they with hot intrepid blood sustain
And spread the faith which cometh from above,
But also thy vast kingdom they maintain.
For those who boldly cross the boundless main,
In regions far remote their lives expose
To serve with zeal that thou dost ordain,
Not only conquer there the living foes
But overcome the worst of toils and deadly woes:

CLII.

Let not the strangers who astonished stand,
Italians, Germans, Gauls or English say,
That Portuguese unable to command,
Are only fit and destined to obey.
Let none thy council guide or kingdom sway
But those who life by long experience know.
Long months and years in toils have passed away,
For though the learned make a goodly show,
Experience only doth the practical bestow.

CLIII.

Behold when Phormio, wise and eloquent
Philosopher, indulged in pompous strain,
And raised his voice to highest pitch to vent
Crude notions and the art of war explain,
Great Annibal just laughed with calm disdain.
The man who would strict discipline acquire
Imagination's flights will seek in vain
By thought, dreams, books; 'tis useless to inquire;
The sight and actual war alone the art inspire.

CLIV.

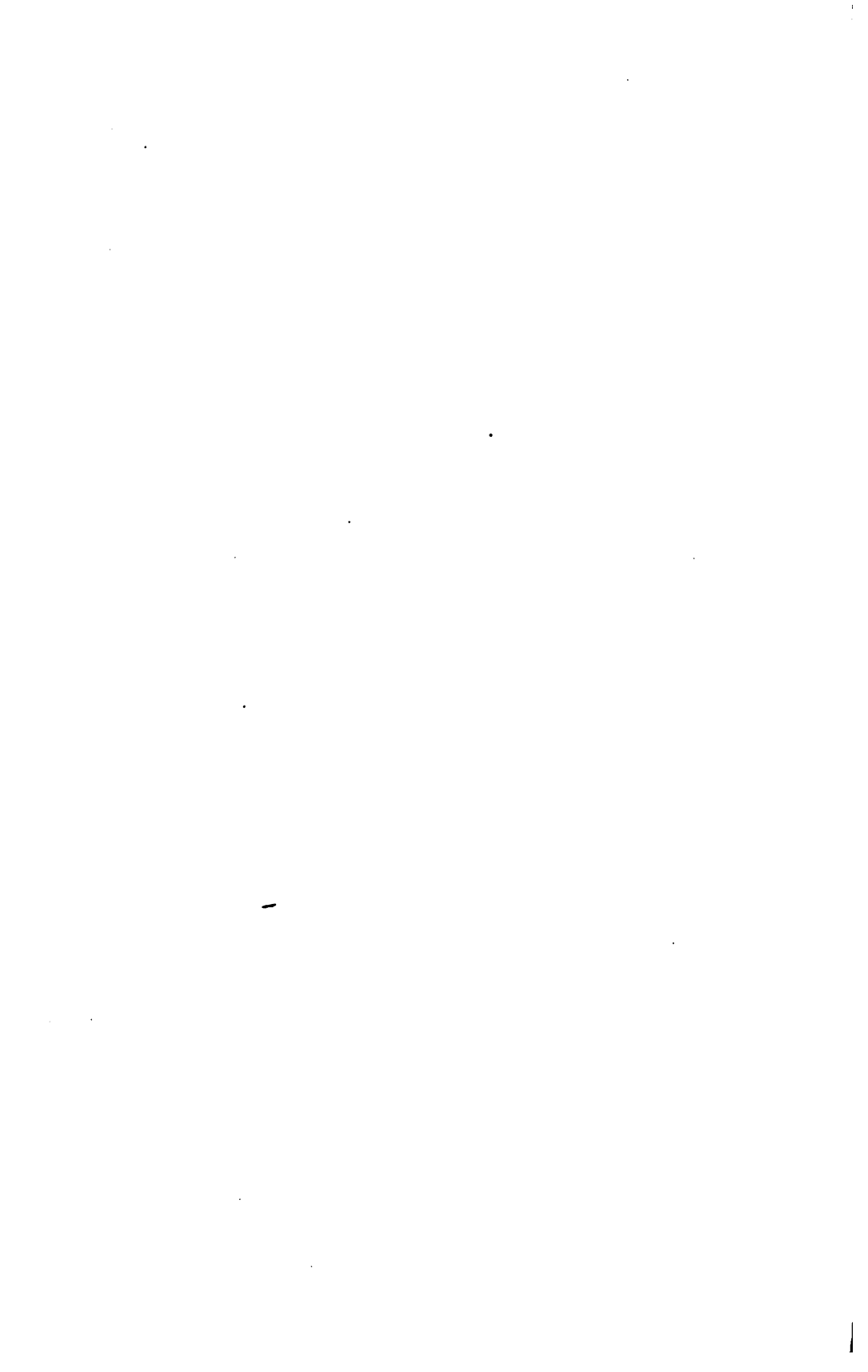
I speak, who humble, rude and lowly seem,
Who am to thee most utterly unknown
And one of whom thou dost not even dream.
But still the people's mouth has often shown
Their praise confers most true and high renown.
Incessant study has improved my mind
And life by long experience I have known,
Nor genius fails me quite, so thou wilt find
That all these qualities most rarely are combined.

CLV.

To serve thee, arms to deadly war inured,
To sing thee, mind o'er which the Muses reign
If of thy favour I could be assured
For this shall virtue never sue in vain.
If then, most gracious Heaven shall kindly deign
To grant my prayer, and if thy noble breast
Inspire things worthy of immortal strain,
As thus doth my presaging soul attest
Thy aspirations high by which thou art possessed,

CLVI.

If thou more awful than Medusa's head,
Shalt make mount Atlas tremble at thy sight,
Or shalt the plains of Ampeluza tread
Triumphant, and with thy resistless might
Morocco's and Trudante's Moors affright,
My joyful cherished Muse shall sing thy praise
Through all the world, reflected in thy light,
When Alexander himself in thee surveys,
Achilles' fame no more shall any envy raise.



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

(A)

The following succinct account of the personages whose portraits embellish this work, as well as of the tomb of D. Ignez de Castro and of the cloister of the Jeronymite Convent at Belem will, perhaps, not be uninteresting to the reader.

N.º 1.

LUIZ DE CAMOENS.

The portrait of the great poet Luiz de Camoens, an account of whose life is published at the beginning of this volume.



THE INFANTE DON HENRIQUE DUKE OF VIZEU.

This illustrious prince, to whom not only Portugal, but the whole civilised world is greatly indebted for the impulse which he gave to maritime discoveries, was born in 1394.

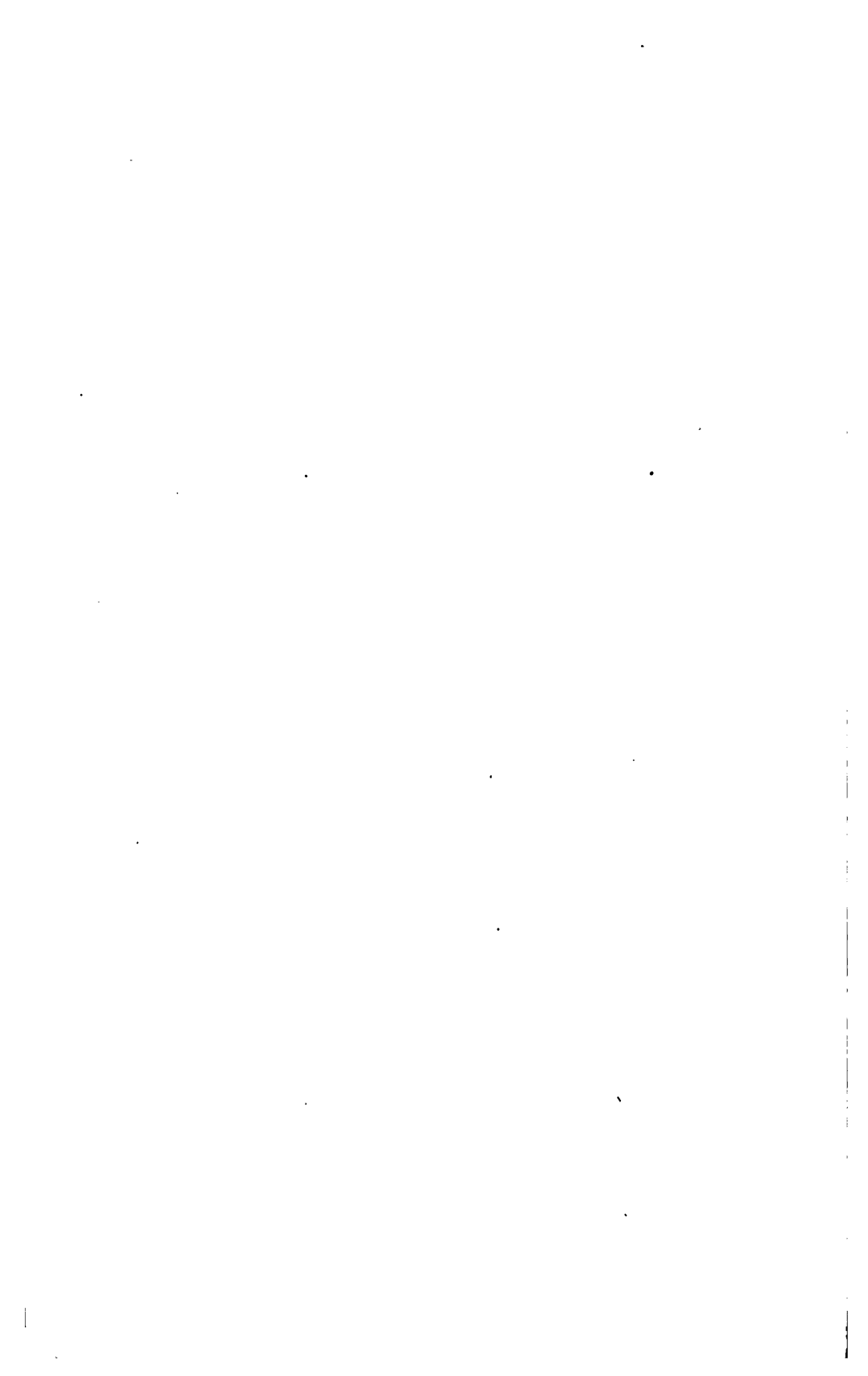
He was the fourth son of King John the First, the founder of the house of Aviz, by his consort, Philippa Plantagenet, the daughter of John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster. Thus he was the little nephew of the Black Prince, and first cousin to Henry the Fifth, and was like them a knight of the Garter, the roll of which noble order does not contain any one more worthy of a place in it.

At a very early age in 1415, he accompanied his father in his memorable expedition against Ceuta, where the young prince greatly distinguished himself by his intrepidity, being the first to enter the place when it was taken by assault.

The subsequent years of his life were spent in superintending the affairs of the order of Christ, of which he was appointed Grand Master, but more especially in encouraging navigation and maritime discovery. For this purpose he formed an establishment at Sagres, a promontory at the extremity of the Peninsula, where he employed himself in fitting out vessels and sending them on voyages of discovery along the coast of Africa.

He died in 1460 and was buried in the Monastery of Batalha, founded by his father, after the battle of Aljubarrota. We commend the reader, who wishes to know more about this admirable personage, to consult the very interesting work of Mr. Major, who has published an excellent biography of this Infante, as well as an account of all the great discoveries of which he must be considered the principal originator.

This portrait was engraved by J. C. Silva for the "Decadas da Asia de João de Barros e Diogo do Couto".



VASCO DA GAMA.

This great navigator, for whom was reserved the glory of the discovery of India, was born at Sines in 1469, and was the son of Estevão da Gama, by his wife Izabel do Sodré, the daughter of João de Rezende, the Provedor of Santarem.

When King Emmanuel finally determined to send an expedition to discover the Ocean route to India in 1497, he selected Vasco da Gama, for the chief command, notwithstanding his youth, (being only twenty eight years old). His brother, Paul da Gama, was appointed captain of one of the vessels under his orders. In another place we give a detailed account of the incidents of this most justly celebrated voyage.

This illustrious man returned to India in command of a considerable fleet in 1502 and was nominated Captain General of the Indian seas. He performed some important services and then returned to Portugal in 1505 and was some years in disgrace.

Although he seems to have been treated with some neglect by his ungrateful sovereign he was eventually nominated High Admiral of the East Indies, which title was made hereditary and is still held by his heir; he was also created Conde da Vidigueira, with this singular mark of distinction, that the eldest son of the person who bears that title becomes Conde da Vidigueira, as soon as he is born, whereas other noblemen, even when the dignity is hereditary, cannot assume it without previously obtaining the royal permission.

In 1524 he was appointed viceroy of India, but died shortly after his arrival at Cochim in the following year.

He married Catharine de Athaide, daughter of Alvaro de Athaide, who was lord of Penacova, and Alcaide of Alvor, and his wife D. Maria da Silva the daughter of Pedro Gonçalves Meysala a wealthy nobleman in Portugal. From this marriage is descended the present Conde da Vidigueira, son of the late Marquis of Niza, now the representative of Vasco da Gama as well as of João das

Regras, the great Chancellor and chief Councillor of John the First.

Gama was a man of great intrepidity and firmness blended with singular prudence and discretion. He had ample opportunities of displaying these high qualities in his great enterprise, which would probably have failed altogether if he had not possessed them in an eminent degree. The choice of one so young and yet so well qualified, reflects much credit on King Emmanuel and his Councillors.

AFFONSO HENRIQUES.

(The founder of the Portuguese Monarchy)

This great monarch, justly surnamed "The Conqueror", was the son of Count Henry and his wife D. Thereza the daughter of Alphonso the Sixth, King of Leon, and was born at Guimarães, then the capital, in 1111; although Camoens seems to think, that Count Henry came from Hungary, the opinion generally received is, that he was grand-son of Robert, Count of Burgundy, and grand-son of King Robert of France. Alphonso Henriques was very young at the time of his father's death in 1112, and his attempt to assume the government was strenuously opposed by his mother, who claimed the right to rule over the country which had been given to her husband and herself, by her father.

She called in the Leonese to uphold her cause and the civil war lasted for some years, during which a battle was fought at Guimarães and another at Arcos de Valle de Vez.

The young Prince was closely besieged in Guimarães and was only saved by the patriotic devotion of Egas Moniz whose heroic conduct is beautifully described, in the most glowing terms by Camoens. Eventually Alphonso completely overthrew the party of his mother, but the story of her imprisonment and of his cruelty towards her seems not to rest upon any good foundation, and is artfully introduced by the poet to account for the misfortune which befel the King at a subsequent period.

Having obtained possession of the government in 1128 and no longer apprehensive of any domestic disturbances, Alphonso now turned his arms against the Moors, who still possessed by far the greater part of Portugal, and his reign was a long struggle in which many battles were fought and a great many towns were besieged and taken, but his efforts were generally crowned with success.

In 1139 he won a great victory in the Campo d'Ourique and was saluted King of Portugal by his victorious army.

He received most important assistance from a fleet of crusaders who touched at Lisbon in 1157 and this enabled him to wrest that important city from the Mahometans. Santarem, Leiria, Obidos, Cintra, Cezimbra, Alcacer do Sal and Evora, then considered very strong and important places, were successively subdued.

He even succeeded in capturing Badajoz, but this unfortunately occasioned a war with his own son-in-law, the King of Leon, in which Alphonso was completely worsted and made prisoner.

The last achievement of the aged monarch was the raising of the siege of Santarem, where his son Sancho was surrounded by numerous foes. That brave young prince who afterwards succeeded him on the throne, had for many years seconded the efforts of his warlike father and greatly contributed to his triumphs.

Alphonso Henriques was married to Mafalda, daughter of Ama-deu, the third Count of Savoy, by whom he had seven children. He died in 1185, deservedly regretted by all his subjects, and his memory is still held in the highest veneration by the Portuguese.

This as well as the other portraits of the Kings of Portugal was engraved for the work of Pedro de Maris entitled "*Dialogos de varia historia*".

DON PEDRO THE FIRST.

(King of Portugal)

This monarch, sometimes called the Cruel, but more frequently Just, was the son of D. Alphonso the Fourth, and was born in 1320; he married D. Constança the daughter of the Infante D. João Manoel, Duke of Penafiel, and his wife the Infanta D. Constança, who was also grand-daughter of the King D. Fernando, of Castile, and he had a son by her, D. Fernando, his successor to the throne of Portugal.

His second marriage with the unfortunate D. Ignez de Castro, was solemnised privately at Bragança, by the Bishop of Guarda.

By his refusal to contract any other marriage, notwithstanding the earnest request and solicitations of his father, he gave great umbrage to him. It was at length discovered that his attachment to Ignez, although it was not known that he was actually married, was the real cause of his aversion to matrimony.

The advisers of the King instigated him to have her put out of the way, and he finally consented, but not without great reluctance, to their wicked proposal.

She was accordingly barbarously assassinated by three miscreants in 1355. As soon as the Prince heard the news of this dreadful crime, he was excited with most violent rage and indignation, and took up arms to avenge the cruel wrong.

He was, however, soon pacified, and compelled to defer his vengeance against the perpetrators of the murder until he succeeded to the crown in 1357.

One of his first acts was to obtain from D. Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, the extradition of the criminals in exchange for some Castilian rebels, who had fled to Portugal. One of them contrived to escape, but the other two fell into the hands of their outraged sovereign and were put to death in a most barbarous manner.

D. Pedro left several children by D. Ignez, and their numerous descendants still exist, the chief of whom is the present D. Rodrigo de Menezes, Conde de Cavalleiros, the head of the noble family of Eça.

He never married again, but left a son, afterwards the illustrious founder of the House of Aviz, whose mother was a Galician Lady called D. Thereza Lourença.

This monarch was distinguished by his love of justice and his inflexible severity towards malefactors, and his vigorous measures completely cleared the country of the robbers and other disturbers of the public peace; he also inflicted condign punishment on any judges who were found guilty of prevarication or corruption. But it does not seem that he ever committed any act of cruelty except in the terrible vengeance which he took upon the assassins of his innocent wife, and although such acts do not admit of any justification and should be always stigmatized, by whomsoever they may be committed, this act may still be somewhat extenuated by the nature of the provocation and the barbarous customs of that age.

D. Pedro died in 1367.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

This beautiful, but most unfortunate lady, was born in 1322 or thereabout. She was the daughter of Pedro Fernandes de Castro, a Castilian nobleman of high rank, who had been compelled to seek an asylum in Portugal, in order to avoid the persecution of the family of Lara, where he died in 1343. Her mother was D. Aldonça Valladares, the daughter of Lourenço Soares de Valladares and his wife D. Sancha Nunes Chatin. On her father's side she was descended from the Kings of Castile, her paternal grand-mother being the daughter of D. Sancho the Fourth or The Brave, by a concubine, D. Maria Alphonso Ucero.

The young Castilian beauty came to Portugal, in 1340, as maid of honour to D. Constança, the first wife of D. Pedro. Soon after the decease of her cousin D. Constança in 1345, the widowed prince became deeply enamoured of the lovely IgneZ, and as he afterwards most solemnly declared, he was clandestinely married to her by D. Gil de Vianna the Bishop of Guarda, in the presence of Estevão Lobato, the keeper of his wardrobe. This assertion, which would prove the legitimacy of her children by him, was scarcely disputed even by João das Regras in his celebrated plea for John the First, when it would have suited his purpose so well to show that there had never been any marriage.

Indeed his arguments are only special pleading of very great ingenuity, but without much regard for the real truth.

The only good and solid reason which he presents in favour of the master of Aviz, is the universal wish of the people to have him for their King, which, after all, is the basis on which new dynasties have rested, whether they have begun in Augustus, Pelayo, Hugh Capet or Napoleon, or else, by right of conquest, like William of Normandy in England, or Henry the Second in Ireland.

Although the young bride lived in perfect seclusion, it soon became impossible to conceal the attachment of the heir of the throne to the beautiful stranger, as he positively rejected all

proposals for a second marriage. The ministers of his royal father urged him to get rid of the obstacle to his wishes, to contract another matrimonial alliance for his son with some princess of royal birth. The King was extremely reluctant to consent to such a barbarous act, and was so moved by the tears and entreaties of Ignez that he was on the point of granting her a full pardon, but was dissuaded by the wicked and cruel ruffians who were bent upon her destruction. Three of them, Alvaro Gonçalves, Pedro Coelho, and D. Lopes Pacheco, of whom the poet says

Blind fury their cruel hearts devours,
Regardless of the wrath to come in future hours.

rushed upon the defenceless dame with their drawn swords and mercilessly slew her on the spot. This fatal tragedy was acted in 1355, about two years before the demise of Alphonso the Fourth, who will ever bear the stigma of being a bad son, and envious brother and a most cruel father.

D. Pedro took another opportunity to have his beloved Ignez crowned with regal honours, and to wreak his vengeance, in a most terrible manner, on the perpetrators of the crime. For further particulars of the coronation of the deceased princess, and of the punishment of the assassins, see the description of her tomb at Alcobaça, in this appendix.

The exact age of Ignez de Castro has never been ascertained, but as she came to Portugal as maid of honour to Constance, the first wife of D. Pedro, in 1340 we may suppose that she was about seventeen or eighteen years old, which would make her two or three years younger than the Prince, who was born in 1320.

The Infanta Constance died in 1345. Although Ignez de Castro had several children by D. Pedro, previously to her marriage, she was not actually married until 1354, a little more than a year before her death.

This portrait was engraved for a work compiled by the late Marquez de Rezende, but which was never published.

THE TOMB OF DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO
AT ALCobaça.

The remains of this unfortunate lady were first interred in the convent of Santa Clara at Coimbra, near the spot in which reposes the body of Queen Izabel, the saintly grand-mother of her husband Don Pedro. A short time after his accession to the throne he caused the body of beloved Ignez to be exhumed. Then was exhibited a scene to which history affords no parallel. The whole court of Portugal was assembled to pay due homage to the deceased and to kiss her hand as of their lawful Queen.

When she, who naught in life bñt anguish found,
E'en after her decease, as rightful Queen was crowned.

(Camoens, canto III, stanza CXVIII).

Immediately after this solemn but most melancholy ceremony the corpse was conveyed by torch light from Coimbra to Alcobaça a distance of seventeen leagues. It was then placed in a beautiful tomb in the church of the convent, and her husband was subsequently laid by her side. But the sad fate which pursued the unhappy lady even to a cruel and premature death, seems not to have respected her remains in that last resting place. The hands of mercenary soldiers, at the beginning of this century destroyed this beautiful monument, for the sake of plunder. The convent of Alcobaça, the first stone of which was laid in 1148, soon after the conquest of Lisbon, by Alphonso Henriques, in thanksgiving for the glorious victory of Ourique, was destined to be despoiled, by more reckless pillagers. The magnificent library, which once contained a splendid collection of books enriched by costly presents from persons of distinction, to whom the monks always extended their hospitality was soon afterwards turned into a granary, as witnessed by this translator. If we may believe the rumours of that period, many of the best works were

intercepted on their way to the national libraries and were retained by private individuals. The monks, who had been possessors of the convent and its wide domains for nearly seven centuries, were turned adrift to spend the rest of their days in want and misery. The country derived scarcely any benefit from this sacrilegious spoliation. It would be easy to cite many instances even in the short period which has elapsed, in confirmation of the remark of Spelman that property sacrilegiously obtained seldom remains long in the family which first acquires it.

This was engraved for the lives of the Queens of Portugal, an elegant work compiled by Senhor Benevides, who has very kindly permitted me to use it.

JOHN THE FIRST.

(The founder of the House of Avis)

This illustrious monarch was the illegitimate son of D. Pedro, by a Galician Lady, called D. Thereza Lourença.

He was born in 1357 and was acknowledged by his father from the time of his birth and was appointed, at a very early age grand-master of the military order of Avis. This gave him at once a very high rank, with great power and influence in the state.

On the death of the weak and unworthy Ferdinand who had rendered himself extremely unpopular by his marriage with a wicked and ambitious woman D. Leonore Telles de Menezes, whom he had compelled to be divorced from her husband João Lourenço da Cunha, great dissensions arose about the right of succession, as the Portuguese were unwilling to admit the claim of D. Brites, his only daughter, because she had married a foreign Prince, the King of Castile. The undisguised licentiousness of the Queen dowager and her paramour João Fernandes Andeiro, Conde de Ourem, created general disgust.

The master of Avis, who had been previously incarcerated at Evora, in consequence of her intrigues and her animosity against him, put himself at the head of the national party.

One of his first acts was to poniard her infamous paramour in the palace and in the very presence of the Queen. In order to wreak a vengeance upon the youthful leader she called in her son-in-law to her assistance. The master of Avis was besieged in the City of Lisbon and was only saved by the retreat of the Castilians, in consequence of the sickness which broke out in their camps.

Thanks to the indomitable valour of the constable, Nuno Alvarez Pereira, and the eloquence and ability of the chancellor, João das Regras, the master of Avis was declared to be the rightful

sovereign of Portugal, and the glorious victories of Atoleiros, Valverde, and specially of Aljubarrota firmly established him on the throne.

His own prudence, sagacity and moderation tended to make his reign prosperous, and extremely popular, insomuch that he has ever been called "*The King of blessed memory*". In 1415 he fitted out a large expedition, to attack the Moors in their own country, and his efforts were crowned with the most glorious success by the conquest of Ceuta.

He married Philippa Plantagenet, the daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. By this marriage he had five sons who survived him, Edward his successor, a Prince of great learning and eloquence, D. Pedro Duke of Coimbra, a distinguished warrior and statesman; D. Henry Duke of Vizeu, the famous navigator, D. John the master of Saint Thiago, and the Infant D. Fernando who sacrificed his liberty to save the honour of his country. There is no sovereign in Europe, who could ever boast of such a noble progeny.

Illustrious scions of the noble line
Of kingly John.

But not only did his children deserve the highest praise and admiration, but his descendants and successors on the throne, for five generations were men who will bear comparison with those of any line of Kings. How very inferior were some of the successors of our Henry the Second, Edward the First, and Edward the Third, and though France may boast of some great monarchs such as Lewis the Ninth, Philippe August and Henry the Fourth, unfortunately she had to submit to the imbecile Charles the Sixth, the mean and despicable Lewis the Eleventh, and the detestable race of Valois. No stigma of this kind rests upon the race of John the First of Portugal, of whom the great national poet says in the third Canto of the *Lusiad*:

Nor was it long

Before the people placed upon the throne
Illustrious John to whom he did belong,
As nearest heir, the kingly Pedro's son,
Who though a bastard born, to be most true was known.

He was undoubtedly a most valiant, generous, magnanimous, and just sovereign, and was naturally docile, and well inclined.

Previously to his marriage he had an illegitimate son, by a concubine called Ignez Pires, the superior of the monastery of Santos.

This was D. Alphonso, afterwards created Duke of Bragança, from whom the present Royal Family is lineally descended.

This great King reposes in the church of the Abbey of Batalha which he himself founded on the spot of his victory of Aljubarrota.



NUNO ALVARES PEREIRA.

(Lord High Constable of Portugal)

This illustrious warrior, to whom John the First was mainly indebted for his crown, and Portugal for its independence and deliverance from the yoke of Castile, was born at Sernache do Bom Jardim in 1360. His father was Alvaro Pereira, the prior of Crato, who bore a distinguished part in the famous battle of Salado, and his mother was Iria or Irene Gonçalves, the daughter of Alvaro Gil do Carvalho, the lord of Evora Monte. Gonçalo Pereira, Bishop of Lisbon and Archbishop of Braga, son of the Conde Gonçalo Pereira, one of the great Barons in the time of Don Diniz, was his paternal grand-father.

The constable warmly espoused the cause of the master of Aviz, displaying indefatigable activity, zeal and valour throughout the struggle, winning the battles of Atoleiros and Valverde and having a great share in the glorious victory of Aljubarrota, although he was only twenty five years of age. During the reign of King John he was a prominent figure in public affairs and took a considerable part in the conquest of Ceuta in 1415. His own patrimonial estates, together with the large donations of crown lands, made him the most powerful subject in the realm.

In 1422 he retired into the Carmelite convent of which he was the founder.

The ruins of the church, which was destroyed by the great earthquake in 1755, are still to be seen in the Largo of the Carmo. Here the veteran warrior passed the remaining years of his life, as an humble friar of that order, dying in 1431.

At the early age of sixteen, he had married Dona Leonore de Alvim, the widow of Vasco Gonçalves Barroso, with whom he had never co-habited. Their only surviving daughter, Dona Brites Pereira Alvim, married Don Alvaro, the First Duke of Braganza, and illegitimate son of King John, and thus the families of these two

great heroes were united; from them are lineally descended not only the present reigning houses of Portugal and Brazil, but also most of the royal families of Europe.

This portrait was engraved expressly for this work.

DON EMMANUEL.

(King Emmanuel, surnamed the Fortunate)

Emmanuel, the successor of John the Second, was the son of the Infante D. Ferdinand, Duke of Vizeu, who was brother to Alphonso the Fifth, and his mother was D. Brites, daughter of the Infante D. João.

He was born in 1469 and was therefore about twenty six years of age when he ascended the throne.

The surname of Fortunate has been well bestowed upon this monarch, for he appeared on the scene at the right moment to reap all the advantages and glory of the constant labours of his predecessors, especially the Infante Don Henrique, who was his great uncle, as well as of his cousin, John the Second. Personally he had not any great merit, beyond putting the crowning stone upon the grand work of maritime discovery. The voyage of Vasco da Gama, the discovery of Brazil by Pedro Alvares Cabral and the circumnavigation of the globe by Ferdinand Magalhães, a Portuguese, although then in the service of Spain, would be alone sufficient titles to that epithet. But he was even more fortunate in the splendid galaxy of illustrious men, whom he employed and the judicious selection of whom certainly reflects great honour upon his penetration and discrimination. Such names as Vasco da Gama, Cabral, Magalhães, Cunha, Almeida, Albuquerque, Sequeira and last not least, Duarte Pacheco, have seldom flourished in the same reign. Brazil was for many years the source of boundless wealth to the mother country, and though it is separated from it, the superabundant population of the northern provinces of Portugal still find there an ample field for industry and enterprise. Many youths go out penniless and shoeless and return eventually wealthy, and with their capital stimulate the commercial and manufacturing undertakings of their native land. Not only this, but a stream of riches flows annually into Portugal from the spontaneous

bounty and affection of the prosperous emigrants towards their parents and relatives.

Their empire in India still exists, although completely overshadowed by that mighty monarchy to which Providence seems scarcely to assign any limits. The Portuguese enjoyed for a considerable period an almost complete monopoly of the trade of the East Indies, as well as of China and Japan. Notwithstanding the rude shock given to it by the usurpation of the Spaniards and their shameful abandonment of the colonial dominions of Portugal, it still succeeded in recovering a great part of what had been taken by the Dutch and French, and also in carrying on a very extensive and profitable trade. All this prosperity dates from the reign of the fortunate Emmanuel.

This King married first Dona Izabel, and secondly Dona Maria, both daughters of Ferdinand and Izabel of Spain, and thirdly Dona Leonore, the daughter of Philip the First and his wife Dona Joanna. He left a numerous family; one of his sons John the Third was his immediate successor, and another Henry was made a Cardinal and archbishop of Evora, and eventually became King of Portugal, after the death of his great nephew Don Sebastian. Emmanuel died in 1521. He bears the character of being just, enlightened, affable, generous, and munificent, and the only stain upon his reputation is the ingratitude displayed towards Albuquerque, and Pacheco, whose great services did not save them from disgrace and opprobrium. It is probable that these acts of injustice were originated in the envy, jealousy and calumnies of their rivals and subordinates. The expulsion of the Jews, which was certainly most impolitic and injurious to the material prosperity of Portugal, will always be a blot on the fame of this monarch.

JOHN THE SECOND.

He was the son of King Alphonso the Fifth, and was born in 1455, and succeeded his father in 1481. Although very young at the time, when Alphonso marched into Spain to maintain the right of his second wife, Joanna, the daughter of Henry the Fourth of Castile, he took a very active part in the campaign, and it was chiefly owing to his valour and skill that the defeat of Touro was not even more disastrous to the Portuguese.

At the period of his accession the power of the feudal nobility was at its achme and threatened to reduce the authority of the sovereign to a merely nominal superiority, and to crush the people with intolerable vexations and tyranny. John was a man of great firmness and inflexible resolution. He boldly threw himself into the arms of the nation and prepared for a struggle of life or death with the haughty and ambitious nobles. His first victim was the Duke of Bragança, who was publicly tried, condemned and decapitated at Evora in 1483. Having discovered that his brother-in-law, the Duke of Vizeu was the head of a conspiracy against his life, he summoned him into his presence at Setubal, and there slew him with his own hand.

This was certainly a deed not to be justified or palliated, unless we are to believe that the King had been more than once exposed to great peril from assassins, and only saved by his personal intrepidity. These vigorous measures, however, completely baffled the designs of his enemies. For this reason Camoens says in the *Lusiad*.

Who taught all other Kings their power to exercise?
Lo! John the Second stands before our eyes,

Being thus freed from all apprehension of disturbance or opposition on the part of the nobility, this monarch directed all his efforts to promote the welfare of the people at large by increas-

ing the number of municipalities and bestowing fresh privileges and immunities. He also turned his attention towards the East, gradually preparing all the necessary measures for sending out an expedition, more especially after the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope in 1487. He sent two messengers by the overland route to India, but unfortunately very little benefit was derived from their researches, as both of them died before they could return to Portugal. His successor King Emmanuel, reaped all the advantages of these exertions as well as the glory which resulted from the grand enterprize of Vasco da Gama, although perhaps John the Second had a better claim to it.

John is usually styled, the *Perfect Prince*, and the effect of his measures was to make Portugal, which had been a constitutional state an absolute monarchy, in which eventually the Cortes or assemblies of the three states of the realm, were almost entirely laid aside, or only summoned at very long intervals. He married D. Leonore, the daughter of the Duke of Vizeu, by whom he had an only son D. Alphonso, who was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse at Santarem, a short time before the decease of his father in 1495. The death of this young prince opened the succession to Emmanuel the brother of that Duke of Vizeu, who was slain by King John.

That monarch also had an illegitimate son by D. Anna de Mendonça, and he attempted to have him declared the heir to the throne, but was compelled to change his mind by the strenuous opposition which his design encountered. This natural son was subsequently created Duke of Coimbra, and from him descended that unfortunate Duke of Aveiro, who was so cruelly tortured and executed in 1759, for a conspiracy against King Joseph the First.

This monarch enjoyed the reputation of being as wary and prudent as he was courageous, and he generally pursued his object with unflinching perseverance.

Camoens greatly admired his character and seems almost inclined to prefer him to his great predecessor, D. John the First.

DON FRANCISCO DE ALMEIDA.

The first viceroy of India, was a man of the greatest intrepidity and singular firmness, almost approaching to sternness and cruelty.

He was born about 1460 and was the seventh son of Don Lopo de Almeida, first Conde de Arantes by his wife Dona Brites da Silva the daughter of Pedro Gonçalves Malafaya. After serving with great distinction against the Moors, he was selected in 1505, by the King of Portugal Don Emmanuel to be the first viceroy of India. During the three years in which he held that high office, he was constantly engaged in wars, and fought many successful battles, especially at sea. His son D. Lorenzo de Almeida, seconded his father with great valour and ability, but was unfortunately defeated and slain in a naval engagement at Chaul. On the arrival of the great Alfonso de Albuquerque who had been appointed to succeed him in the viceroyalty, Almeida absolutely refused to surrender the government into his hands until he had defeated a powerful fleet which had been sent from Egypt to attack the Portuguese and he actually put his rival under arrest. He then attacked the enemy whom he completely defeated. In consequence of these disputes between the two viceroys the King sent Don Fernando Coutinho, the grand marshal of Portugal, to enforce the submission of D. Francisco de Almeida to his orders. The veteran warrior satisfied with his glorious victory immediately obeyed the commands of his sovereign, and prepared to return to Portugal, in November 1509. On his homeward voyage he put in to Saldanha Bay, where unfortunately a quarrel arose with the Caffres, and the ex-viceroy and about fifty of his followers were slain in the fray. The late Marquis of Lavradio as well as his brother Don Francisco de Almeida, Conde de Lavradio, for many years the Portuguese Minister in London, were members of the illustrious family of the great viceroy.

It was a favourite maxim of this great man that whoever was

master of the sea would be able to control the land, and it was to this object that all his efforts were constantly directed.

The death of his son Lourenzo de Almeida, although none could be more glorious, preyed upon his mind and made him more stern and inflexible, and perhaps even unjust, and he seems to have become almost indifferent to life.

This portrait was engraved expressly for this work.

ALFONSO DE ALBUQUERQUE.

This illustrious general whose great victories shed the brightest glory on the arms of Portugal, was born in 1453. His father was Gonçalo de Albuquerque Lord of Villaverde and descendent of Diniz King of Portugal, whose illegitimate son Sancho married D. Thereza Martins, the rich heiress of Albuquerque, the name of her descendents. After serving with D. Alphonso the Fifth in Naples and Africa, he proceeded in 1503 to the East Indies, where he speedily acquired the highest reputation for indomitable valour and skill in war.

After the Portuguese had defeated the Samorim and restored the King of Cochim to his dominions, Albuquerque returned to Lisbon in 1504. The King sent him to India again in 1506, under the command of Don Tristan da Cunha. On being left in command of the fleet in the Red Sea, he determined to attack Ormuz, which he subdued, but was eventually compelled to evacuate. In 1508 he received a commission to supersede Don Francisco de Almeida, which occasioned the violent quarrel between these two celebrated men. The period of his viceroyalty is a series of desperate encounters and some glorious victories over the natives of India, the result of which was the firm establishment of the Portuguese dominion in that part of the world. Although he was at first defeated at Goa he finally succeeded in taking that city, which has ever since been the capital of the Portuguese dominions in India. One of his most splendid exploits was the conquest of Malacca in 1510. In 1513 he made an unsuccessful attack upon Aden, but afterwards turned his arms against Ormuz, which was surrendered to him without resistance. On his return to India he met a vessel which brought despatches, announcing the appointment of Soares de Albergaria to the viceroyalty of India, as well as the promotion of Pereira and Vasconcellos, whom he had sent as criminals to Portugal. This was a terrible shock to this high-minded warrior and no doubt hastened

the death of this great man, who had rendered such important services to his King and country, and was now repaid with so much ingratitude. His military talents were unquestionably of the highest order, but in his political capacity he had only one object in view, which was the interest of his native land, regardless of the means by which it was promoted. He left an only illegitimate son of the same name, utterly unworthy of his father, and who is generally reprobated by Portuguese historians as an abettor of the Spanish usurpation and a traitor to his own country.

This portrait was engraved for a work entitled "Commentarios do grande Alphonso de Albuquerque."

DON JOÃO DE CASTRO.

This distinguished man, one of the most celebrated persons that Portugal ever produced, was born in 1500. His father was D. Alvaro de Castro, who was descended from D. Alvaro Pires de Castro, conde de Arrayollos, the brother of the unfortunate D. Ignez de Castro, and his mother was D. Leonore de Noronha the daughter of D. João de Almeida, the second Conde de Abrantes; he was thus related on both sides to the highest nobility of the realm. By his marriage with D. Leonore Coutinho, his second cousin, a daughter of the house of Marialva, he had three sons, D. Alvaro his eldest son and successor who highly distinguished himself in India, D. Fernando, who was killed at the siege of Diu, and D. Miguel who was governor of Malacca.

D. João de Castro, after serving nine years at Ceuta, accompanied the emperor Charles the Fifth, in his expedition against Tunis.

In 1545 he was appointed viceroy of India, and the three years during which he governed the Portuguese possessions in that country, form one of the most brilliant periods in the History of Portugal. The most important event, was the glorious defence of Diu.

This engraving was made for the "Vida de Don João de Castro, quarto visorei da India", by Jacintho Freire de Andrade.



DON SEBASTIAN.

This young monarch, whose melancholy fate brought such calamities on Portugal, was born in 1554 and was the grand-son of John the Third and Queen Catherine. His father having died before that King, Sebastian succeeded his grand-father in 1557, being three years old. His grand-mother Queen Catherine was the regent during his minority.

The young Prince was naturally of a bold and enterprising spirit, and his ambition was inflamed by the stories of former conquests over the Moors, and he was also actuated by an ardent desire to crush the enemies of his religious faith. Some modern writers have attributed the project of an expedition to the counsels and even to a premeditated treachery, on the part of the jesuits. This is probably maintained by them because it terminated in a great disaster, whereas if it had been crowned with success, they would never have given any credit for it to the members of that society. It is not unlikely that the jesuits shared the general feeling and expectation of the people that the result would be as glorious as it had been in the time of John the first and Alphonso the Fifth, of which the whole nation was justly proud.

No reader of the *Lusiad* will deny that Camoens was a strenuous advocate of a war of extermination against the infidels. In several places he not only urges Sebastian in the strongest terms, but prophesies that he is destined to vanquish all the accursed race of Moslems.

The poet lived to see the complete disappointment of all these hopes.

Now, it is quite clear that Camoens was no great admirer of the jesuits or the clergy in general and he does not even mention Saint Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies, who died in 1552, several years before his great poem was written, and when the whole world must have resounded with the fame of his extraordi-

nary labours and sanctity. Had he been at all inclined he might have added a splendid episode to his poem, setting forth in glowing verses, the propagation of the christian faith in the East, which he says was one of the principal objects of all the Portuguese expeditions and conquests.

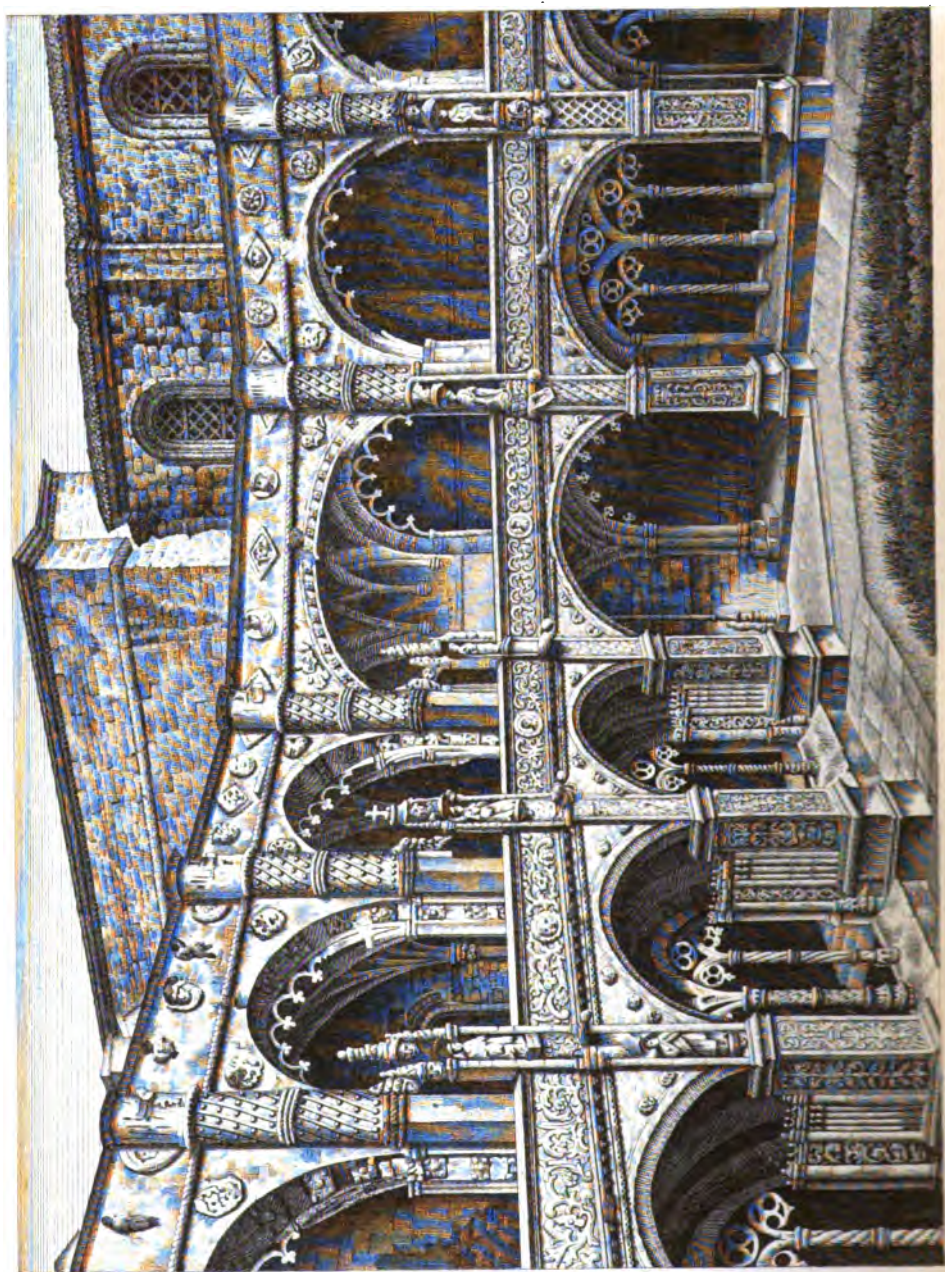
But whosoever must bear the blame of this terrible catastrophe, there cannot be any doubt that Sebastian most ardently desired, to wage war against the Moors in Africa. Every preparation was made for this great expedition. The nobility as well as the lower classes of the people were eager and enthusiastic in the cause. There does not seem to have been any misgiving of the impending calamity, and it was only after the event that people became prophets of evil.

The terrible day of Alcacerquivir was not only fatal to the King, to the prime nobility and to the army of Portugal, but entailed a long series of misfortunes on the country which it threw weak and defenceless at the feet of the grasping and ambitious Philip of Spain.

There is every reason to believe that Sebastian perished in the battle, although several persons afterwards appeared to personate him, and so great was the wish for his return that even to this day a sect called Sebastianistas, however incredible it may seem to soberminded men, still entertains the fond expectation of seeing him once more restored to his native land.

The reign of Sebastian, at all events, terminated in 1578. He was noted for his obstinacy, unrestrained by prudence and his courage bordered on rashness and temerity.

His religion was tainted with fanaticism.



THE CLOISTER OF THE MONASTERY AT BELEM.

Here is presented a view of the cloister of the Jeronymite convent erected by Don Emmanuel on the site of the chapel founded by the Infante Don Henrique. This is generally considered by far the most beautiful part of the edifice. It is to be regretted, however, that the King was compelled to withdraw the masons from Batalha, and consequently the still more beautiful chapel called the "imperfect" was left unfinished and remains so to this day.

In 1495, Emmanuel bestowed the lands on the order of the Jeronymites and after the successful termination of the voyage of Vasco da Gama, he determined to erect a convent and church in a magnificent style of architecture, to commemorate that glorious event. For this reason the view of the cloister has been selected to close this volume. It is a great pity that, at a subsequent period, quite a different style of architecture was adopted, and thus the high altar forms a most incongruous appendage to the rest of the church with its fine, colossal pillars.

The whole of this splendid edifice had been quite neglected and some parts of it were almost in ruins. About twenty years ago it was resolved to undertake a complete restoration in a style similar to that of the original idea, and the work was progressing gradually to its final completion, until the end of last year unfortunately on the 18th of December the lofty tower, in the centre of the building fell down with a tremendous crash, destroying a considerable part of the work, burying many of the masons and labourers under the enormous mass of masonry. This calamity was attributed rather to wilful perversity in the use of improper materials than to any mere casualty. It is but too probable that a base thirst for lucre actuated the ignoble speculators and rendered them quite regardless of the fatal consequences. The effect will be either to prevent the building from being ever finished, or, at all events, to postpone its completion for another quarter of a

century. The mortal remains of King Emmanuel and his immediate descendants repose in mean and ungainly tombs near the high altar. But strange to say, Vasco da Gama has never found a resting place in the church which owes its origin to his great achievement.

This engraving was made expressly for this work.

APPENDIX.

(B)

VOYAGE OF VASCO DA GAMA.

No sooner had Bartholomew Dias doubled the Cape of storms or as it is now called the Cape of Good Hope, and thus ascertained that the ocean extended beyond the Eastern Coast of Africa, than John the Second directed all his attention to the discovery of the route by sea to India. In order to prepare the way for this grand enterprize he resolved to send messengers to that country by what has been called, in latter times, the overland route. For this purpose he selected two able and experienced men, Alonzo de Paiva and Pedro de Covillham. The latter wrote to the King from Cairo, that it was possible to sail round Africa to India, but unfortunately neither one nor the other ever returned to Portugal, and the chief object of their mission which was to obtain accurate information, was entirely frustrated; nevertheless that monarch continued his preparations, so that when Emmanuel succeeded him on the throne in 1495, he found every thing combined for the final act of the drama.

After some hesitation he made up his mind to fit out an expedition for the express purpose and for proceeding to India across the ocean. Vessels of small burden were constructed so that they might be easily manœuvred and also draw less water and not run so great a risk of being stranded. They were also provided with ample stores and supplies of every kind required for a long voyage. The largest ship was only 120 tons and was called "Saint Gabriel", of which Vasco da Gama took the command in person;

the "Saint Raphael" was only 100 tons, and was entrusted to Paul da Gama, the brother of the commander of the squadron; a third vessel, the "Berrio", a caravel of 50 tons was commanded by Nicolas Coelho. Besides these three vessels, which were all armed, there was a small tender, laden with stores, ammunition and provisions, placed under the care of Pedro Nunes a personal dependent of Vasco da Gama.

The selection of commanders seems to have been most judicious. Both Vasco and his brother Paul were born at Sines, and brought up in the excellent school of navigation, founded by the Infante D. Henrique. They also were united not only by the ties of blood but by the closest friendship and perfect confidence in each other.

Nicolas Coelho was also a well tried and experienced seaman.

Gama was furnished with the very best pilots, men who had for many years been employed, in voyages of discovery along the coast of Africa; amongst them was the pilot of Bartholomew Dias.

✓ 8th July 1497.—Vasco da Gama sailed from Lisbon.

15th July 1497.—The ships arrived off the Canary islands.

23rd July 1597.—All the vessels except Vasco da Gama's made the island of Salt.

26th July 1497.—Vasco da Gama joined the others.

✓ 27th July 1497.—They reach the island of Saint Iago, where they took in water and firewood.

3rd August 1497.—Bartholomew Dias parted company and proceeded to the coast of Mina.

4th November 1497.—They sighted land to which they gave the name of Saint Helena.

✓ 7th November 1497.—The ships came to anchor.

9th November 1497.—Gama ordered some of his officers to land and take an observation.

This was the scene of Velloso's ludicrous adventure mentioned in the canto.

16th November 1497.—Gama again set sail.

19th November 1497.—They came in sight of the Cape of Good Hope.

Here Camoens has laid the scene of the grand episode of Adamastor.

22nd November 1497.—The Cape was doubled.

✓ 25th November 1497.—The squadron anchored in the bay of Saint Braz.

✓ 1st December 1497.—They again proceeded on their voyage, but soon anchored near an islet.

8th December 1497.—They sailed once more.

12th December 1497.—They encountered a violent storm, in which the ships parted company.

✓ 15th December 1497.—They arrived at an island a little way beyond that of Santa Cruz, which was the last point reached by Bartholomew Dias.

10th January 1498.—They discovered land and the mouth of a small river.

22nd January 1498.—They reached a river called the Quilimane.

24th February 1498.—Gama again proceeded to sea.

✓ 2nd March 1498.—The squadron arrived at Mozambique.

✓ 11th March 1498.—Gama reached another island, which he supposed was inhabited by Christians.

29th March 1498.—After touching at a small island called Saint George, he continued his voyage, taking a pilot whom he had made prisoner on board a coasting vessel.

✓ 1st April 1498.—They made an islet, which the pilot said was the main-land; when it was discovered that the pilot told him a falsehood, for which Gama ordered him to be flogged.

✓ 7th April 1498.—They arrived at Mombaça.

13th April 1498.—Gama quitted the inhospitable Mombaça.

✓ 14th April 1498.—The squadron arrived at Melinde, where they received kind treatment from the King, who supplied them with a trusty pilot.

✓ 24th April 1498.—The squadron weighed anchor, and steered directly for Calicut.

17th May 1498.—They sighted land, which the pilot announced to Gama was the Coast of India.

✓ 20th May 1498.—Gama came to anchor in an Indian port.

Thus was accomplished this mighty enterprise after a voyage of ten months and twelve days, during which many dangers and hardships were endured. They encountered a violent storm, as well as much treachery and hostility from the natives on the coast of Africa, but worst of all a dreadful attack of scurvy which decimated the crews, and provoked a mutiny, which would

probably have foiled the expedition, had it not been for the firmness and prudence of Vasco da Gama.

How insignificant do these four vessels appear, compared with the magnitude of the enterprize! How utterly unfitted for such a voyage through a vast ocean, then absolutely unknown! What a contrast between these ships and those magnificent steamers, the leviathans of the deep which are now seen proceeding to all parts of the world and yet, but too frequently foundered or are wrecked.

What a misfortune would it have been to the civilised world, if such a calamity had occurred to Gama, and his hardy companions! It would probably have deterred the Portuguese from any other attempt, or, at all events, postponed the grand discovery for many years.

How elated the great navigator would have been if he had been permitted to behold, instead of his little ships, those grand vessels which the Portuguese called *Indian men of war*, although they were only merchant ships and the property of private individuals. Some of those lordly vessels were built of teak and some of Brazil wood.

Until the first quarter of this century five or six of them occasionally entered the Tagus on the same day, bringing rich cargoes from India, China and all the Eastern lands, and not unfrequently a score of them were anchored in the port of Lisbon. It would naturally have suggested to his mind the little grain of mustard seed, which grows up into a large tree. It was due to him, in a great measure, that this important result was produced.

RETURN OF VASCO DA GAMA TO LISBON.

After a stay of three months in the harbour of Calicut, during which Gama had been far from successful in conciliating either the sovereign or the people of the country, on the 23rd of August he was compelled to threaten that he would make reprisals, and inflict a severe chastisement, if his factors were not allowed to return on board. He then went out to sea, but returned to Calicut again on the 26th of August, when the factors were immediately sent on board, but the merchandise was still retained on shore. Thinking it useless to delay any longer, as he despaired of coming to an amicable understanding with the hostile King, Gama finally sailed away from India on the 29th of August.

23rd September 1498.—The squadron arrived at Anchediva, and being apprehensive of some act of hostility, on the part of the natives he again sailed on the 5th October 1498 but, met with contrary winds and storms whilst his crews suffered severely from scurvy, and when they were quite ignorant of their bearings they found themselves at last on the 2nd January 1499 at Magadoxo on the coast of Africa.

7th January 1499.—They again entered the harbour of Melinde.

11th January 1499.—They quitted Melinde.

12th January 1499.—They sailed past Mombaça.

13th January 1499.—They came to anchor at Saint Raphael.

27th January 1499.—They sailed by the island of Zanzibar.

1st February 1499.—They arrived off the islands of Saint George.

3rd February 1499.—They anchored in the bay of Saint Braz, and some days afterwards they set sail again.

20th March 1499.—They doubled the Cape of Good Hope. When they were off the Cape Verde Islands a violent storm arose, and compelled Nicolas Coelho to separate from the rest and make his way direct to Lisbon where he arrived on the 29th July 1499.

Paul da Gama fell sick and died on the Island of Terceira. His brother was so much affected by this melancholy event that

he gave up the command of his ship to João de Sá, and proceeded in a caravel to Lisbon, which he reached on the 29th August 1499, exactly twenty five months and twenty one days after his departure from that port.

(We do not think it necessary to give a map of this route.)

APPENDIX.

(C)

TRANSLATIONS OF THE LUSIAD.

The following enumeration of the various translations of the *Lusiad*, is compiled from a very interesting work on the life and writings of Camoens, published in 1860 by my friend and school-fellow, the Viscount Jeromenha.

The noble author has performed his very difficult task with great ability and inexhaustible perseverance, and has thus furnished ample materials for all, who may wish to obtain information on the subject.

This long list of translators, some of whom were persons of high reputation for talent and learning, is the best homage which can be paid to the genius of the illustrious poet.

Probably no modern poet has been translated into so many different languages. No such honour, at all events, has been paid to any of our English poets, how much soever they may be justly admired by foreigners.

There are five complete English translations in verse:

The first.—By Sir Richard Fanshawe, the English minister at the court of Portugal, was published in 1655.

The second.—By William Julius Mickle, an original poet of considerable merit, was published in 1776. Of this work there are already five editions.

The third.—By Thomas Moore Musgrave, the English Packet agent at Lisbon, was published in 1826.

The fourth.—By Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell, was published in 1854.

The fifth.—By Jean Jacques Aubertin, was published in 1878.

Besides these Mr. Edward Quilinan of Oporto, translated the first six books of the *Lusiad* in 1826. In addition to this, we believe that the celebrated traveller Captain Richard Burton, will soon publish a translation of the whole poem, as we have seen some very pleasing specimens of his translation.

It is well to mention, that there are also numerous translations of some parts of the *Lusiad*.

It has been asserted that there was a translation of the *Lusiad* in Hebrew verse, and the author is supposed to have been Moses Chaim Luzatto, a very learned jew. Mr. Mickle positively states that such a translation was known to exist, but every attempt to discover of it has completely failed, as we learn from Viscount Jeromenha, who himself made several fruitless investigations.

In Greek — It is generally believed that the late Timothy Lecursan Verdier a highly respectable French merchant, who resided in Lisbon for many years, and was part owner of the large cotton factory at Thomar, translated some portions of the *Lusiad* into that language, but no traces of his manuscript have been hitherto discovered.

In Russian—There is one translation by Alexander Dmitrieff; the episode of D. Ignez de Castro has also been translated into Russian by Mezzliakoff.

In Swedish.—There is a translation of the first book of the *Lusiad* by Carls Julius Lanstrono. There is also a translation of the whole of the poem by Nils Loven.

In Danish.—There is a translation by H. V. Lindbye, the secretary of the Danish legation in Tunis. The episode of Ignez de Castro was also translated by Guldberg.

In Dutch.—There is a translation by Lambertus Stoppendaal Pieterszoon published in 1777. The episode of Ignez de Castro was translated by Gillaume Bilderdyr.

In Latin—It is said that André Bayão translated the *Lusiad* into latin, but the manuscript has never been discovered. A translation by Fr. Thomé de Faria was published in 1622. Francis de Saint-Agostinho de Macedo, a Portuguese monk, translated almost the whole of the *Lusiad* into latin, being in all ten thousand lines,

verse for verse from the Portuguese. This was composed in 1648 at the request of the Marquis of Niza, who was then ambassador at the court of France. The seventh canto was translated by Manuel de Oliveira Ferreira. A complete translation by Filipe José da Gama.

In Italian—There is a complete translation by Carlo Antonio Paggi, in 1658; another by Miguel Antonio Gazzano, in 1772; there is a translation in prose by an anonymous author, in 1804; another in verse by Antonio Neroi, in 1814; another by A. Bricolani, in 1826; another by Luiz Carrer, in 1850.

In German—There is a complete translation by Dr. C. C. Heire, in 1807; another by Friederich Adolph Kuhn and Carl Theodor Winkler, in 1807; another by I. I. C. Donner, in 1833; another by F. Boosk-Arkossy, in 1854.

In Spanish—There are six complete translations, besides many partial ones of selected passages.

A translation by Benito Caldera, in 1580; another by Luiz Gomes de Tapia, in 1580; another by Henrique Garcezin, in 1591; another by Francisco de Aquilar, in 1500; another by Manoel Conea Montenegro, in 1600; and another by D. Lamberto Gil, in 1818.

In French—There are eight translations: by Louis Adrien Duperon de Castera, in 1735; by D. Hermilly and I. Fr. la Harpe, in 1776; by J. B. Millié, in 1825; by Ortaire Fournier and Des-saudes, in 1841; by F. Ragon, in 1842; by M. M. Ch. Aubert, in 1844; by M. Dubeux, in 1844; by Emile Boulland, in 1800.

In Polish—There is one translation by Przybylski, in 1790. As far as we can ascertain, there are now five complete translations of the *Lusiad* into English verse, besides one of six cantos, the remaining four being unfortunately left unfinished.

This alone is a signal testimony to the merits of the poem; inasmuch as it is not the hope of pecuniary remuneration which can induce any one to undertake such an arduous task. The witty but bitter sarcasm of Juvenal in his seventh satire:

Nec defuit illi

Unde emerit multa pascere carne, leonem,
And his tame lion still contrives to feed.

is as true now as it was in his time. Of course there have been some splendid exceptions.

There are also four translations in Spanish, four in French, three in Latin, two in Swedish, one in Russian, one in Danish, three in German, five in Italian, one in Polish, one in Hebrew and one in Greek, but these two latter have never been printed, nor is it exactly known what became of the manuscripts.

In addition, portions of the poem have been translated into all these languages.

In the public library at Lisbon there is an apartment especially appropriated to Camoens, and here the reader may find almost everything that it has been possible to obtain respecting the life and writings of the poet, as well as the translations of his poems and the works of commentators and critics.

Subsequently to the publication of the work of Viscount Jeromenha, it was ascertained that there was a translation of the *Lusiad* in the Bohemian language by Bog-Péckla, published at Prague 1836.

There is also a translation in the Hungarian language, published at Pesth in 1865. The author of this version is Greguss Gyula.

From these two last translations the episode of Ignez de Castro was selected and inserted amongst the beautiful specimens printed by the National Press of Lisbon, expressly for the International Exhibition of Vienna in 1873. Those specimens are admirably arranged and reflect much credit on that great establishment.

The episode is given in fourteen languages, namely, in the original Portuguese, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, English, German, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian and Russian.

In order to complete this account, it is well to mention that Mr. Hewitt, of Rio de Janeiro, is now engaged in translating the *Lusiad* into English verse, stanza for stanza, and has actually published some part of his translation in a periodical in that city.

Senhor Viale, a poet of considerable merit, and an excellent classical scholar, well versed in Latin and Greek, has revised and completed a version of the *Lusiad* in Latin hexameters.

His performance is highly spoken of and will probably appear about the time of the Centenary of Camoens next year.

APPENDIX.

(D)

CHRONOLOGY OF THE KINGS OF PORTUGAL WITH THE NAMES OF THE QUEENS CONSORT, AND THE MOST REMARKABLE EVENTS OF THEIR REIGNS.

The history of Portugal may be said to commence with the donation made by Alphonso the Sixth, of Leon, who bestowed the two provinces of Traz-os-montes and Entre Douro e Minho on his daughter Thereza and her husband the Conde Don Henrique, who fixed their residence at Guimarães, which was for a long time the capital of their dominions.

1095 Marriage of the Conde Don Henrique with Dona Thereza.

1112 Death of the Conde Don Henrique.

1139 Battle of Campo de Ourique.

1139 Alphonso Henriques is proclaimed King by his victorious army.

1139 Alphonso Henriques married Mafalda, daughter of Ama-deu the Third Count of Savoy.

1147 Lisbon is captured from the Moors.

1185 Death of Alphonso Henriques.

1185 Sancho the First, married Dulce, daughter of Beranger, Count of Barcelona.

- 1211 Alphonso the II married Urraca, daughter of Alphonso the Eighth, King of Castile.
- 1212 Battle of Navas of Tolosa.
- 1223 Sancho the Second married Mencia, the daughter of Lopo Dias de Haro, Lord of Biscay.
- 1223 Civil war between Sancho and his brother Alphonso.
- 1223 Deposition of Sancho the Second.
- 1248 Alphonso the Third married Matilda, Countess of Bologna, widow of Philip from whom he was divorced and he married secondly Brites, daughter of Alphonso the Tenth, King of Castile.
- 1279 Diniz married Saint Isabella or Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Third, King of Aragon.
- 1290 University of Lisbon founded by King Diniz.
- 1308 University is removed to Coimbra.
- 1325 Alphonso the Fourth married Brites, daughter of Sancho the Fourth, King of Castile.
- 1240 Victory of Salado.
- 1355 Assassination of D. Ignez de Castro.
- 1357 Peter the First married first, Constance, daughter of D. João Manoel, Duke of Penafiel, and his wife the Infanta Constance, daughter of Alphonso the Third, King of Aragon and secondly D. Ignez de Castro.
- 1361 Coronation of Ignez de Castro.
- 1369 Ferdinand the First married D. Leonor Telles de Menezes, daughter of Martim Alphonso Telles.
- 1383 Death of Ferdinand followed by an interregnum.
- 1384 Battle of Atoleiros.
- 1385 Battle of Aljubarrota.
- 1385 John the First, Master of Aviz, is proclaimed King. He married Philippa Plantagenet, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.
- 1385 Battles of Trancoso and Valverde.
- 1415 Conquest of Ceuta.
- 1432 Discovery of the Azores or western islands.
- 1420 Discovery of Madeira and Porto Santo.
- 1433 Death of John the First, styled of Blessed Memory.
- 1433 Duarte or Edward the First married Leonor, daughter of Ferdinand the First, King of Aragon.
- 1436 Battle of Tangiers, and captivity of the Infante Ferdinand.
- 1438 King Duarte died of the plague.

1438 Alphonso the Fifth married Isabella, daughter of his uncle D. Pedro, Duke of Coimbra.

1445 Discovery of Guinea.

1449 Battle of Alfarrobeira, and death of the Duke of Coimbra.

1453 Conquest of Arzilla and Tangere.

1460 Discovery of the Cape Verde islands.

1460 Conquest of Argila.

1460 Second marriage of Alphonso the Fifth with Joanna, daughter of Henry the Fourth, King of Castile.

1479 Battle of Toro, and defeat of the Portuguese.

1481 John the Second married his cousin Leonor, daughter of Ferdinand, Duke of Vizeu.

1483 Trial and execution of the Duke of Braganza at Evora.

1484 Assassination of the Duke of Vizeu by the King's own hand at Setubal.

1487 The Cape of Good Hope is doubled by Bartholomew Dias.

1495 Emmanuel married first, Isabella, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, secondly her sister Mary, and thirdly Leonor, daughter of Philip the First and his wife D. Joanna of Spain.

1497 Vasco da Gama, sails from Lisbon.

1498 The Portuguese fleet arrives at Calicut on the coast of Malabar.

1499 Vasco da Gama returns to Portugal.

1500 Discovery of Brazil by Pedro Alvares Cabral.

1506 Popular tumults in Lisbon.

1519 Ferdinand Magalhães circumnavigates the globe.

1521 John the Third married Catharine, daughter of Philip the First and his wife Joanna of Castile.

1524 Birth of Luiz de Camoens.

1531 A dreadful earthquake in Lisbon.

1533 Establishment of the Inquisition.

1553 Saint Francis Xavier is sent to preach the gospel in India.

1557 Sebastian succeeds his father John the Third.

1578 Battle of Alcacerquivir, in which Sebastian was defeated and slain.

1578 The Cardinal archbishop of Evora, Henry, son of King Emmanuel, ascends the throne.

1580 Death of Luiz de Camoens.

1580 Battle of Alcantara, and entry of the Duke of Alva into Lisbon.

1581 Philip the Second of Spain is proclaimed King of Portugal, he married firstly D. Maria, daughter of John the Third, secondly Mary Tudor, Queen of England, thirdly Elizabeth of Valois, daughter of Henry the Third, King of France, and fourthly Anne of Austria, daughter of Maximilian the Second, Emperor of Germany.

1588 The invincible Armada sailed from Lisbon.

1597 Disruption of Mount Saint Catherine in Lisbon into two parts.

1598 Philip the Third of Spain and Second of Portugal married Margaret, daughter of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Mary de Medicis.

1610 Expulsion of the Moors from Portugal.

1614 A great earthquake in the island Terceira.

1621 Philip the Third of Portugal and Fourth of Spain.

1625 Bahia is retaken from the Dutch.

1630 A terrible volcanic eruption in the island of Saint Michael

1637 Tumults at Evora rigorously quelled by the Spaniards.

1640 Revolution by which the Spaniards were expelled from Portugal.

1640 John the Fourth, the eighth Duke of Braganza was proclaimed King of Portugal. He married D. Luiza de Gusmão, daughter of the Duke of Medina Sidonia.

1644 Battle of Montijo.

1656 Alphonso the Sixth, married D. Maria Francisca of Savoy, daughter of the Duke of Nemours.

1659 Battle of the lines of Elvas.

1663 Battle of Ameixial.

1665 Battle of Montes Claros.

1667 Divorce and deposition of Alphonso the Sixth.

1667 D. Pedro assumes the regency.

1682 Pedro the Second married firstly Maria Francisca of Savoy, the divorced wife of his brother, and secondly D. Maria Sofia de Newburgh.

1703 The Methuen Treaty.

1706 The allies and the Portuguese under the Marquez de Minas enter Madrid.

1706 John the Fifth married Marianna, the daughter of Leopold the First, Emperor of Germany.

- 1707 Battle of Almanza.
- 1710 Battle of Saragoza.
- 1710 Battle of Brihuega and total defeat of the allies.
- 1711 Siege and capture of Miranda by the Portuguese.
- 1710 Battle of Villa Viçosa won by Marshal Vendome.
- 1710 Glorious defence of Campo Maior.
- 1711 Duguay-Trouin force the harbour of Rio de Janeiro.
- 1713 Treaty of Utrecht.
- 1717 Naval battle of Montapau and defeat of the Turks.
- 1750 Joseph the First married D. Marianna Victoria, daughter of Philip the Fifth of Spain.
- 1750 Administration of Pombal commenced.
- 1755 A great earthquake destroyed the city of Lisbon.
- 1758 Conspiracy of the Duke of Aveiro.
- 1759 Cruel and barbarous execution of the conspirators.
- 1719 The jesuits are expelled from Portugal.
- 1761 The jesuit Malagrida is put to death.
- 1777 D. Maria the First married her uncle Peter the Third, son of King John the Fifth.
- 1777 Marquis of Pombal is dismissed and banished from Lisbon.
- 1777 The Queen becomes insane and her son John assumes the regency.
- 1799 Regency of John, afterwards King of Portugal.
- 1807 The royal family embark for Brazil.
- 1807 Junot enters Lisbon, and the French take possession of Portugal.
- 1808 Battles of Roliça and Vimieiro.
- 1808 Convention of Cintra and expulsion of the French from Portugal.
- 1809 Passage of the Douro by Wellesley and retreat of Soult.
- 1809 Battle of Talavera.
- 1810 Battle of Bussaco the same year.
- 1810 Wellington occupies the lines of Torres Vedras.
- 1811 Massena retreats from Portugal.
- 1810 Commercial treaty with Great Britain.
- 1811 Battle of Albuera.
- 1812 Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz are taken by storm.
- 1812 Battle of Salamanca.
- 1812 Disastrous retreat from Burgos.
- 1813 Battle of Victoria.
- 1814 Battle of Toulouse.

- 1814 Glorious conclusion of the Peninsular war.
- 1816 John the Sixth married D. Carlota Joaquina, daughter of Charles the Fourth of Spain.
- 1817 Conspiracy and execution of Gomes Freire.
- 1820 Democratic revolution in Oporto.
- 1821 The royal family return from Brazil to Portugal.
- 1822 Brazil proclaims its independence.
- 1823 The constitution is overturned in Portugal.
- 1824 Conspiracy and banishment of D. Miguel.
- 1825 The independence of Brazil is acknowledged by Portugal.
- 1826 Pedro the Fourth married firstly D. Leopoldina, daughter of Francis the First Emperor of Austria, secondly D. Amelia, daughter of Eugène Beauharnais.
- 1826 The constitutional charter is granted by D. Pedro.
- 1826 Abdication of D. Pedro, in favour of his daughter D. Maria the Second.
- 1826 Regency of the Infanta D. Izabel Maria.
- 1826 British troops are sent to Portugal under the command of Sir William Clinton.
- 1828 D. Miguel is appointed regent in the name of his niece D. Maria the Second.
- 1828 Usurpation of D. Miguel who assumes the title of King.
- 1829 An expedition sent against Terceira is completely defeated.
- 1831 The French fleet under Admiral Roussin enters the Tagus and captures the fleet of D. Miguel.
- 1832 D. Pedro lands at Mindello and takes possession of Oporto.
- 1832 Siege of Oporto.
- 1833 Napier captures the Portuguese fleet.
- 1833 Battle of Cacilhas and entry of the Duke of Terceira into Lisbon.
- 1833 Restoration of D. Maria the Second who married firstly Prince Augustus of Lenchtemberg, son of Prince Eugène Beauharnais, and secondly Dom Ferdinand the Second of Saxe Coburg Gotha.
- 1834 Convention of Evora Monte.
- 1834 Extinction of the religious orders in Portugal.
- 1834 Death of D. Pedro the Fourth, Duke of Braganza and Emperor of Brazil.
- 1836 Democratic revolution of September.

1841 Restoration of the constitution of the charter of 1826.

1846 Revolution of Maria da Fonte, and battle of Torres Vedras.

1847 The fleet of the Junta surrenders to the English squadron under Sir Thomas Maitland.

1847 The Spaniards under the command of Concha enter Portugal and compel the Junta to submit to the Queen.

1851 Saldanha effects a successful revolution called the Regeneration.

1853 D. Pedro the Fifth married D. Stephanie de Hohenzollern Sigmaringen.

1856 The Cholera Morbus again breaks out in Portugal.

1857 The yellow fever causes great mortality in Lisbon.

1861 Deaths of Don Pedro the Fifth and his brothers Ferdinand and John.

1861 D. Luiz the First is married to D. Maria Pia, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy.

1863 Extinction of entails or morgados.

1864 Abolition of the tobacco monopoly.

1867 Abolition of capital punishment.

1868 Inauguration of the statue of Camoens.

1878 Fall of the central tower of the convent at Belem.



APPENDIX.

(E)

VICEROYS AND GOVERNORS GENERAL OF INDIA WITH A CHRONOLOGY OF REMARKABLE EVENTS.

(Those who are not styled viceroys were only governors general)

For several years after the return of Vasco da Gama in 1499, King Emmanuel contented himself with sending naval expeditions to promote and protect commerce. In the first of these, Cabral discovered Brazil, which eventually proved more beneficial to Portugal than India itself.

Gama was sent a second time in 1502, as Admiral of the Indian seas. But soon, disputes arose between the Portuguese and the natives, as indeed was almost inevitable in such circumstances, and gradually they were involved in hostilities, more especially with the Samorim of Calicut, who always detested the intruding foreigners.

In this war Gama, Cabral, Albuquerque, Duarte Pacheco, Saldanha and many others acquired great distinction and renown, and laid the foundations of the Portuguese Empire in India. It was, however, speedily found necessary to entrust some one with supreme authority over all the others, and the King determined to appoint a viceroy. For this purpose he selected D. Francisco de Almeida, and probably he could not have chosen any one better qualified for that important office.

- 1505 D. Francisco de Almeida, first Viceroy.
- 1505 Almeida destroys Quilôa and Mombaca.
- 1506 Victorious attack on Penang.
- 1506 Almeida completely defeats the fleet of the Samorim.
- 1508 Naval battle of Chaul, defeat and death of Lourenzo de Almeida.
- 1509 Glorious victory of Almeida over the Egyptian fleet.
- 1509 Alfonso de Albuquerque.
- 1510 Death of D. Francisco de Almeida in the bay of Saklanha and successful attack on Goa, which is finally subdued.
- 1511 Conquest of Malacca.
- 1512 An unsuccessful attack on Aden.
- 1513 Albuquerque takes Ormuz.
- 1515 Death of the great Alfonso de Albuquerque.
- 1515 Lopo Soares de Albergaria.
- 1516 Fernão Andrade is the first who sails to China.
- 1518 Soares de Albergaria compels Ceylon to pay tribute.
- 1518 Diogo Lopes de Sequeira.
- 1518 Chaul is fortified by Lopes de Sequeira.
- 1521 D. Duarte de Menezes.
- 1521 Disturbances in Ormuz.
- 1524 D. Vasco da Gama, Conde da Vidigueira, second Viceroy of India.
- 1524 Death of Vasco da Gama in Cochim.
- 1524 D. Henrique de Menezes.
- 1525 D. Henrique de Menezes destroys Panane.
- 1526 Death of D. Henrique de Menezes.
- 1526 Lopo Vaz de Sampaio.
- 1528 Heroic actions of Heitor da Silveira.
- 1528 Conquest of Bombay and Pondá.
- 1529 Nuno da Cunha.
- 1531 Conquest of Bomçaim and death of Heitor da Silveira.
- 1531 Capture of Beth by assault.
- 1531 Conquest of Diu.
- 1538 D. Garcia de Noronha, third viceroy of India.
- 1538 Defence of Diu by Antonio da Silveira.
- 1540 Death of D. Garcia de Noronha.
- 1540 D. Estevão da Gama.
- 1541 Martinho Affonso de Souza.
- 1542 Mission of Saint Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies.
- 1542 Conquest of Salsete and Bardez.

- 1545 D. João de Castro fourth viceroy of India.
 1546 Glorious defence of Diu by D. João de Mascarenhas.
 1548 Death of D. João de Castro.
 1548 Garcia de Sá.
 1549 Jorge Cabral.
 1550 D. Affonso de Noronha fifth viceroy of India.
 1550 Victory obtained for Malacca over the Javanese.
 1552 Death of Saint Francis Xavier.
 1554 D. Pedro Mascarenhas, sixth viceroy of India.
 1555, Francisco Barreto.
 1558 D. Constantino de Bragança seventh viceroy of India.
 1561 D. Francisco Coutinho, Conde de Redondo, eighth vice-roy.
 1564 João de Mendonça.
 1564 D. Antão de Noronha, ninth viceroy of India.
 1569 D. Luiz de Athaide, tenth viceroy of India,
 1569 Glorious defence of Goa.
 1571 D. Antonio de Noronha, eleventh viceroy of India.
 1573 Antonio Moniz Barreto.
 1575 D. Diogo de Menezes.
 1577 D. Luiz de Athaide Conde de Athouguia, twelfth viceroy.
 1578 Fernão Telles de Menezes.
 1581 D. Francisco Mascarenhas Conde de Villa da Horta, thirteenth viceroy.
 1584 D. Duarte de Menezes, Conde de Tarouca, fourteenth viceroy.
 1588 Manuel de Souza Coutinho.
 1590 Mathias de Albuquerque, fifteenth viceroy.
 1586 D. Francisco da Gama, Conde da Vidigueira, sixteenth viceroy.
 1600 Ayres de Saldanha, seventeenth viceroy.
 1605 Martim Affonso de Castro eighteenth viceroy.
 1607 D. fr. Aleixo de Menezes archbishop of Goa.
 1607 Siege of Malacca by the Dutch.
 1609 André Furtado de Mendonça.
 1609 Conquest of Jafanapatam.
 1609 Defence of Malacca against the Dutch and Javanese.
 1609 Ruy Lonrenço de Tavora nineteenth viceroy.
 1612 D. Jeronymo de Azevedo twentieth viceroy.
 1617 D. João Coutinho, Conde de Redondo, twenty first vice-roy.

- 1619 Fernão de Albuquerque.
1622 D. Francisco da Gama, Conde Almirante twenty second viceroy.
1627 D. fr. Luiz de Brito.
1629 D. Miguel de Noronha, Conde de Linhares twenty third viceroy.
1629 Defence of Ceylon.
1635 Pedro da Silva twenty fourth viceroy.
1639 Antonio Telles de Menezes.
1640 João da Silva Telles de Menezes, Conde de Aveiras, twenty fifth viceroy.
1644 D. Filipe Mascarenhas, twenty sixth viceroy.
1652 D. Vasco de Mascarenhas, Conde de Obidos twenty seventh viceroy.
1655 D. Rodrigo Lobo da Silveira, Conde de Sargedas twenty eighth viceroy.
1662 Antonio de Mello e Castro twenty ninth viceroy.
1662 Bombay is delivered up to the English.
1662 The Dutch take Cochim.
1666 João Nunes da Cunha, Conde de S. Vicente thirtieth viceroy.
1670 Luiz Mendonça Furtado de Albuquerque, Conde de Lavradio thirty first viceroy.
1677 D. Pedro de Almeida, Conde de Assumar thirty second viceroy.
1681 Francisco de Tavora, Conde de Alvor thirty third viceroy.
1681 Successful war with the Mahrats.
1681 D. Rodrigo da Costa.
1690 D. Miguel de Almeida.
1692 D. Pedro Antonio de Noronha, Conde de Villa Verde thirty fourth viceroy.
1692 War against the Arabs.
1697 Antonio Luiz Gonçalves da Camara Coutinho thirty fifth viceroy.
1703 Caetano de Mello e Castro thirty sixth viceroy.
1707 D. Rodrigo da Costa thirty seventh viceroy.
1712 Vasco Fernandes Cesar de Menezes thirty eighth viceroy.
1712 War with the Arabs of Muscate and Surrate.
1717 D. Sebastião de Andrade Pessanha.

1717 D. Luiz de Menezes, Conde da Ericeira thirty ninth viceroy.

1717 Destruction of the city of Porpatane by Lopo José de Almeida.

1719 Antonio de Figueiredo Utra destroyed a fleet of Arabs.

1720 Francisco José de Sampaio e Castro fortieth viceroy of India.

1723 D. Christovão de Mello.

1725 João Saldanha da Gama forty first viceroy.

1725 Mahrats invade the northern provinces.

1732 D. Pedro de Mascarenhas, Conde de Sandomil forty second viceroy.

1739 Disastrous war with the Mahrats; Baçaim and Chaul are lost.

1740 Angria the pirate defeats the Portuguese fleet.

1740 D. Luiz de Menezes, Conde da Ericeira and first Marquez do Lourical forty third viceroy.

1740 Victory over the Mahrats at Bardez.

1740 Salsete and other strong places are recovered.

1740 D. Pedro Miguel de Almeida e Portugal, Conde de Assumar and first Marquez de Castello Novo fourty forth viceroy.

1740 Capture of Alorna, Bicholim and Sanquelim.

1750 Francisco de Assis, Marquez de Tavora forty fifth viceroy.

1750 Victories by sea and land over the Mahrats.

1754 D. Luiz Mascarenhas, Conde de Alva forty sixth viceroy.

1756 Siege of Pondá where the Governor is taken prisoner.

1756 Capture of Rarim and Neutim by the Mahrats.

1756 Manuel de Saldanha de Albuquerque, Conde da Ega forty seventh viceroy.

1755 Capture of Pondá and a glorious peace with the Mahrats.

1756 Bicholim and Alorna are restored to the Mahrats.

1767 D. João de Mello.

1767 Filippe de Valladares Souto Maior.

1774 D. José Pedro da Camara.

1778 D. Frederico Guilherme de Sousa.

1778 Bicholim and Sanquelim are retaken by the Portuguese, Alorna and Arabo are also recaptured.

1785 Francisco da Cunha e Menezes.

1788 Pernem is retaken by the Portuguese.

1793 Francisco Antonio da Veiga Cabral, Visconde de Miranda.

1801 The English, as allies, occupied the forts of Goa.

1806 Bernardo José de Lorena, Conde de Sargedas forty eighth viceroy.

1814 The inquisition was abolished.

1814 The English evacuate the forts of Goa.

1816 D. Diogo de Souza, Conde de Río Pardo forty ninth viceroy.

1820 He is deposed on occasion of the change of government in Portugal.

1820 D. Manuel da Camara fiftieth viceroy.

1827 D. Manuel de Portugal e Castro fifty first viceroy of India.

1834 Bernardo Peres da Silva.

1836 Simão Infante de Lacerda, Barão de Sabroso.

1839 José Antonio Vieira da Fonseca.

1839 Manoel José Mendes, Barão de Candal.

1840 José Joaquim Lopes de Lima.

1842 A military revolt and expulsion of the Governor.

1842 Francisco Xavier da Silva Pereira, Conde de Antas.

1843 Joaquim Mourão Garcez Palha.

1844 José Ferreira Pestana.

1850 José Joaquim Januario Lapa, Barão and after Visconde de Villa Nova de Ourem.

1850 Revolt of Satary.

1855 Antonio Cesar de Vasconcellos Correia, Visconde de Torres Novas.

1864 José Ferreira Pestana.

1871 Visconde de S. Januario.

1871 Revolt in Goa.

1871 Joaquim José de Macedo e Couto.

1874 João Tavares de Almeida.

1877 Visconde de Sergio de Souza.

1878 Caetano Alexandre de Almeida e Albuquerque.

1879 Treaty concluded for a league of customs throughout India.

APPENDIX.

(F)

EXPLANATORY NOTES OF ALL THE PROPER NAMES.

A.

ABASSIA OF ABYSSINIA — that part of Africa divided from Arabia by the gates of the Red Sea. Its people were subject to the Potentate known in Europe under the name of the Priest John.

ABRAHAM — the first patriarch of the Israelites, the Mahometans believe that their prophet descends from his slave Agar.

ABRANCHES OR AVRANCHES — a country in France.

ABRANTES — a village in Portugal.

ABYLA — a mountain in Africa on the skirts of which the city of Ceuta is situated.

ACTIUM WARS — those between Augustus and Mark Anthony at Cape Actium now called Figalo.

ARCHONENIA — a region in Persia, famous for its carpets and tapestries.

ACHERON — a river in hell in mythology.

ACHILLES — a Greek prince the son of Peleus, king of Thessalia and of Thetis, famous at the siege of Troy, where he was killed by Paris.

ANDALIA — a surname of Venus.

ACRISIUS — king of the Argires. His daughter Danæ whom he shut up in a tower was there seduced by Jupiter, transformed into a rain of gold, by whom he begot Perseus.

ACROCERAUNUS — mountains of Epirus now Albania in Greece. They were named infamous on account of the many wrecks which occurred there.

ACTÆON — a celebrated hunter, transformed into a stag by Diana, indignant at having been seen by him while bathing. His own dogs put him to death,

ADAM — the first man and the father of the human race, according to the Bible.

ADAMASTOR OR DAMASTOR — one of the giants of the earth who attempted to dethrone Jupiter but were vanquished by him and buried under different mountains. The transformation of Adamastor into the Cape of Good Hope, is a sublime poetical invention of the Bard of the Lusiads.

ADEN — a city in Arabia Felix, situated at the foot of a ridge of mountains called by the natives Arzira.

ADONIS — a fair youth, the incestuous son of Cyniras and Myrra, much beloved by Venus, who after his death transformed him into an anemone.

ADRIATIC VENICE — so called because it stood on the Adriatic.

AFRICA — one of the Continents into which the world is divided.

AFRICUS — is the west or south west wind.

ALPHONSO — is the name of six Kings of Portugal, namely D. Alphonso Henriques the founder of the monarchy, D. Alphonso the Second the son of D. Sancho the First, D. Alphonso the Third the latter's son and brother of the dethroned King D. Sancho the Second, D. Alfonso the Fourth the son of Don Diniz, D. Alphonso the Fifth, the son of D. Duarte. The last D. Alphonso the Sixth, the son of D. John the Fourth, lived after the composition of the poem.

AGANNIPPE — a fountain in Beotia, dedicated to the Muses.

AGAR — the slave of Abraham, from whom the Moors are said to descend, and thence named Agareni.

AGRIPHINA — the mother of Nero, the Roman Emperor.

AJAX — the son of Tholamon, the bravest Greek at the siege of Troy, Achilles excepted. He wished to get the latter's arms but they were given over to Ulysses. In consequence of this he went mad, and finally killed himself and from his blood, according to the poets, the flower called hyacinth budded.

AINÃO OR HAINAN — island in the China seas famous for pearl fisheries.

ALENQUER — a village in Portugal.

ALBIS — now Elbe, a river in Germany.

ALBUQUERQUE — the great Alphonso de Albuquerque, the successor of D. Francisco de Almeida in the government of India.

ALCAGER DO SAL — a village in the Alentejo, Portugal.

ALCIDES — another name for Hercules, derived from Alceus his grand-father, and from Alecy a Greek word meaning strength or vigour.

ALCINO — the King of the Pheaces by whom Ulysses and his companions were kindly lodged after a long and painful voyage in the island of Corcyra.

ALCMENE — the mother of Hercules.

ALCORÃO OR KORAN — the sacred book of the Mahometans.

ALECTO — one of the three infernal furies.

ALENCASTRO — (Lancaster) an English Duke, the father of D. Philippa who married the King D. John the First of Portugal.

ALEXANDER — called the Great, the son of Philip, King of Macedon, famous for his conquests and liberality.

ALGARVES — a kingdom annexed to that of Portugal.

ALMEIDAS — are mentioned in the poem: D. Francisco the 1st viceroy of India and his son M. Lourenço de Almeida.

ALOE — a kind of wood very heavy like that called Aquila.

ALPHES — now *Rouffi* a river in Arcadia running as far as Achaia, joins its waters to those of the *Arethusa* fountain in Sicily.

ALVARO — the poet alludes to two. The first D. Alvaro de Castro, a son of the viceroy D. João de Castro. The second Alvaro Braga or Alvaro Dias placed by Vasco da Gama at Calicut together with Diogo Dias or Correia in the capacity of factors.

AMALTHEA — Jupiter's nurse who had a cornucopia whence she could obtain whatever she wished.

AMASES — a river in Germany.

AMBROSIA — an herb like celery, looked upon by the pagans as food for the gods.

AMPAZA — a city in Persia, near Ormuz.

AMPULUSA — a promontory between Ceuta and Tanger now called Cape Espartel.

AMPHIONA THESSA — a city of ancient Beotia. It was supposed to have been founded by Amphion, an eminent musician who could even charm inanimate objects: for by the sound of his lyre he succeeded in attracting all the materials requisite for the foundation.

AMPHITRITE — or the sea, in poetry. One of Neptune's spouses.

ANCHISES — a Trojan prince enamoured of Venus by whom he begot Æneas

ANDALUZIA — a province in Spain.

ANDROMEDA — daughter of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia, and Cassiopea; also the name of a constellation.

ANNIBAL or **HANNIBAL** — a brave daring Carthaginian general and implacable enemy of the Romans.

ANTÃO VASQUES DE ALMADA — a courageous Portuguese gentleman one of the twelve knights who went to England to avenge the ladies. Vide Magriço.

ANTARTIC — or South Pole.

ANTENOR — one of the first of the Trojans to deliver up Troy to the Greeks. Supposed to have founded the city of Antenoria in Italy now Padua.

ANTHEUS — a grand-son of the Earth founded the city of Tingis now Tangiers. He was killed by Hercules with whom he was wrestling.

ANTONIO — one Antonio da Silveira, captain of Diu, which he gallantly defended during the first siege. The other Mark Anthony, a Roman patrician, who governed the Roman Empire for some time conjointly with Lepidus and Augustus. He was so fond of music, that on hearing Glaphyra sing he abandoned his wife Fulvia.

ANUBIS — a Divinity adored by the Egyptians under the shape of a dog, supposed to be the same as the Mercury of the Greeks.

AOZIA — the mountainous part of Boetia, where there was a fountain which converted those who tasted its waters into poets.

APELLIS — a famous painter. Vide Campaspe.

APENINES — a ridge of mountains from the north to the south of Italy.

APPIUS CLAUDIUS — one of the Decemvirs of Rome who, for attempting to abduct Virginia from her father, was, besides other punishments, cast into prison where he ended his days.

APOLLO — the Sun, the son of Jupiter & Latona, held to be the god of wisdom, of the poets and of the Muses.

APULIA — a region in Italy on the Adriatic.

- AQUILO** — the north wind.
- ARA** — a constellation.
- ARABIA** — a peninsula situated between Africa and Asia.
- ARABIAN** — a native of Arabia.
- ARABIC** — the language of the Arabians spoken in Africa and Persia and in many parts of Asia.
- ARAGON** — an ancient kingdom and now a province of Spain.
- ARASPES** — a certain Mede to whom Cyrus, King of the Persians, confided Panthea wife of Abradatas, King of the Susians, whom he captured in the camp of the Assyrians, but he had to take her away, as he was about to abuse his confidence.
- ARCADIA** — a province of Morea or Peloponesus.
- ARCHETYPUS** — is, in the poem, assumed to be God, Creator of all things.
- ARCTURUS** — a star or constellation in the northern hemisphere.
- ARETHUSA** — a fountain in Sicily, into which a nymph of the same name, beloved of Alpheus, was transformed.
- ARGONAUTAS** — famous Greek warriors who proceeded to the conquest of Vellocino of Colchos.
- ARGOS** — a city in Greece dedicated to the goddess Juno.
- ARGOS** — the ship in which Jason and his companions went to Colchos to steal the Velocino. Also a shepherd of this name with 100 eyes. He was killed by Mercury, while guarding, by command of Juno, Io the beloved of Jupiter. Also the name of a constellation.
- ARIES** — one of the twelve signs or constellations of the Zodiac.
- ARMENIA** — a region of Asia between mounts Taurus and Caucasus.
- ARMUSA** — an ancient city near Ormus, now in ruins.
- AROMATA** — Cape Guardafui at the entrance of the Red Sea.
- ARQUICO** — a port in Ethiopia.
- ARRACAN** — an ancient Indian kingdom adjoining Bengal.
- ARRONCHES** — a village in the province of Alemtejo, Portugal.
- ARSINARIO** — (Cape) now called Cape de Verde.
- ARSINOE** — the daughter or sister of Ptolomeus, King of Egypt who founded, the city of his name, now Suez, on the coast of the Red Sea.
- ARTABRO** — a mountain now called Finisterre.
- ARZILLA** — a maritime city of Morocco conquered by the Portuguese.
- ARZIRA** — a sierra in Arabia Felix where no vegetation exists.
- ASABORO** or **MOÇANDÃO** — a cape at the entrance into the Persian Gulf.
- ASIA** — the second of the continents into which the world is divided.
- ASSYRIA** — a region or province of Asia.
- ASTREA** — the goddess of Justice, the daughter either of the giant Astreus and Aurora, or of Jupiter and Themis.
- ASTURIAS** — a province of Spain where the few Goths that escaped from the Arabian invasion were saved.
- ASTYANAX** — the only son of Hector and Andromache, cast off from a tower by Ulysses, when the Greeks invaded Troy.
- ATHAMANLE** — a sea-god.
- ATHENS** — a city in Greece famous in ancient history for the cultivation of the sciences and arts.
- ATILA** or **ATTILA** — King of the Huns, surnamed the scourge of God.

ATLANTE—the son of Japeto and Clymene King of *Mauritania* an ancient province in Africa said to hold the world on his shoulders. He was transformed into a mountain of the same name.

ATROPOS—one of the three *Parcæ*.

AVAS—a people of Eastern Asia.

AUGUSTO—means venerable and sacred, whence it was that all the successors of Cæsar in the Empire after Octavian (of whom the poet speaks) are called August.

AUREA CHERSONESUS—the peninsula of Malacca.

AURORA—the daughter of the Sun and of the Earth, the wife of Titan, and mother of Memnon, King of Ethiopia. Another word for the dawn of day.

AUSONIA—an ancient part of Italy, and now poetically taken for the whole.

AUSTRO—the south wind or storm.

AXIO—now Brade or Varadi, a river which runs through Macedonia.

AZENEGUES—an African tribe in Senegal, a region where there is a scarcity of water and of provisions.

B.

BABEL—the same as Babylon.

BABYLON—a city called the great, on the Euphrates, built, it is said, by Semiramis the Queen of Assyria, and containing such wonderful buildings, that it was reckoned among the seven wonders of the world.

BAÇAIM—a fortress between Diu and Chaul conquered by the Portuguese in 1533.

BACANOR—a city on the coast of Malabar, where a large fleet of the King of Calicut was destroyed by the Portuguese.

BACCHUS—son of Jupiter and Semele, and God of wine; held by the ancients to be the first conqueror of India.

BACTRUS—a river in Asia.

BADAJOS—a city in Spanish Estremadura, opposite Elvas.

BALDWIN—a brave knight in the time of Charles, second emperor of the Romans, whose daughter Judith he abducted, and the emperor, dissembling the affront, gave him Flanders which he colonised.

BANDA—islands situated between Java and Molucca, inhabited by Moors and natives, producing large quantities of nutmeg.

BARBARY—a region in Africa, now called Morocco, and the adjacent kingdoms.

BARBORA—a place on the coast of Africa.

BAHEM or **BAHAREM**—an island near Ormus famous for pearl fisheries.

BATICALA—a fortress on the coast of Malabar at a distance of thirty leagues from Goa.

BEADALA—a city near Comori destroyed by Martin Affonso de Souza.

BEATRIZ—daughter of the King D. Fernando of Portugal married to the King D. John of Castile.

BEJA—a city in Portugal.

- BELEM**—the poet alludes to Our Lady of Belem, which the Infante D. Henrique began to build and was afterwards enriched by the King D. Manuel, situated in a place formerly called Restello.
- BELISARIUS**—a brave Roman Commander in the time of the Emperor Justinian: gained great victories in Persia and in Italy. His ungrateful sovereign ordered his eyes to be taken out and banished him.
- BELLONA**—the Goddess of battle, sister and driver of the chariot of Mars.
- BENGAL**—an eastern kingdom situated on both banks of the river Ganges.
- BENJAMIM**—one of the tribes of Israel which was destroyed because some Benjamites violated a woman of the tribe of Levi.
- BENOMOTAPA or MONOMOTAPA**—an empire in eastern Africa.
- BETHIS or GUADALQUIVIR**—a river in Spain.
- BIBLIS**—a fountain in Mesopotamia into which Biblis, the daughter of Miletos, was transformed.
- BINTAS**—a kingdom in India.
- BEPUR**—a kingdom on the coast of Malabar.
- BISCAIEHOS**—the inhabitants of Biscay, a province in Spain.
- BOHEMIAN**—the people of Bohemia, a German kingdom now under Austria.
- BOLONHEZ**—the Count of this name mentioned by the poet was D. Alphonso the Third, brother of the King D. Sancho the Second of Portugal.
- BOOTES**—the North Polar Star.
- BOREAS**—the North or North West wind.
- BORNEO**—a large island in the Indian Seas.
- BRACHMANES**—name given in Malabar to their priests, followers of Pythagoras.
- BRAMAS**—people subject to Siam.
- BRAZIL**—or Terra da Santa Cruz in America, discovered by Pedro Alvares Cabral in 1500.
- BRAVA**—a city on the coast of Melinde.
- BRETANHA**—England in the poem.
- BRIAREUS**—Centimanus, son of the Earth, a giant who revolted against Jupiter.
- BRIGO**—a King of Spain in fabulous times.
- BRUSSIOS or BARUSSIOS**—the people of Bressia in old Sarmatia, now Russia.
- BUSIRIS**—a tyrant in Egypt who sacrificed his guests to his idols.
- BYSANCIO or CONSTANTINOPLE**—now the capital of the Ottoman Empire.

C.

- CABO TORMENTORIO**—now the Cape of Good Hope.
- CADIZ or CALIS**—formerly Gades a city in Spain founded by the Phenicians.
- CADMUS**—son of Angenor King of the Phenicians. Vide Ovid. Metam. book four.
- CAFFRIS or CAFFIRS**—negro savages in Central Africa.
- CAIRO**—a large city in Egypt.

- CALATRAYA**—a religious and military order in Castile.
- CALAYATE**—a plain between Socotora and Ormuz.
- CALICUT**—a city of Malabar, capital of the State Samorim.
- CALLISTO**—daughter of Licaon King of Arcadia converted into a bear by Juno; the Great Bear in the Northern parts.
- CALLIOPE**—the principal Muse.
- CALPE**—also Herculano, Gibraltar or the columns of Hercules.
- CALYPSO**—daughter of Thetys, received Ulysses in the island of Ogygia and became enamoured of him.
- CAMBAIA**—an ancient wealthy kingdom in Asia.
- CAMBALO** or **CAMBALÃO**—a small island near Cochim, where Duarte Pacheco defeated the Samorim.
- CAMBOJA**—a maritime kingdom subject to Siam: it has a large river called Mecom.
- CAMENAS**—Muses.
- CAMPASPE**—the favourite concubine of Alexander the Great who gave her to Apelles in marriage.
- CANACE**—the daughter of Rolus King of the Wind, who lived in incest with her brother Macaseo. Vide Ovid. Heroid.
- CANANOR**—an Indian kingdom on the coast of Malabar.
- CANARA**—a province in India.
- CANARY ISLANDS**—twelve islands in the Atlantic Ocean formerly the Fortunate Islands.
- CANCER**—one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac.
- CANDACE**—Queen of Ethiopia.
- CANNAS**—a plain in Apulia, where Hannibal defeated the Romans under the Consul Paulus Emilius and Terentius Varron, killing 40:000 Romans.
- CANUSIUM**—a small place near Cannas.
- CAPPADOCIANS**—inhabitants of Cappadocia, part of Natolia in Asia Minor.
- CARMANIA**—a region in India.
- CARPELLA**—Cape Jasque at the entrance into the Persian Gulf.
- CARTHAGO**—a city in Africa taken by the Romans, the native place of Jopas, a famous musician.
- CASPIA SERRA**—Caspian mountains, and Caspian house, refer to ancient Scythia.
- CASSIOPEA** or **CASSIOPE**—Wife of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia. Perseus, the liberator of his daughter Andromeda, translated her to heaven where she figures as a star.
- CASSIO SCEVA**—a valiant Roman General in the time of Cæsar who being mortally wounded in the war in Macedonia, preferred death than surrender.
- CASTELBRANCO**—D. Pedro the commander of Ormuz; in the adjacent seas great victories were gained over the Turks.
- CASTILE**—two provinces of this name in Spain, ancient and new Castile, Capitals Burgos and Toledo.
- CASTLES**—the seven castles in the arms of Portugal represent Estombar, Paderne Aljezar, Albufeira, Cacella, Sagus, Castro Marim.
- CASTRO** (D. João de)—vice roy of India, a hero famous for his victories.
- CATHERINE**—saint, virgin and martyr buried on Mount Sinai.

CARTHIGÃO — a rich city in Bengal at the mouth of the Ganges.

CATILINA — Lucius Sergius noble Roman who with others was killed in the attempt to seize Rome.

CAUCHICHINA — Cochinchina, a kingdom in eastern Asia near Cambaia.

CAUDINAS FORCAS — Caudine Forks under which the conquered Romans were compelled to pass by the Samnites.

CAESAR — Casin Julius Cæsar a celebrated Roman general and dictator stabbed to death in the Senate by Cassius and Brutus.

CEUTA or CEITA — a sea town opposite Gibraltar conquered by the Portuguese and subsequently came under the Spanish dominion.

CEYLON — an island to the south of Cape Samorim formerly called Taprobana.

CEZIMBRA — a small sea-port in Portugal.

CHARLES — two persons of this name mentioned by the Poet: Charlemagne, King of France, and Emperor of the West, and Charles the Second, Emperor, father of Judith who married Baldwin.

CHAUL — a city in the kingdom of Ade also called Achem fifteen leagues from Diu.

CHERSONESUS AUREA or MALACCA — the capital of Malacca.

CHIAMAI — a lake where the river Menom rises; thence it runs through Siam.

CHIMERA — a volcano in Lycia, supposed in fable to be a three-headed monster vomiting fire.

CHINA — an Empire in Asia, the Celestial Empire.

CHRISTOVÃO DA GAMA (DOM) — sent by the governor of India against the King of Zeilá and in favour of Priest John: he thrice defeated the Moors.

CICERO — M. Tullius, a Roman consul, an orator and philosopher.

CICONES — people of Thracia.

CILICIOS — people of Cilicia or Carmania in Asia Minor.

CINGAPURA — a cape opposite the island of Sumatra.

CINTRA — a village in Portugal near the Atlantic. The Sierra is called by Varro, Mount Tagro, by others, the Mountain of the Moon.

CYNIRAS — King of Cyprus, who begot Adonis by his daughter Myrra, hence Adonis is called his son and grand-son. Cinyrea is Myrrha, converted into a tree.

CIRCES — witches. Circe, the witch, transformed Ulysses and his companions into pigs.

CLAUDINAS FORCAS, or CAUDINAS — Caudine forks which see.

CLEONEO — a lion also called Nemeo, killed by Hercules near a place called Cleone, between Aries and Corintho.

CLIORE — the favourite nymph of Apollo.

CLORIS — name given to Flora, the Queen of Flowers, before her marriage with Zephyrus.

CLOTO — one of the three Parcæ.

CLYMENE — daughter of Tethys and the Ocean, and mother of Phæton.

COCHIN — capital of the kingdom of this name on the Malabar Coast, whose Kings were friendly to the Portuguese.

COCLES — Horatius Cocles, a noble Roman famous in the war against Porsenna, King of the Etruscans, for the restitution of the Tarquinii.

COCYTO — a river in hell filled up with tears.

CODRUS — King of the Athenians who died to save his country.

- COELHO NICOLAS** — a companion of Vasco da Gama in the discovery of India.
- COIMBRA** — a city in Portugal on the Mondego, the seat of a University.
- COLCHOS** NOW **MINGHELIA** — a region in Asia, under the Grand-Khan of Tartaria, where the golden fleece, commonly called Vellochino, was supposed to exist.
- COLOSSUS** — a metal statue at Rhodes dedicated to the sun, one of the wonders of the world, owing to its size.
- COLUMBO** — the chief port in Ceylon.
- COMORIM** — also called Cori, the Cape opposite Ceylon.
- CONCA** — a city in old Castile where the Tagus rises.
- CONGO** — a most ancient kingdom on the West Coast of Africa.
- CONSTANTINE** — the 1st called Paleologue, who lost Constantinople; the 2nd Constantine the Great, son of St. Helen, who made Constantinople the capital of the Roman Empire.
- CONSTANTINOPLE** — vide Bysancio.
- CORDOVA** — a city in Betica Spain, capital of the kingdom of the same name, and the birth place of the two Senecas and of Lucanus.
- CORI** — the same as Comorim.
- CORIOLANUS** — an illustrious Roman expelled from Rome, and who afterwards made war against Rome.
- CORVINUS VALERIUS MESSALA** — a Roman tribune who in a duel against a Gaul was assisted by a crow.
- COULÃO** — a place in Malabar.
- COULETE** — a place in Malabar near Calicut.
- CRANGANOR** — in Malabar.
- CROCODILE** — a fierce animal resembling a lizard.
- CUAMA** — a river which rises in the Nile lake.
- CUNHA** — 1st Nuno da Cunha, governor of India; and the 2nd Tristão da Cunha who discovered the islands bearing his name.
- CUPID** — the son of Venus and the God of love.
- CURCIUS MARCUS** — who sacrificed his life for his country.
- CUTIALE** — a Moor who went from Mecca to India at the head of 130 ships well manned and armed with guns. He was defeated by Lopo Vaz de Sampaio with 11 ships.
- CYBELE** — mother of the gods, and wife of Saturn. The pine-tree was sacred to her.
- CYCLOPS** — the three sons of Neptune, Brontes, Steropes and Pyracmon; they were the workmen of Vulcan whose forges were situated in the island of Lepari.
- CYLLENE** — Mercury, so called from Cyllene, a mount in Arcadia where he was born.
- CYNIPHIO** — a river in Africa.
- CYNOSURA** — a star, also called the Great Bear.
- CYPARISSE** — the son of Telephus who grieving for having killed a crow was transformed into a cypress by Apollo.
- CYPHISIA** — a flower, the lily into which Narcissus the son of the Nymph Lyrice and of the river Cyphisus was converted.
- CYPRIA** — the goddess Venus so called from Cyprus where she was venerated.

CYPRUS—an island in the Mediterranean.

CYRUS—King of the Persians. Vide Araspes.

CYTHERA—afterwards called Cetige, an island of the Peloponesus dedicated to Venus.

CYTHÉRÉA—from Cythera a name given to Venus.

D.

DABUL—a town in Cambaia destroyed by Don Francisco de Almeida vice-roy of India.

DALMATAS—the inhabitants of Dalmatia or Sclavonia.

DAMÃO—a city in Guzerat India.

DAMASCENE—from Damascus.

DANE—a native of Dania or Denmark.

DANUBE—a river in Europe.

DAPHNE—a nymph daughter of the river Peneus converted into laurel by Apollo.

DARDANEA—Troy, called from Dardanus its 1st King.

DARIUS—King of the Persians vanquished by Alexander the Great.

DAVID—the prophet king and the psalmist. Vide Saul.

DECANUS—the natives of Hidalcão.

DECU—Roman warriors who sacrificed their lives for their country.

DEDALEA—the work of Dedalus a famous architect.

DELY—an ancient kingdom, now a province of British India.

DELIO—the same as Apollo or the sun.

DELOS—an island in the Ægean sea where Latona was delivered of Apollo and Diana, before this supposed to be a floating island.

DEMODOCO—a musician in the island of Pheaces now Corfu or Coreyra.

DIANA—daughter of Jupiter and Latona, goddess of chastity and the chase, the Moon in heaven and Proserpine in hell represented with three faces.

DINA—the daughter of Jacob abducted by Sishem, the son of Hemor.

DINIZ (DON)—King of Portugal and son of Don Alphonso the Third, and founder of the University of Coimbra.

DIO OR DIU—a maritime city in Cambaia.

DIOGO—one of the factors sent to Calicut by Vasco da Gama to sell goods.

João de Barros calls them Alvaro Dias and Diogo Correia; but Damian Goes, calls them Alvaro Braga and Diogo Dias.

DIOMEDES—a tyrant of Thracia: maintained his horse with the blood and flesh of his guests.

DISNE—mother of Venus, and daughter of the Ocean and Tethys, another name for Venus.

DITE OR PLUTO—brother of Jupiter and Neptane the god of hell.

DOFAR—a city on the coast of Arabia Felix, whence the best incense comes.

DORCADAS OR GORGANAS—according to some authors, the islands of San Thomé and Prince.

DORIS—a nymph of the sea, daughter of the Ocean and Tethys, and mother of all the Neriads. Another name for the sea.

DOURO—a river in Spain and Portugal. Oporto is situated on its banks.

DUARTE—the 11th King of Portugal the only one of this name and the son of Don João the First.

E.

EBORENSES—the inhabitants of the city of Evora in Portugal.

EGAS MONIZ—the preceptor of Don Alphonso Henriques.

EGEO—one of the giants son of Titan and the Earth who revolted against Jupiter.

EGYPCIA OR EGYPT—a country in Africa.

EGYPCIA LINDA CLEOPATRA—the last Queen of Egypt, immodest but beautiful.

ELVAS—a city and fortress in Portugal opposite Badajoz.

ELYSIAN—fields prepared for the blessed.

EMALIES—the field so called in Emalia or Thessalia in Greece, where Julius Cæsar conquered Pompey, his son-in-law.

ENODIO—a part of mount Taurus in the north of Hindostan.

ENCELADO—a powerful giant, son of Titan and the Earth, was interred at Etna.

ENEAS OR ÆNEAS—a Trojan son of Anchises and Venus, sung by Virgil.

ENOCOS—the people of Anatic Sarmatia now under Russia.

EOLIO—the son of Jupiter, King of the Eolian islands, and lord of the winds and storms.

Eoo—one of the four horses of the sun's chariot in poetry, the East or Aurora.

EPHYRE—a nymph, daughter of the Ocean and Tethys.

EPICUREAN—sect founded by Epicurus who denied the immortality of the soul, and placed his supreme happiness in the pleasures of this life.

ERIOYNA—another name for Venus.

ERYMANTHUS—a river in Arcadia. King Eurystheus ordered Hercules to kill a wild boar on the mountain of the same name.

ERYTHREAL WAVES—those of the Red Sea crossed by the Israelites and where Pharaoh and his army were drowned.

ERYTHREO SOIL—the Red Sea.

ESCANDINAVIA, SCANDINAVIA—Sweden and Norway.

ESPAÑA OR HESPAÑA—Spain.

ESTEVAO DA GAMA (DOM)—a viceroy and governor of India.

ESTRABO OR STRABÃO—a famous philosopher and geographer in the time of Augustus.

ESTYLIAN OR STYGLIAN—lake placed by poets in hell by which the gods swore their most solemn oath.

ETHIOPIA—a region in Africa between Arabia and Egypt.

ETNA—a volcano in Sicily, also called Mongebello.

EVORA — an ancient city in Portugal.

EUPHRATES — a river in Asia. On its banks stood Babylon. One of the four rivers that had their sources in the garden of Paradise. (Genesis, chapter 2nd).

EUROPE — one of the divisions of the Earth.

EURIDICE — the spouse of Orpheus, a musician who attracted everything by his lyre.

EURYSTHEUS — King of Greece, who, at the request of Jupiter, sent Hercules on various dangerous undertakings, in the hope that he might lose his life.

EUXINE — Sea where the Argonauts sailed.

F.

FALERNO — a mount in Campania famous for its wines.

FARTAQUE — a city and cape in Arabia Felix.

FAVONIO or **ZEPHYRO** — a mild and western wind.

FERNANDO or **FERNÃO** — four individuals of the name of Ferdinand in the poem: the first the King Don Fernando of Portugal, son of the King Don Pedro; Fernão Martins a sailor, Arabic interpreter to Vasco da Gama; another King Don Fernando, son of the King Don João of Aragon; Don Fernando de Castro, son of D. João viceroy of India.

FLORA — the goddess of flowers.

FRANCISCO DE ALMEIDA (DOM) — first viceroy of India.

FRANDES or **FLANDERS** — region in the north of Europe now part of Belgium and of France.

FUAS (DOM FUAS ROUPINHO) — a valiant warrior, and captain of the fleet of the King Dom Alphonso Henriques.

G.

GABELO — inhabitant of Rages in Media. Vide the book of Tobias in the Bible.

GADITANO SEA — or of Gads, the Atlantic near Cadiz, Spain.

GALATHEA — a nymph of the sea, daughter of Nereus and Doris, much loved by the giant Polyphemus.

GALERNO — a wind, the same as Favonio or Zephyrus.

GALLEGOS or **GALLICIANS** — of Galicia Spain.

GALLIA — Gaul, France.

GALLO — Gaulen Frenchman.

GAMBRA — a river in Africa.

GANGES — a river in India, also called Pheson flowing from Paradise.

GANGETICO — of the river Ganges.

GARUMMA or **GARONNE** — a river in France.

GATE, GATES or **GHATS** — mountains in the kingdom of Narsinga and separating it from that of Bisnaga.

- GEDROSIA** — a province in Africa, on the coast of Guiné.
- GEORGIANS** — inhabitants of Georgia in Asia Minor.
- GERMANY (ALLEMANHA)** — a collective name comprising the whole of central Europe.
- GERMANO** — Allemão, German.
- GERUM** — an island in the Persian Gulf, where Ormuz is situated.
- GIDÁ or JUDÁ** — now Gioddá, a city in Arabia near Mecca.
- GIGANTES or GIANTS**, sons of Titan and of the Earth who rebelled against Jupiter, and attempted to scale the heavens in order to dethrone him.
- GIL FERNANDES** — surnamed of Elvas, treacherously arrested by Paio Rodrigues Marinho, Alcaide Mor (chieftain) of Campo Maior.
- GERALDO SEM PAVOR (THE FEARLESS)** — valiant Portuguese knight in the time of Don Alphonso Henriques, who was outlawed for a great crime and determined to obtain his pardon by some daring exploit. He surprised two sentinels in Evora, and, after slaying them carried, off their heads over the wall, and opened the gates of the city, to the Christian army. His descendants still exist, under the name of Gerales, and are connected with most of the old nobility.
- GLAPHYRA** — a Roman courtesan with whom Marcus Aurelius fell in love, and left his wife Fulvia.
- GNIDO or CNIDO** — an island in the Carpathian Sea where there was a temple to Venus.
- GOA** — the chief city of Portuguese India.
- GOFREDO, GODOFREDO or GODFREY OF BOULLON** — Duke of Lorraine, and christian King of Jerusalem, elected by the crusaders in 1098.
- GOLIATH** — a Philistean giant killed by David.
- GONÇALO RIBEIRO** — or rather Gonçalo Rodrigues Ribeiro, a valiant Portuguese knight, the companion of Vasco Annes and Fernão Martins in France.
- GONÇALO** — the blessed Gonçalo da Silveira, a jesuit missionary in Eastern Africa.
- GOTHER PEOPLE** — the Goths, barbarians from the north of Europe who subjected the Roman empire.
- GRANADA** — an ancient kingdom in Spain, now a city in the province of Andalusia.
- GRANADIL** — a native of Granada.
- GRECIA, GREECE** — a country in Europe.
- GREEK** — the wise man, is Ulysses, a native of Greece and King of the Island of Ithaca.
- GUADALQUIVIR** — or Bethes, a river in Spain, which flows near Seville.
- GUADIANA** — a river in Spain rising in the Sierra de Alcarraz, and in part of its course divides Spain from Portugal.
- GUARDAFUJ** — the Cape called by the ancients Aromata at the entrance into the Red Sea.
- GUEOS** — people subject to the King of Siam.
- GUIDO** — of Lusignan, the last christian King of Jerusalem.
- GUIMARÃES** — formerly a village, and now a manufacturing city in the province of Minho, Portugal.
- GUZARATES** — the inhabitants of the kingdom of Cambaia.

H.

HALCYONEAS or **ALCYONAS**—birds called halcyons into which Alcyone the daughter of Eolus was converted.

HAMMON or **AMMON**—a surname given to Jupiter, adored in Lybia under the figure of a sheep.

HARPIAS or **HARPIES**—birds with the face of a woman and the body of a vulture.

HEBREA—the mother, means Emina, the mother of Mahomet, whose father Abdalá was a pagan.

HECTOR—the poet alludes to two: Hector da Silveira who defeated Halixa, the commander of the fleet, at Dio; and Hector of Troy, son of Priamus, who defeated the Greeks at Troy.

HELICON—a mountain in Beotia dedicated to Apollo and the Muses.

HELIO-GABALO—a Roman Emperor, held to be the most vicious and effeminate man in the world.

HELLE—daughter of Athamente, King of Thebes and of Nepheles, who fled away with her brother Phrixus from her step-mother Ino, and was drowned in the Pontus, hence called Hellespont.

HELLESPONT—now the Dardanelles.

HEMO—a most high mountain in Thracia dedicated to Mars.

HENRIQUE or **HENRY**—four persons of this name mentioned by the Poet: 1st the Count, father of Don Alphonso Henriques; 2nd the Infante, son of Don John the First who assisted at the capture of Ceuta, and instigated the discoveries; 3rd a German knight killed by the Moors at the siege of Lisbon; 4th D. Henrique de Menezes, one of the successors of Vasco da Gama in the government of India.

HERCULES—a semi-god famous for his deeds, the 12 works.

HERMUS and **PACTOLUS**—two auriferous rivers in Lydia.

HEROAS—herocs.

HEROSTRATUS—a madman who for the sake of celebrity set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

HESPAÑA or **ESPAÑA**—Spain.

HESPERIA—the ancients spoke of two, the greater, Italy, and the lesser, Spain.

HESPERIDES—according to some, the Cape-de-Verde Islands. The dragon supposed to exist there was killed by Hercules.

HESPERIO—the same as Hesperus a King in Africa and the father of the Hesperides.

HIDALCÃO—a powerful potentate in India who was compelled by the Portuguese to raise the siege of Goa in 1572.

HIEROSOLIMA, **HIERUSALEM** or **JERUSALEM**—the principal city of Judea near which Christ was crucified for the redemption of mankind.

HIPPOCRENE—a fountain in Beotia, dedicated to the Muses, and born, according to the poets, from the footstep of the horse "Pegasus".

HIPPOTADES—the same as Eolus, God of the winds.

HOMER—the prince of the Greek poets; the place of his birth is a subject of dispute.

HUNGARY—a kingdom of Europe, annexed to Austria.

HUNNO, THE CRUEL HUN—Attila.

HYACINTHIAN FLOWERS—Hyacinths, Hyacinth, a youth beloved by Apollo, and, committing suicide, was transformed into hyacinths by Apollo.

HYDASPE OR IDASPE—Hydaspes a river in India.

HYMENEO—the son of Bacchus and Venus, the god of marriage.

HYPERBOREAL MOUNTAINS—those on the north of Europe.

HYPERIONIO—the Sun. In mythology supposed, after having given light to the world, to retire to rest in the arms of Thetys, from the labours of the day.

HAINAN—also spelt Ainan, a province of China.

I.

IBERIAN—a native of Iberia in Spain.

ITALIAN—a mountain, grove, and castle dedicated to Venus, in Cyprus.

IDA—a celebrated mountain near Troy, where Paris gave judgment on Juno, Venus, and Minerva.

IGNEZ DE CASTRO—the unfortunate consort of D. Pedro, of both of whom a celebrated biography is given in this volume.

ILLYRIAN—natives of Illyria.

INDIA—a vast country in Asia.

INDIGITES—the demi-gods mentioned in ancient mythology.

INDUS—a great river of India.

IOPUS—the celebrated musician mentioned in the *Æneid*.

IOS OR CHIOS—an island in the Mediterranean.

ISMAEL—the son of Abraham by Agar; from him is derived the name of Ismaelites.

ISMAR—one of the five Moorish kings, vanquished at Ourique.

ISRAEL—the name given to Jacob by the Angel.

ISTER OR DANUBIO—a great river in Europe.

ITALY—a great peninsula and kingdom in Europe.

ITACUS—a name given to Ulysses, who was King of Ithaca.

J.

JALORO—a country in Africa.

JANUS—a very ancient King of Italy, who is represented with two faces.

JAPAN—a vast empire in Asia.

JAPETUS—one of the giant sons of Titan and Earth, and the father of Prometheus.

- JAQUETE**—a place on the coast of Cambaya, much exposed to storms.
JASQUE OR CARPPELLA—a cape in the Gulf of Ormuz.
JAVESE—a native of Java.
JOHN—three persons of this name are mentioned in the poem, John the First;
 John the Second; and John the Third.
JORDAN—the famous river in Palestine.
JUBA—an ancient King of Mauritania.
JUDA (the king of) — Ezechias, whose prayer to have his life prolonged was
 granted by the Almighty.
JUDEA—a country in Asia, called in Scripture, the Land of Promise.
JUDITH—the wife of Baldwin, the first count or Earl of Flanders.
JULIAN—the count, who called the Moors into Spain, in order to avenge him-
 self on Roderick, the last King of the Goths.
JUNO the daughter of Saturn and Opis, and the sister and wife of Jupiter.
JUPITER—the chief of the heathen gods.

L.

- LACEDEMONIA**—a native of Lacedæmon or Sparta.
LACTEA VIA—the milky way, a great number of stars in the celestial firma-
 ment.
LAGEIA—a name given to Cleopatra, the queen of Egypt.
LAMO—a city on the coast of Melinde.
LAMPECIA OR LAMPETHUSA—daughters of the Sun and sisters of Phœbus.
LANDROAL—a place in Alemtejo.
LANDROAL—the knight of Landroal, see Pedro Rodrigues of Landroal under
 that name.
LATANS—a people subjected to the King of Siam.
LAPPPIA—now called Lapponia or Lapland, a country in Europe.
LARA—a city of Persia near Ormuz.
LARISSA'S DAME—also called Arsinoë, the wife of Apollo, who put her to death
 for adultery.
LATIAM—an ancient country in Italy, of which Rome was the capital.
LATONA—the mother of Apollo and Diana.
LEIRIA—a city in Portugal.
LEON—a province and kingdom in Spain.
LEONE (SERRA)—A country in Africa.
LEONARDO—a soldier and companion of Vasco da Gama, mentioned in the
 ninth canto of the *Lusiad*.
LEONOR TELLES DE MENEZES—the wife of João Lourenço da Cunha from
 whom she was forcibly divorced by King Ferdinand, who afterwards
 married her. She is deservedly execrated by the Portuguese on account
 of her adultery and treason to her native country.
LEPIDUS—one of the celebrated triumvirate with Octavius Cæsar and Mar-
 cus Antonius.
LEVANTE—the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean Sea.

- LEUCATE**—a promontory in Albania, near Actium.
- LEUCOTHOE**—the daughter of Orchamus the King of Babylon, beloved by Apollo, and who lost her life in consequence of that love. The god changed her into the tree which produces incense.
- LIBITINA**—the goddess of sepulchres or of death.
- LIBYA**—a name anciently bestowed upon Africa.
- LIPUSCOA** or **GUIPUSCOA**—a province of Biscay.
- LISBOA** or **LISBON**—the capital of Portugal.
- LIVONIANS**—the natives of Livonia, now a province of Russia.
- LONDON**—the capital of England.
- LORRAIN**—a country in Europe.
- LOTUS**—the name of a nymph, who was converted into a tree, the fruit of which made a person forget his native land.
- LAURENCE DE ALMEIDA**—the son of the first viceroy of India, who obtained a signal victory over the hostile fleet but was slain in a subsequent naval battle, after displaying the greatest valour and heroism.
- LAURENCE (THE ISLE OF SAINT)**—an isle on the coast of Africa, better known by the name of Madagascar. Mozambique.
- LEWIS (SAINT)**—Lewis the Ninth, the King of France who undertook two crusades against the Mahometans.
- LUSITANIA**—an ancient name of Portugal, and part of Spain.
- LUSO** or **LUSUS**—the son or companion of Bacchus.
- LYCIA**—a country in Asia, the inhabitants of which were said to have been changed into frogs.
- LYEUS**—a name given to Bacchus.
- LYNX**—an animal remarkable for its extraordinary powers of vision.
- LYRA**—the name of a celestial constellation.

M.

- MACEDONIA** or **MACEDON**—an ancient kingdom in Europe.
- MACUÁ**—a city and island on the coast of Africa.
- MADAGASCAR** or **SAINT LAURENCE**—a large island on the coast of Africa.
- MAFRA**—town in Portugal.
- MAGALHÃES (FERDINAND)**—a celebrated Portuguese navigator, the first who sailed round the world, and discovered the strait which we very improperly call Magellan.
- MAGI**—in Persia this signifies wise men.
- MAGRIÇO (ALVARO GONÇALVES COUTINHO)**—a Portuguese of noble family, who is represented in the *Lusiad* as the chief of the twelve champions in the tournament. There does not seem to be any authentic foundation for this adventure, of which Camoens has availed himself to make a most beautiful episode.
- MAHOMET**—the prophet and law-giver of the Mahometans.
- MAHOMETAN**—relating to Mahomet.

- MALABAR**—an extensive country in India.
- MALACCA**—an important city and peninsula in Asia, the conquest of which was achieved by Alphonso de Albuquerque.
- MALAYS**—the natives of Malacca and neighbouring islands.
- MALDIVES**—islands on the southern coast of Asia.
- MANDINGA**—a region in Africa.
- MANUEL OF EMMANUEL**—King of Portugal
- MARATHON (THE PLAINS OF)**—famous for the victory of Miltiades over the immense army of Darius.
- MARCELLUS (MARCUS)**—the celebrated Roman general, and opponent of the great Hannibal.
- MARCOMANI**—an ancient people in Germany.
- MARIA**—the daughter of Alphonso the Fourth and wife of the King of Castile
- MAROCCO**—a city and kingdom in Africa.
- MARS**—the god of war.
- MARS (THE GAME OF)**—this means war.
- MARTIN LOPES**—a valiant Portuguese who captured Abrantes.
- MARTIN (ALPHONSO DE SOUZA)**—a distinguished viceroy of India.
- MASCARENHAS**—two of this name are mentioned in the *Lusiad*: Pedro, captain of Malacca who took the island of Bintam; the other D. John famous for his gallant defence of Dio.
- MASCATE**—a city near Ormuz.
- MASSILIA**—also called Mauritania in Africa.
- MATHEW**—bishop of Lisbon, who proved himself a valiant warrior.
- MECCA**—a city in Arabia, famous for the tomb of Mahomet.
- MECOM**—a large river in Asia, in which Camoens suffered shipwreck, as alluded to in the tenth canto.
- MEDEA**—the daughter of Æta, King of Colchos, deeply enamoured of Jason, a woman of most violent passions, who murdered her brother, and afterwards her own children. She is the heroine of a fine tragedy of Euripides.
- MEDINA**—a city in Arabia.
- MEDITERRANEAN**—the famous sea of that name.
- MEDUSA**—the daughter of Phorcus, who had the power of turning men into the mountain so called.
- MEGERA**—one of the three Furies.
- MELIAPOR**—a city in India, where the apostle Saint Thomas is said to have suffered martyrdom.
- MELINDE**—a city on the coast of Africa, where Gama met with a very kind reception.
- MELIQUE YAS**—a moslem who became master of Dio.
- MELTIADES**—the renowned Athenian general.
- MEM MONIZ**—the son of Egas Moniz, the celebrated patriot and tutor of Alphonso Henriques.
- MEM RODRIGUES DE VASCONCELLOS**—a valiant warrior in the time of John the First.
- MEMNON**—the son of Tithonus and Aurora.
- MEMPHIS**—a famous city in Egypt.
- MEMPHITIC**—Relating to Memphis or Egypt.
- MENÃO**—a large river in Siam.

- MENEZES**—two of this name are mentioned in the Lusiad: the first D. Duarte de Menezes, a Portuguese nobleman of great valour; the other D. Henry, surnamed the “Roxo” who was governor of India, famous for continence and disinterestedness.
- MEOTIS**—a lake in Scythia, now called the Sea of Azof.
- MERCURY**—the son of Jupiter and Maia, and messenger of the gods.
- MEROE**—an island in the river Nile.
- MINCIO**—a river in Italy.
- MINERVA**—the goddess of wisdom.
- MINHO**—a river in Portugal.
- MINIAS**—a people of Thessaly.
- MIRALMUNIM**—in Arabic signifies the King of Kings, a title assumed by the Emperor of Morocco.
- MIRHOCEM**—a captain of the army of the sultan of Egypt.
- MOÇAMBIQUE**—Portuguese possession in Africa.
- MOÇANÃO**—a cape in Arabia.
- MOGOL or MOGUL**—a vast empire in Asia.
- MOLOSSIAN**—belonging to Molossas in Epirus.
- MOLUCCAS**—islands in the Indian Ocean.
- MOMBAÇA**—a city on the coast of Melinde.
- MONÇAIDE**—a Moor residing in Calcutt who showed himself most friendly to the Portuguese, and returned with Gama to Portugal where he was baptised.
- MONDEGO**—a river in Portugal, on which Coimbra is built.
- MORPHEUS**—the god of sleep.
- MOSCOVIANS**—natives of Moscow, in Russia.
- MOSCOVY**—the ancient name of Russia.
- MOURA**—a town in Alemtejo.
- **MOSES**—the prophet and law-giver of the Israelites.
- MULUCA**—a river in Africa.
- MUSES**—the nine Muses.
- MYRRA**—the daughter of Cyniras, to whom she bore an incestuous son, called Adonis.

N.

- NABATHEAN**—mountains in Arabia.
- NAIADES**—nymphs of the sea and of fountains.
- NAIRES**—the name of the noble caste in Malabar.
- NAPLES**—Anciently called Parthenope, a city in Italy.
- NARSINGA**—a kingdom in India.
- NAVARRÉ**—a kingdom in Spain.
- NECTAR**—the beverage of the Gods.
- NEMEAN LION**—the famous lion slain by Hercules.
- NEMESIS or RHAMNUSIA**—the daughter of the Oceanus and Nox, and Goddess of Justice or Retribution.
- NEPTUNE**—the son of Saturn and Opis, and the God of the sea.

- NEREIDES** — nymphs of the sea, and daughters of Nereus and Doris.
NEREUS — a sea God, the son of Ocean and Tethys.
NERO — one of the worst and most cruel of the Roman Emperors.
NHAIA — a Castilian who dwelt in Santarem.
NICHOLAS (SAINT) — the patron of navigators and seamen.
NICHOLAS COELHO — the captain of one of the ships under Vasco da Gama.
NILE — the great river of Egypt.
NILOTIC — inundations, the annual floods of the Nile, which contribute so much to fertilize Egypt.
NINUS — the son of Bellus and Semiramis, who is said to have been nurtured by doves or pigeons.
NIOBE — the daughter of Tantalus, sister of Pelops and wife of Amphion, who was changed into stone, because she considered herself superior to Latona.
NISE — the daughter of Nereus, a sea nymph.
NOCTURNUS OR EREBUS — the porter of the Sun, and married to Nox.
NOE OR NOAH — the ancient patriarch who was saved in the Ark, at the time of the Deluge.
NORONHA (D. GARCIA DE) — a distinguished viceroy of India.
NORWAY — a country in Europe.
NOTUS — the southern wind, also signifying a violent gale of wind.
NUNO ALVARES PEREIRA — the great constable of whom a short biography is given in this volume.
NYMPHS — some were of the sea, some of the woods or groves or of mountains.
NYSSA — a city in which Bacchus was born.

O.

- OBI** — a famous river in Asia.
OBIDOS — a town in Portugal.
OCEANUS — the son of Coelus and Vesta, and father of all the rivers and fountains.
OCTAVIUS (CESAR) — afterwards called Augustus the first Roman Emperor.
OGYIA — an island in the Ionian Sea.
OIA — a city on the coast of Melinde.
OLYMPIC (MANSION) — the abode of the Gods, or Mount Olympus.
OLYMPUS — a mountain in Macedonia, of great height, and the word is frequently used to signify Heaven.
OMPHALE — a queen of Lydia of whom Hercules was so enamoured, that he submitted to be employed in spinning and other female occupations.
OPHIR — a celebrated region in the Bible, and supposed to contain great riches.
ORIAS — a people on the banks of the Ganges.
ORIENT — the East or Eastern regions.
ORION — one of the celestial constellations.
ORITHYA — a nymph of whom Boreas was greatly enamoured.

ORISSA—a country in India.

ORLANDO—one of the famous paladines, and the hero of Ariosto's great poem.

ORMUZ—a city at the mouth of the Persian gulf.

ORPHEUS—the son of Apollo and the muse Calliope, was married to Eurydice.

OTTOMAN—a name given to the Turks, from the famous Othaman.

OURIQUE—a town in Portugal near which a famous battle was fought.

P.

PACHECO PEREIRA (DUARTE)—this renowned commander justly acquired the name of the Portuguese Achilles by his extraordinary valour. He was in command of a naval force on the coast of India and repeatedly defeated the enemy although they were vastly superior in numbers. He met with very great ingratitude, and was sent a prisoner to Portugal and was confined in the castle of Lisbon. The poet reproaches Emmanuel for his cruel treatment of a man who had rendered such important services.

PACTOLUS—a river in Lydia, the sands of which were said to be full of gold.

PAIO PERES CORREIA—grand master of the order of Calatrava in Castile, was a Portuguese by birth.

PALADINES—the name given to the twelve peers of Charlemagne.

PALLAS—one of the names of Minerva.

PALMELLA—a town in Portugal, in which was founded the principal convent of the order of Saint-Iago.

PAM—a country in Asia.

PANANE—one of the chief towns in Calcut.

PANCHALA—a region in Arabia, famous for its incense.

PANONIANS—the natives of Panonia.

PANOPÉA—one of the Nereids.

PATNHEA—the wife of Abradatas.

PAPHIAN GODDESS—the same as Venus.

PAPHOS—a city in Cyprus.

PARCÆ—the three fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

PARNASSUS (MOUNT)—in Phocis, sacred to the Muses.

PARSEES—the same as Persians.

PARTHENOPE—the ancient name of Naples.

PATANES—a people in India.

PAUL (SAINT)—the glorious Apostle.

PAUL DA GAMA—the brother of Vasco, and who commanded one of the ships in the famous expedition, he died during the voyage homewards.

PEDRO—several persons of this name are mentioned in the *Lusiad*.

PEDRO OR SAINT PETER—the prince of the Apostles, and first bishop of Rome.

PEDRO THE FIRST—of whom a biography will be found in this volume.

PEDRO (THE INFANTE)—duke of Coimbra, and regent of the kingdom who was a son of John the First, he was slain at the battle of Alfarrobeira.

- PEDRO (CONDE DE VIANNA)** — the first governor of Ceuta, which he defended most bravely against an immense army of Moors.
- PEDRO DE SOUSA** — the captain of Ormuz and a most valiant general.
- PEDRO** — the Alcaide of Landroal, this alludes to the capture of Vasco Porcallo, who had played a most treacherous part, entrapping, Cuytado, but the knight of Landroal took the traitor prisoner.
- PEGU** — a kingdom in Asia.
- PELIUS** — a king of Thessaly, the husband of Thetis, and father of Achilles.
- PENATEA OR LARES** — the household Gods.
- PENUS OR CARTHAGINIAN** — a name given to the great Hannibal.
- PERILLUS** — the inventor of the brazen bull, which he made expressly to gratify the wish of the tyrant Phalaris.
- PERISTHERA** — a nymph who was changed into a dove, by Venus,
- PERITHOUS** — the son of Ixion and companion of Theseus.
- PERSIANS** — natives of Persia.
- PHAETON** — the son of Apollo who allowed him to guide the chariot of the Sun, but being unequal to the task he would have set the whole world on fire, had he not been killed by a thunderbolt of Jupiter.
- PHALARIS** — a tyrant of Sicily, execrated for his rapacity and cruelty.
- PHARAOH** — the name of many Kings in Egypt.
- PHASIS** — a river which has its source in mount Caucasus.
- PHÆACIA** — now called Corfu, the birth-place of Demodocus, the famous minstrel mentioned in the *Odyssey*.
- PHÆBUS** — one of the names of Apollo.
- PHENIX** — a fabulous bird, said to have been found in Arabia.
- PHILIP DE MENEZES** — the captain of Ormus.
- PHILIPPE (THE PLAINS OF)** — famous for the battle in which Brutus and Cassius were defeated and put an end to their own lives.
- PHILIP** — king of Macedon, and father of Alexander the Great.
- PHILOMENA** — the daughter of Pandion, who was changed into a nightingale.
- PHLEGON** — one of the horses of the chariot of the sun.
- PHOCAS** — amphibious animals called seals.
- PHORMIO** — a philosopher who undertook to teach Hannibal the art of war, and spoke with great eloquence on the subject, but the renowned Carthaginian treated him with perfect contempt, regarding him as insane.
- PHRYGIANS** — natives of Phrygia, or Trojans.
- PINDUS (MOUNT)** — in Macedonia.
- PLINY THE YOUNGER** — the famous philosopher and naturalist of antiquity.
- PLUTO** — the god of the infernal regions.
- PO** — a famous river in Italy.
- POLÉAS** — the lowest cast in India, considered so vile that a Naire was contaminated by touching them.
- POLES** — natives of Poland.
- POLES** — the North and South poles, at the extremities of the globe.
- POLICENA** — the daughter of Priam, and bride of Achilles whose son Pyrrhus slew her in revenge for his father's death.
- POLIDORUS** — the son of Priam, who was treacherously murdered by Polimnestor, who coveted his great riches.
- POLIMNESTOR** — King of Thrace, who put Polidorus to death.

- POLYPHEMUS**—the gigantic Cyclops mentioned in the *Odyssey* and *Æneid*.
POMONA—the Goddess of gardens and fruits.
POMPEY (THE GREAT)—a celebrated Roman conqueror who was at last defeated by Julius Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia.
POMPILIUS OR NUMA—a King of Rome, who made peace with all his enemies and then dedicated himself entirely to the service of religion.
POMPONIUS MELA—a famous geographer of antiquity.
PONDÍ—a strong fortified place in India.
PORUS—an ancient King of Guzarate, who was very valiant and warlike but was vanquished by Alexander the Great.
PRASSO—a promontory now called the Cape of Currents.
PROGNE—the daughter of Pandion and sister of Philomela, she murdered her son, and gave him to her husband Tereus to eat; she was changed into a swallow.
PROMETHEUS—the son of Japet, who brought fire from heaven for which he was condemned by Jupiter, to be chained to a rock, where, a vulture perpetually gnawed his entrails. This is the subject of a fine tragedy of *Æschylus*.
PROTHEUS—a sea god, who had charge of the seals of Neptune.
PTOLOMY—a native of Alexandria and a celebrated geographer.
PYRENE—the daughter of the King Bebrice, who was buried in the mountains now called the Pyrenees.
PYRENEAN (MOUNTAINS)—the Pyrenees, so called from Pyrene.
PYROES—one of the horses of the chariot of Sun.
PYRRHUS OR NEOPTOLEMUS—the son of Achilles.

Q.

- QUEDA**—a city in Siam.
QUILIMANE—a city on the coast of Africa.
QUILOA—a city on the coast of Melinde.
QUINTUS FABIUS MAXIMUS—the celebrated Roman who foiled Hannibal by his cautious strategy.
QUIRINUS—another name of Romulus, the founder of Rome.

R.

- REGULUS (MARCUS ATILIUS)**—the Roman Consul who delivered himself up to the Carthaginians to save the honour of his country.
REPELIM—a city in Malabar.
RHAMNUSIA—the same as Nemesis, the goddess of retribution.
RHONE—a famous river in France.
RHINE—a river in Germany.
RHODAMONTE—one of the paladins of Charlemagne.

- RHODES** — an island in the Mediterranean where the knights of Saint John were established at first.
- RHODOPÆ** — a mountain in Thrace.
- RIPHEAN** — mountains in Scythia.
- ROQALGATE** — a cape in Arabia Felix.
- RODRIGO** — commonly called Cid Ruy Dias, the famous warrior of Castile.
- ROGER** — one of the paladines.
- ROME** — the capital of Italy.
- ROMANS** — natives of Rome.
- ROMULUS** — the founder and first King of Rome.
- RUMES** — a name given to the Turks.
- RUTHENIANS** — the same as Roxoline.
- RUY PEREIRA** — a valiant and faithful Portuguese in the time of John the First.

S.

- SABÁ** — a Queen of Ethiopia.
- SABEAM** — coast in Arabia famous for its incense.
- SALACIA** — the same as Amphitrite, the wife of Neptune.
- SALADIN** — the Sultan of Egypt, who took Jerusalem.
- SALAMIS** — an island in the Egean Sea, famous for the victory of Themistocles over Xerxes.
- SAMARIA** — a city near Jerusalem.
- SAMATRA** — a large island in the Indian Ocean.
- SAMNITE YOKK** — the same as the Caudine Forks, where the Romans were shamefully defeated.
- SAMORI** — the title of the sovereign of Calicut.
- SAMPAIO (LOPO VAZ)** — one of the most distinguished governors of India.
- SENEGAL** — a large river in Africa.
- SANCHO** — two of this name are mentioned: the first was a valiant and wise monarch, the second was weak and effeminate, and was deposed by his brother.
- SAMSON** — an Israelite of the tribe of Dan, supposed to be the strongest man that ever lived.
- SANTAREM** — a city in Portugal.
- SANCT-IAGO** — the apostle Saint James, the Patron of Spain, where his name served as a war-cry.
- SARA** — the wife of the patriarch Abraham.
- SARAMA** — or Perimal, a sovereign of Calicut.
- SARDANAPALUS** — the last King of the Assyrians, much stigmatized for his effeminacy.
- SARMATIANS** — natives of Sarmatia.
- SARMATIAN-SEA** — or the gulf of Riga.
- SARRACENS** — a name given to the Moslems.
- SATURN** — the son of Cælus and Vesta, who is said to have devoured most of his own children.
- SAUL** — the first king of Israel.
- SAXONS** — natives of Saxony.

SCABELICASTRUM — the ancient name of Santarem.

SCYVE (CASSIUS) — a most valiant commander under Julius Cæsar.

SCIRIS — a robber of extraordinary strength who put his captives to death with cruel torments.

SCIPIO (PUBLIUS CORNELIUS) — surnamed Africanus, the celebrated Roman General and conqueror of Carthage.

SCYLLA — two of this name are mentioned: one the daughter of Phorcus, enamoured of Glaucus, changed into a rock in the strait of Messina; the other the daughter of Nisus, who murdered her own father on account of her lover Ninus.

SCYTHIANS — the natives of Scythia.

SEMELE — the mother of Bacchus.

SEMITRIS — Queen of Assyria, celebrated for her beauty but infamous for lewdness.

SEINE — the river on which the city of Paris is built.

SERPA — a town in Portugal.

SERTORIUS — a celebrated Roman who for a long time maintained a civil war in Spain and Portugal and defied all the power of Rome. He resided in Evora where he built an aqueduct the remains of which still exist.

SEVILLE — a city in Spain.

SIAM — a powerful kingdom in Asia.

SICHEM, the son of Homer, who ravished Dina the daughter of Jacob.

SICILY — a large island in the Mediterranean.

SICILIAN SEA — a part of the Mediterranean.

SYENE — a city in Egypt.

SINAI (MOUNT) — in Arabia where Moses received the tables of the law.

SINON — a Greek who was sent to deceive the Trojans and induced them to receive the wooden horse, as is related in the *Æneid*.

SINTRA — generally spelt Cintra, a beautiful locality near Lisbon, much admired and celebrated by lord Byron, in "*Childe Harold*."

SIQUEIRA (DIOGO LOPES) — distinguished Governor general of India.

SIRENS — monsters, half women and half fish, with such delightful voices that they captivated all hearers, as mentioned in the *Odyssey*.

SMYRNA — a city in Asia Minor.

SOARES DE ALBERGARIA (LOPO) a distinguished Governor of India.

SOCOTORA — an island between the capes Tartaque and Guardafui.

SOPALA — a country in Africa.

SOLDAN — the title of the Moslem monarchs of Egypt.

SOPHENIANS — inhabitants of Sophene.

STRABO — the famous geographer of antiquity.

SUAQUEM — an important place on the Red Sea.

SWEDES — natives of Sweden.

SUEZ — the city and isthmus, now famous for its grand canal.

SUMANO — the same as Pluto the god of the infernal regions.

SUNDA — an island in the Indian Ocean.

SYLLA — a noble Roman who became Dictator, and sullied his reputation by his great cruelties.

SYLVES — a city in Algarve, formerly of great importance.

SYRACUSE — a city in Sicily.

T.

- TAGIDES** — the nymphs of the Tagus.
- TANAIS** — a river which divides Europe and Asia.
- TANOR** — a place on the coast of Melinde.
- TANGIERS** — a city in Barbary, conquered by John the First, and ceded to England as part of the dowry of the Infanta D. Catherine on her marriage with Charles the Second.
- TAPROBANA** — the ancient name of Ceylon.
- TARIFA** — a city in Spain.
- TARPEIA** — the daughter of Tarpeas the governor of the castle of Rome which she betrayed to the Sabines who killed her by throwing their bracelets upon her.
- TARQUIN SEMPTUS** — the son of Tarquin the last King of Rome and infamous for the rape of Lucretia.
- TARRAGONIANS** — natives of Tarragon.
- TARTESIANS** — a name given to the Andalusians.
- TAVAI** — a city in Pegú.
- TAVIRA** — a city in Algarve.
- TAVIRA (THE SEVEN HUNTERS)** — this alludes to six knights of Saint-Iago who were surprised by the Moors of Tavira in a time of truce and slain together with a carter called Garcia Rodrigo, who came bravely and generously to their assistance. This cruel outrage was terribly avenged by the grand-master of Saint-Iago when he took that city and put many of the inhabitants to the sword.
- TAURUS (MOUNT)** — a grande range of mountains in Asia.
- TAGUS** — a famous river on which Lisbon is built.
- TEMITRITÃO** — a city in Mexico.
- TENESSARI** — a city in Siam from which pepper is exported in great quantities.
- THEREZA** — the daughter of Alphonso the Sixth of Leon, and mother of Alphonso Henriques.
- TERNATE** — a volcanic island, one of the Moluccas.
- TETHYS** — the daughter of Celus and Vesta, and goddess of the sea.
- THAUMANS** — the father of Iris and messenger of the gods.
- THEBAN** — a native of Thebas, and Bacchus is so called.
- THEMISTOCLES** — the celebrated Athenian general and statesman.
- THEOTONIO** — the prior of the convent of the Holy Cross of Coimbra.
- THERMODON** — a river on the banks of which the Amazons resided.
- THERMOPYLÆ** — famous for the defence, and death of Leonidas.
- THESEUS** — the son of Ægeas King of Athens. He was a demi-god much renowned for his great exploits.
- THESIPHON OR CTERIPHON** — a celebrated architect who built the temple of Diana at Ephesus.
- THOMAS (SAINT)** — the apostle who first preached the Gospel in India and was martyred at Meliappor.
- THRACIANO** — the natives of Thrace.

- THYONEUS** — one of the names of Bacchus.
TIBER — the river on which Rome is built.
TIDORE — one of the Molucca islands.
TIGRIS — a river in Armenia.
TIMAVUS — a river in Italy.
TIMOR — one of the Molucca islands.
TINGITANA — the same as Barbary.
TITHONUS — some call him the father, and others the husband of Aurora.
TITUS — the son of Vespasian, one of the best of the Roman Emperors who took, and destroyed the city of Jerusalem.
TOBIAS — the person mentioned in the book of Tobias.
TOLEDO — a city in Spain.
TONANTE — one of the names of Jupiter or the Thunderer.
TORMENTORY — the cape of storms, the name first given to the Cape of Good Hope.
TORO — a city in Spain.
TORQUATUS (TITO MANLIUS) — the Roman General, who put his own son to death for disobedience to his orders, although he had obtained a complete victory.
TORRES VEDRAS — a town in Portugal, now famous for the lines so well defended by lord Wellington.
TRAJAN — a Spaniard by birth who became emperor of Rome, and exercised his power with great wisdom and moderation.
TRANCOBO — a town in Portugal.
TRITAN — the son of Neptune and Salacia. He was the trumpeter and messenger of the gods of the sea.
TROY — a city in Phrygia, famous for the siege of ten years.
TROPICS — one is called the tropic of Cancer, and the other of Capricorn.
TRUDANTE — a city in Barbary.
TURKS — natives of Turkey.
TURKEY — a powerful Country, partly in Europe and partly in Asia.
TUSCANO — natives of Tuscany.
TUTUAN OR TETUAN — a city in Barbary.
TUY — a city in Spain.
TYPHEANS (BOLTS) — the thunderbolts of Jupiter.
THYPHEUS — the son of Titan and Earth, one of the giants who made war against Jupiter.
TYRIAN DYE — a most beautiful colour, so called from Tyre.
TYRRINTHIUS — one of the names of Hercules.
TYRIANS — natives of Tyre.
TYTIRUS — the name of the shepherd in the first eclogue of Virgil.

U.

- ULCINDE** — a country in Asia.
ULYSSEA — Lisbon or the city of Ulysses.

ULYSSES — the King of Ithaca. He was the son of Laertes, and is the hero of the *Odyssey*.

URSA (*ursa major* and *ursa minor*) — two celestial constellations.

V.

VANDALIA — Andaluzia, peopled by the vandals.

VASCO DA GAMA — a celebrated navigator, of whom a short biography is given in this volume.

VENEREAN — of, or relating to Venus.

VENICE — a city, in Italy, the queen of the Adriatic.

VENUS — the goddess of love and beauty, who plays a very important part in the *Lusiad*.

VESPER or HESPERUS — the evening star.

VESTA — the daughter of Saturn and Opis.

VIRIATUS — a Lusian shepherd who waged war successfully against the Romans, who at last caused him to be assassinated.

VULCAN — the god of fire and the ill-used husband of Venus.

X.

XEQUE or SHEIK — the title of the chiefs of tribes amongst the Arabs.

XEREZ — a city in Spain, well known for its excellent wine, which we call Sherry.

XERXES — the King of Persia who invaded Greece with an immense army, but was totally defeated.

Z.

ZAIRE — a great river in Africa.

ZEBELLINES or ERMINES — the furs of which are highly esteemed.

ZEILA — a place on the east coast of Africa.

ZEALAND — a country of northern Europe.

ZEPHYRUS or ZEPHYR — also called Favonius, a mild and gentle westerly wind.

ZOPHIRUS — a Persian vassal of Darius, who cut off his own nose, in order to deceive the Babylonians, and so to deliver their city into the hands of his master.

APPENDIX.

(G)

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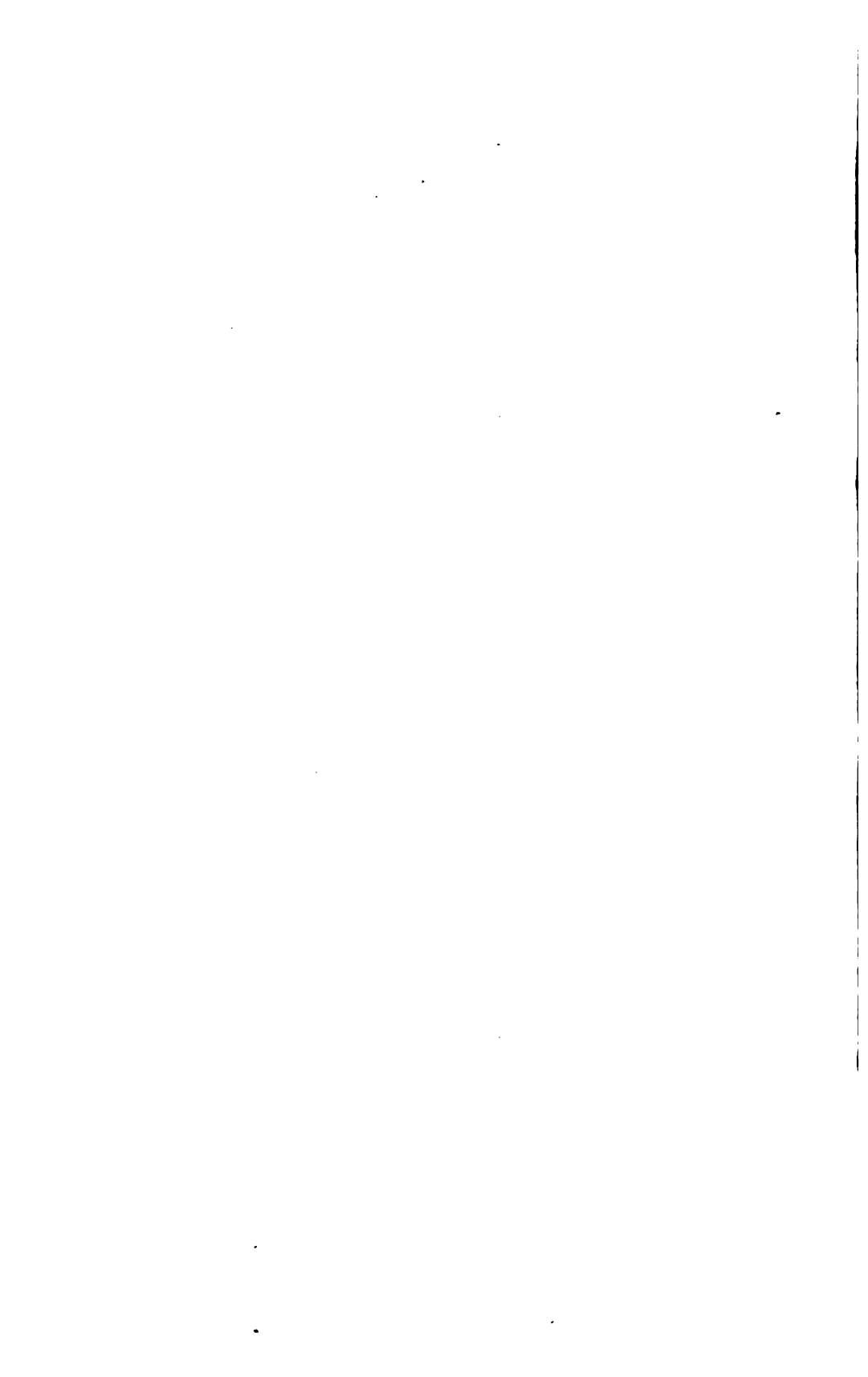
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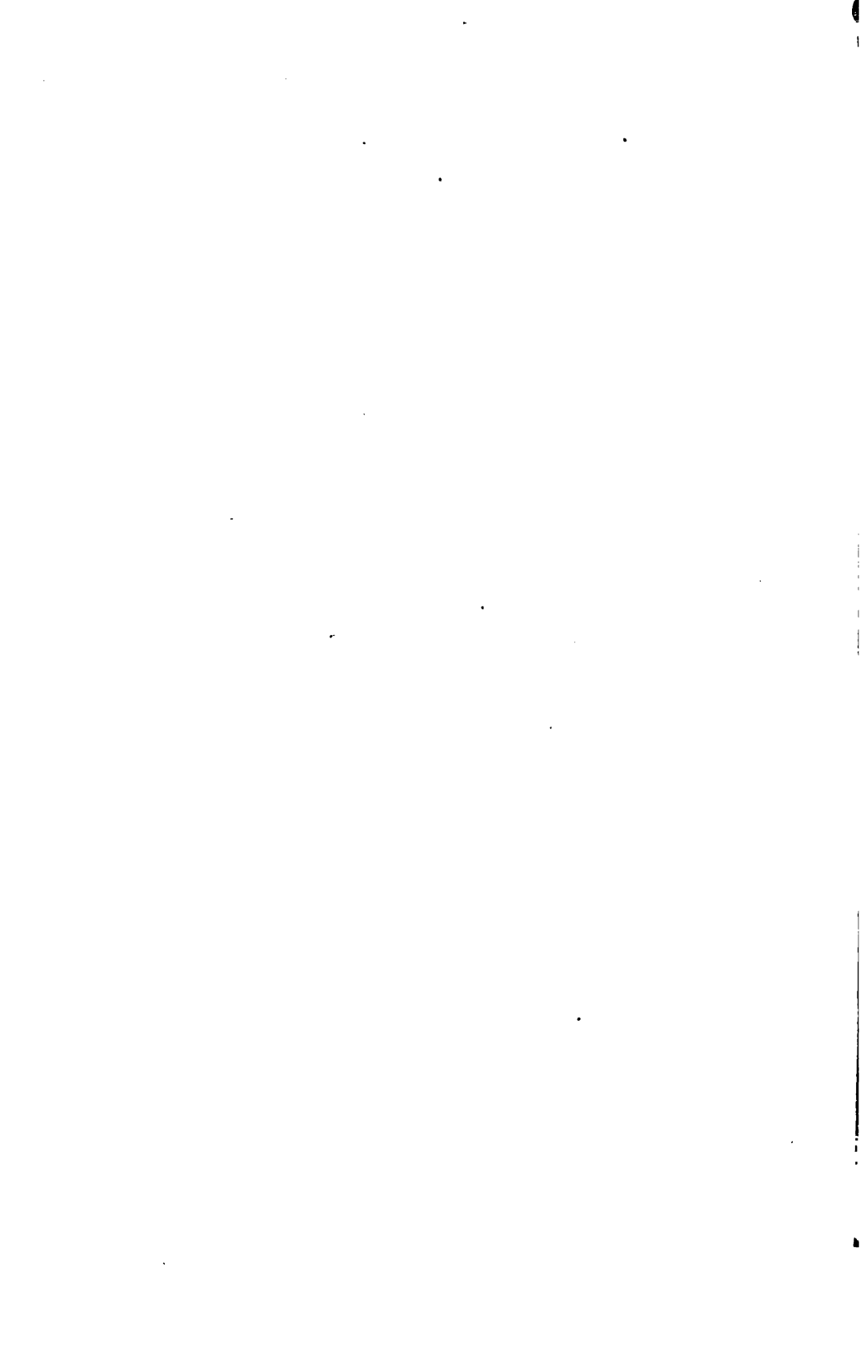
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ERRATA

Canto	Stanza	Line	For	Read
I	XXXIII	5th	frequents	Frequent
I	XXXIV	7th	his	is
I	XXXIV	9th	natives	cause
I	LVII	8th	wonder	wonders
II	—	9th	miscreants	miscreants
III	XCIII	1st	where	were
III	CXXXVII	9th	were Thesus	were by Thesus
Arg. of the IV canto	—	10th	Lencaster	Lancaster
IV	XIX	6th	jealous	zealous
IV	XXXV	8th	brood	blood
IV	LI	8th	alloy	alloy
IV	LXIII	4th	vide	wide
V	XXII	9th	konwn	known
V	XLI	2nd	surpassing to	far surpassing
V	XLVI	9th	Dut	doth
VI	XXXV	9th	my	may
VI	LXIII	9th	loevered	and fire
VI	LXXV	2nd	Had its	Had now its
VI	LXXXV	6th	thoug	through
VI	XCI	7th	to have	their
VI	XCIV	1st	he gave	he humbly gave
VI	XCIV	6th	them deem	they them deem
VIII	XXVIII	2nd	compare with him	compare
VIII	LV	7th	wordly	worldly
VIII	LXXXIII	3 r	throug	through
VIII	XVII	8th	imagination	the fancy
VIII	LIV	7th	in most	in the most
VIII	LV	2nd	water	waters
VIII	LXIV	3rd	winds	woods
VIII	LIX	9th	great and	most
VIII	LXIX	7th	sweet	most sweet
VIII	LXII	5th	Latinas	Latona's
IX	XVII	—	The bosom doth	The bosom doth
—	—	—	with joy imagi-	glad imagina-
—	—	—	nation strain	tion strain
IX	LIV	7th	in most	in the most
IX	LV	2nd	the waters flows	the waters flow
IX	LIX	7th	sweet	most sweet
IX	LXII	5th	Latina's	Latona's
IX	LXV	3rd	winds	woods
IX	LXIX	9th	great	so great
IX	LXXXIV	4th	they wove	they weave
IX	LXXXVII	4th	built and	and
X	CXVIII	9th	aim	arm
X	LXXXV	9th	it can be	'tis
Page				
425	—	2nd	Just	the Just
452	—	34th	in the	in the fifth
463	—	19th	his father	his grand-father
477	—	36th	Iepidus	Lepidus
487	—	35th	Aureleus	Antonius





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